THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° by Benj. Franklin

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FEBRUARY 22, 1919

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So This is Germany—By George Pattullo

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½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful ginger
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful cloves
1 teaspoonful soda
1 teaspoonful baking powder

(Use accurate level measurements)

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SO THIS IS GERMANY!

By George Pattullo

THE morning of December first broke cloudy, with threat of rain. Luxemburg's hills gloomed behind a veil of mist; fog choked the valleys.

"Sure!" grumbled a doughboy. "Just what I expected. *Regardez!* It's the same way every damned time this man's army moves."

But the fog quickly lifted; thin wisps of it began shredding to feathery plumes round the summits; and half an hour before we started the sun broke into a reluctant smile. Faint, but somehow it seemed like a benediction on those hard-boiled fightin' men entering into their reward.

"I want a doughboy, and not an officer, to be first across that bridge," ordered Major General McGlachlin, commanding the First Division.

Down the road came the advance guard, stern as a bridegroom. Their clothing and equipment were clean and neat, but bore the marks of hard service—they had slept in those coats in the bitter fighting of the Argonne. If they were elated they didn't betray any symptoms. All wore what you would call "poker faces." Every man appeared intent on the business in hand, and went about it precisely as he would have gone about any other job.

The Moselle flowed swift and broad at Wormeldingen. Beyond lay Germany. What should we find there? What depths of suffering in that land of stupendous achievement and startling collapse? What bitter resentment might we expect to encounter? What sullen hate? Possibly an ambush was prepared! Would the population give trouble, with dead men lying stiff in the streets in the dawn? Would there be clashes, and more war?

Every man in the Army of Occupation was figuring the possibilities and picturing what Germany would be like, for that country was a land of mystery; had been a sealed book since 1914. Not a solitary mother's son of them guessed right. The reality upset all calculations. They are still dazed and puzzled by it all.

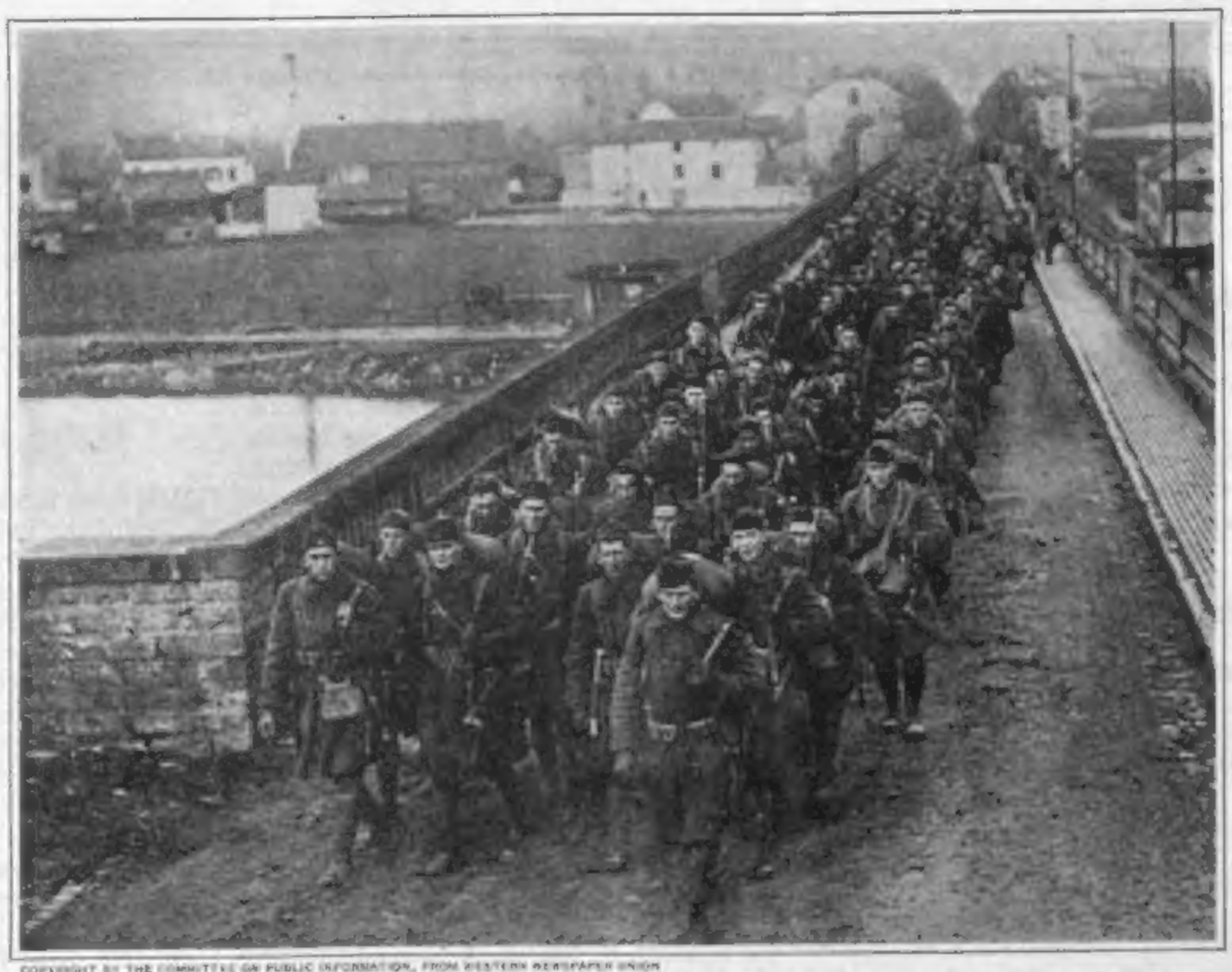
"I just can't get these people," is the verdict of the soldier. "If only some Heinie would fling a brick it'd be more natural."

At eight o'clock the detachment stepped out and crossed the bridge. There was no cheering; no sign of jubilation; no blare of bands or flutter of flags. It was done without frills or fuss.

Glitter and blaze of color, tossing plumes and prancing chargers, winding horns, the roll of drums, clashing bands, a riot of flags, and everybody dressed up in parade uniform—such is the European conception of a victorious entry. There was nothing like that in the Army of Occupation. They wore what they had fought in. It was a plain, soldierly performance; nothing could have interpreted so faithfully the heart of America.

The advance guard crossed and began the ascent of the winding road over the hills. Not a German was in sight. A village nestled between the river bank and a vineyard that covered a steep slope, but it appeared to be deserted.

Behind the advance guard came infantry and artillery, and machine guns and engineers, signal battalions, pioneers, supply trains and hospital units—thousands upon thousands of men and guns and horses. One division will stretch out thirty-eight miles in column. At the same moment our troops were crossing at Gravenmacher—at half a dozen points between Wallendorf and Perl, for the American forces were moving on a four-division front toward the Rhine. Some regimental bands struck up. Old Glory was flung to the breeze. And so the Third Army began its march into Germany, a quarter of a million strong.



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A Part of the American Army of Occupation. The Town in the Background is Gravenmacher, in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg

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The Vanguard of Pershing's Fighters Entering One of the Main Squares of Treves, Germany

I was attached to the First Division—that stout-hearted, hard-hitting division which has been the keystone of this man's army.

First to come over to France, ever in the thick of the fighting, taking sickening losses, but always bucking the line—such is the First.

At Soissons they lost six thousand men. They deployed through an intrenched division in the wild race for Sedan. The terrific struggle of the Argonne cost them ten thousand more. In one year of war the First Division has had one hundred and ten per cent replacements.

With their memories of privation and suffering, of carnage and chaos of battle, what must have been their thoughts as they crossed the bridges at Wormeldingen and Gravenmacher?

I remember them as they were in the training area near Gondrecourt back in the summer of 1917, when fully half were raw recruits, hardly able to form fours. Then they used to sing as they swung out to school:

America, I'm thinking of you,
I long for you each day.
America, I'm fighting for you,
Though many miles away.
We'll knock the block right off the Ka'ser
And drive him 'cross the Rhine,
And then right back to the old U.S.
To the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

"Pinch me, somebody," said a corporal of the Sixteenth, as he stopped to adjust his puttee. "So this is Germany! If anybody'd told me six months ago that we'd be spendin' Christmas here—why, along in April I was mighty near willin' to call it a draw."

Swarms of Well-Fed Little Heinies

IT WAS Sunday. The restful calm that goes with the day among a devout people lay over the towns and countryside. The streets of the first village we entered were practically empty. Was it fear or were the inhabitants at church?

A railroad employee in uniform came up from a station on the bank of the Moselle. He would not look at us. A woman paused in her task of drawing a bucket of water from a well, turned, and stared with level glances of hate. A couple of podgy old men, evidently bound for service, pretended they did not see the marching soldiers and gazed steadfastly the other way. Some children were playing in the gutter—sturdy little squareheads, dressed in stiff Sunday clothes. At sight of the Americans they fled up the slopes, shrilling to their playmates. Presently children were massed on every garden wall and point of observation beside the road; they peered at us from doorways and corners of houses.

Children, children everywhere—the village was a perfect hive.

It wasn't long before curiosity mastered caution. They began to run beside the column. In no time at all the doughboys were on friendly terms with the kiddies. Before that day was out German children were toddling beside our soldiers, pressing apples into their hands and asking questions in queer, guttural sounds. Children are the same the world over, and the doughboy knows no national lines below the fighting age.

Never in my life have I seen so many children as in Germany. They fairly swarm—fat, lusty young rascals too. There is an old superstition that a preponderance of boy babies presages war; boys of five to eight years seemed to be greatly in the majority.

German man power has been hit hard, but here are plenty of prospective replacements.

"Looks like they'd have plenty of machine gunners ten years from now," remarked an officer, thinking of the Argonne.

We met the inhabitants of several small towns coming from church. A large number of them were in black; the others were dressed soberly, in clothes of excellent material. But the styles! Perhaps they would have made a hit in grandpa's day, but they looked weird to American eyes. Our own men were short of shoes. Hundreds of them were practically on the ground; thousands wore footgear that did not fit. So it was no wonder that they gaped at the German feet. Hadn't we been told by our able propagandists that leather could not be had in Germany? Hadn't that been one of their most consoling assurances? Yet here were German peasants wearing good, sound shoes that looked almost new—shoes of leather. Even the kiddies had them.

Another aspect struck them immediately. Where were the emaciated, starving inhabitants? These people appeared well nourished. We encountered lots of men of beefy figure; the elders were invariably of a noble rotundity, and many of the youngsters looked like butter balls. Our soldiers saw these things and their wonder grew. It is still growing. All our expectations have been upset, demolished. "Say," said an artilleryman, his eye roving over the landscape, "I never seen a finer country."

A wonderful panorama lay at our feet. At that moment the American columns were climbing a high plateau, men and horses and guns and wagons wound slowly toward the crest, in even time and perfect order; they looked like a gigantic tawny snake crawling upward, ever upward. The road twisted and doubled on itself, as mountain roads do, so that a man half a mile ahead of the battalion following could have tossed a biscuit into it from his level a hundred feet above.

The Vineyards of the Moselle Valley

THE river formed a huge horseshoe at this point. Every foot of the valley was beautifully cultivated. Fields of wheat, plots of freshly plowed ground showing terra cotta against the green—all in perfect rectangles, in precise order. The valley resembled a vast checkerboard; the Moselle glistened like a silver ribbon.

All up the sides of the hills clung rich vineyards, walled against landslides and threaded with paths for the workers, each vine neatly bound to its stake, the earth covered with a sprinkling of shale. Those vineyards are a marvel of meticulous care, and the Moselle country teems with them—right up to the crests of the precipitous ridges. Beyond are other hills of the Eifel Range, clothed with forests. And the German forests are as sedulously tended as their vineyards. Miles upon miles, and every foot of them free of underbrush, each species of tree in its own group. I'll bet they have a card index of every leaf. Orchards, and sound hard roads bordered with fruit

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Doughboys of the 28th Infantry, First Division, Crossing the Moselle River

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American Soldiers Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Down the Banks of the Rhine Into Germany

LOVERS THREE

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

"Words, Compliments—are for the Little Things; the Big Ones—the Big Emotions—Make One Silent"

TRUTH SINCLAIR loved her lovers dearly, and assumed a maternal, possessive air toward them that was very seductive in so beautiful a young woman. She felt a personal responsibility for their ties, their clothes, the books they read, and even the impression they made on people; and she was always ready, besides, to worry about their wet feet or their coughs or their colds, and give them curative tablets and warnings. Her piquant way of saying "Thee must do as thee is told, boy," and her half-playful, half-tender insistence were terribly devastating to male hearts, which as everybody knows are never so susceptible as when the physical husk is being cared for.

Truth loved her three lovers far too much for any one of them to be particularly contented; and it certainly lessened the rapture of holding her satiny slim hand—which was the limit of her indulgence—to know how cozily it was at home in two other big paws. On rare occasions, such as a bereavement or a motor smash, there was even a kiss and a hug for the victim of misfortune; and it was so impulsively done and was so innocent of any apparent coquetry that the dizzy recipient could not use it as a precedent or as anything in the nature of an encroachment, and yet he was just so much the more enmeshed in the siren's web. Though of course to call Truth Sinclair a siren was ridiculous. Such complicated modern young women are not to be so easily classified. One might as well compare a gleaming, ever-changing opal to a bit of glass, or a sunset to a lamp shade.

In moments of exasperation Barty Wheelock, who was a simple, direct sort of person with a commonplace vocabulary, used to call Truth a beautiful she-devil who was ruining his life—with further references to tentacles and octopuses; and there had been times when he had stood before her with his candy-colored hair all rumpled, and mingled wrath and moisture in his honest blue eyes, to tell her that he could not stand it any longer—no, by George, he couldn't!—and would she have him or wouldn't she? And if it was no he was going to walk right out, and never, never, never——

Truth was so little of a she-devil that she liked to be called one, and nestled back on her cushions with a thrilling sense of power over these wild, rampageous creatures whom she had enslaved. Then when the scene had gone far enough she would call up all the arts and wiles women have learned in the course of three million years and brought by degrees to their present perfection, and so pet and cajole the poor distracted fellow that he would be finally appeased; when instead of "walking right out" he would stay long past the proper hour of eleven, holding that satiny slim hand, and somehow feeling greatly refreshed and encouraged, though as a matter of fact his courtship had not moved forward an inch.

Truth's parents came of an old Philadelphia Quaker stock, and though they had been settled in New York for upward of thirty years they had not outgrown their faith or their Pennsylvania ties. The quaint "thee" had been dropped; they dressed in the ordinary manner. Outwardly at least, Ezra Sinclair and his wife and daughter were like any other well-bred, well-to-do New Yorkers. But there was about them, nevertheless, a queer and wholly intangible difference—a quality of steadfastness, of serenity—as of another and more gracious world. Barty Wheelock said they were Sheraton in an age of universal veneer, and that the atmosphere of their house was as soothing as paregoric.

Six children had been born to the Sinclairs in their old ivy-clad house on lower Fifth Avenue. One had died in infancy; four had grown up and flown away; Truth was the last, and was reaching the age when she, too, was preening her untried wings and looking out longingly from the parental nest. There was just a little bitterness in her fledgling heart, for it seemed so stupid to be rich and have no limousine; to be rich and have no box at the opera; most stupid of all, with so many advantages, to have no social position whatever.

How she hated to hear her father called "our princely benefactor" by all sorts of gray tiptoeing visitors, who said "thee" and talked of "our profession," when referring to their religion, and who walked away with immense checks tucked into old-fashioned French-peasant purses. Were they not walking away with the balls and parties, the limousines and opera boxes, and oh, the friends she might have had!

Truth was an exceedingly pretty young woman; one of those willowy, angelic blondes, with a sweet, demure yet sparkling expression, who go through the world with everybody spreading out carpets before them. No wonder they are usually so kind and have such lovely dispositions. Who would not, if nobody ever crossed one, and everything disagreeable melted away before one's smile? What a difference it might make in your disposition—I know it would in mine—if suddenly all subway guards, street-car conductors, taxi drivers, salesmen and saleswomen, elevator boys, waiters, and even young monsters in box offices, became all at once extremely deferential and positively eager to be of service! One wonders how, with such advantages, Truth ever had a sad moment, though it must be confessed she had many. Possessing the magic key that opens every door, she was condemned to live in the social shadow. Wasn't it maddening? To be twenty-two, really nice to look at, the daughter of a multimillionaire—and a nobody!

And it was not as though she lacked family distinction. By that standard she was certainly entitled to hold up her head with the best. The Sinclairs were no mushrooms that had sprung up overnight. It was a Quaker ancestor of theirs, the redoubtable Peleg Stubbs, who after half beating a highwayman to death had remarked apologetically: "'Twas not to hurt thee, friend, but to learn thee self-control." Another ancestor, Charity Sinclair, had scandalized her generation and made her name imperishable by posing, undraped, for a famous French artist of the period, Chevalier Vaupin. Still another, named Truth also, had been publicly whipped in Boston for being a Quakeress—which was the way of the holy city with "pestilent heretics." Nobody could well deny, therefore, that Truth had family. Very few New Yorkers indeed could go back so picturesquely.

Had Truth been a more aggressive young woman she would have doubtless thrown off the parental yoke and achieved some degree of personal freedom. But she was one of those gentle, yielding girls whom affection holds in bonds of steel.

Her ambitions were mere wistful dreams, and it never occurred to her in her most imaginative flights that they might ever be made realities. It was her misfortune, besides, to be the last of a big family; her parents were quite old people and separated from her by an immensely wide gulf of years; their friends were all old, too, and the children of these friends, among whom the earlier Sinclairs had found their mates, were middle-aged people, now well-rooted in life, with a still younger generation playing about their knees.

What Truth did not appreciate as she surveyed this young-man-less world, and what her parents did not appreciate either, was that they were both intensely jealous of her, striving with a curious malignancy—which of course they dressed up with much nicer names—to keep her isolated and unsought. These two old saints, overflowing with love, and so benignant-looking in their silvery decline, were veritable jailers, who had the unconscious intention of keeping her under lock and key till they died. Such jealousy in parents is as real a thing as the jealousy of lovers, though infinitely more obscure and unsuspected. When you have a paragon of a daughter whom no ordinary man is fit to approach, what else can you do but hold her

a prisoner while hoping vaguely that a corresponding male paragon may drop down from heaven to marry her?

How many an old maid owes a wasted life to such reasoning? How many a blooming girl has pined away and withered because no young man was good enough for her? Then finally these old people pass into oblivion, leaving her a thousand times more derelict than if she had married the most ordinary fellow in the world. After all, even disillusionment is preferable to the security of a bomb-proof; and every dog has a hankering to have his day, you know.

But the Sinclairs had set no easy task for themselves. They were old and shaky—and Nature is a formidable foe. The paragon, in spite of her gentleness and apparent docility, had a mutinous little heart in her bosom, and a very human aptitude for stealth and cunning if checked in other directions. Perhaps, indeed, she was no paragon at all, but just a girl like any other, and as determined to fulfill her destiny. If she could not meet men in the right way she would meet them in the wrong. Thus it was she picked up Barty Wheelock and Otto Abrogast and Jerome Watt, and foisted them on her family with so many fibs that it was hard to keep them straight.

It was in the lobby of the Imperial Theater that she first met Barty. She had gone there one afternoon to buy two matinée seats for Maude Stewart's new play—Maude Stewart, from her irreproachable life and as irreproachable plays, being the one actress—save Mrs. Dormer, of course—whom Truth was permitted to see. There was an immensely long queue squeezing toward the box office, and Truth, after a momentary hesitation and no little repugnance at the physical contact it involved, took her station at the end.

She had noticed a young man looking at her from his place a little farther up the line, but she was used to being looked at and scarcely gave him a thought. Barty Wheelock, however, for it was no other, had been terribly smitten; perhaps as he said afterward it really had been love at first sight; at any rate this young man, ordinarily the embodiment of good form, was suddenly nerved to do a most unheard-of thing—for him. Yielding to the uncontrollable impulse he went over to Truth and, lifting his hat, he stammered out the request that he be permitted to buy her tickets for her and thus save her the inconvenience of remaining in line.

The words came out with difficulty; he flushed; he stuttered; it was probably the most acutely uncomfortable moment in his life. Nor was the situation made any better for him by Truth's affronted glance and the shiver of resentment that ran through her like an electric shock. There ensued an instant of indecision in which Barty's fate hung by a thread. Then with a swift appraisement of his correct appearance and deprecatory, well-bred manner Truth murmured, almost as much to her own surprise as to his, that she would be indeed very much obliged to him if he would take two places for the Wednesday matinée.

As she withdrew from the crowd she kept studying him covertly, and was more and more impressed by his agreeable air and that whole unmistakable look which girls in one comprehensive word call "nice." Yes, a most attractive young man; slight, of medium height, decidedly fair, and with a kind of alertness and boyishness that made one like him at once. He was certainly none of those odious creatures who haunt Broadway on the trail of young women. Truth went too much alone about New York not to know that type.

Every peep at him was reassuring; and after having committed so unusual an action as to accept his services Truth felt the need of reassurance. With it was a vague pang of self-pity, an almost inexplicable sadness, the sense of a clouded world which one was finally destined to quit—still unloved. When one is in love with love such feelings are easily stirred. A poem, a picture, a passing face will engender them unaccountably. Youth in its endless search, its endless craving is as quick to suffer as it is to be happy. Poor Truth standing there so demurely, the target of so many admiring glances, believed herself to be the most miserable of women—and all on account of a young man with candy-colored hair and a rather perky nose who was himself in a similar turmoil of spirit.

Suddenly a wild thought flamed within her—guiltily, recklessly—a meteor of a thought, darting through the grayest of gray skies. If only—if only—— Oh, why couldn't she do it! It was entirely within the bounds of the permissible. It needed only the right kind of reserve to make it perfectly correct. Was it conscience or cowardice that was checking her? On examination it seemed to be conscience, which was saying "Certainly not!" emphatically. But to listen to conscience meant that the young man and she would pass like ships in the night—with nothing to mark the place but two little bits of pasteboard floating on the ocean. She smiled at the picture, and with the smile she felt a whirling access of courage—that odd, dizzy topsy-turvydom in which all daring things are conceived.

She went over to where Barty was standing, and said, not without a certain breathlessness: "I am so sorry I forgot to give you the money for the tickets." And then as she handed him the bills from her purse she added in as matter-of-fact a tone as she could force herself to utter: "Might I ask you to be so kind as to leave the tickets at the box office in my name?"

Barty became a little breathless, too, as he realized what incredibilities were taking place. He was on edge with self-consciousness, momentarily petrified, and prickles were running up and down his back. The first tremors of romance can be almost as agonizing as they are delicious. Hat in hand and feeling as though he were in a dream, he waited in anxious deference.

"For Miss Truth Sinclair, 99 Fifth Avenue," she murmured.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Barty, recovering some of his poise and repeating the name in a softened voice so that the all-ears little pusher behind him should catch none of it; and then as he waited, fearing yet longing to speak, the palpitating instant passed and was lost forever. Truth broke the silence with a few inaudible words of thanks, and with the slightest of slight bows walked away.

Barty remained in a transfigured world. A divine effulgence seemed still upon him. He was possessed by the memory of those lovely blue eyes and of that girlish, gracious voice. Though small pieces of his heart were scattered all over New York no one before had ever carried off the whole article. He felt exquisitely bereft; was thrilled through and through; was elated to the skies yet somehow aching and miserable too. The sorrows and joys of twenty-six may be transient, but they are terribly poignant.

Truth! What a strange name! What a sweet, odd name! Truth Sinclair. How melodiously it attached itself to a whole sequence of ideas: "My fiancée, Truth Sinclair!" "Beg to announce the marriage of their daughter, Truth, to Mr. John Barton Wheelock, Junior." "Yes, Truth and Barty are coming."

How youth leaps ahead and can make a fairy tale out of half nothing, oblivious of queues and of jostling, squeezing humanity—piling battlement on battlement to a filmy castle rising to the skies! Yes, a transfigured world; a glowing, wonderful world; a world inconceivably enriched by the fact that Miss Truth Sinclair deigned to inhabit it.

Wasn't it Maddening? To be Twenty-two, Really Nice to Look at, the Daughter of a Multimillionaire—and a Nobody!

It had gradually become a custom for Truth to invite either Miss Fifer or Mrs. Woodcock to accompany her to concerts or the opera. Miss Fifer was the indefatigable secretary of the Practical Braille Workers' Society, and her indefatigability was supposed specially to entitle her to such treats.

There never was anybody so indefatigable as Miss Fifer; she vibrated spiritually like one of those factories that shake the ground and deafen the ears as you approach them. She belonged to the race of little gray women with rasping voices and jumping nerves who exist for the purpose of spending rich people's money on the thankless poor.

Mrs. Woodcock was a distant connection of the Sinclairs; a quavery old thing with a brainless but attractive sprightliness, and so birdlike and chirrupy that you could easily fancy her hopping about on one leg and pecking at crumbs. But for all her birdiness and chirps she could hardly be counted on to help with an escapade—an escapade involving an unintroduced young man. No, indeed, she wasn't! She was likely to peck at any unintroduced young man, and peck hard!

Miss Fifer or Mrs. Woodcock? And as Truth turned them over in her mind for the Wednesday matinée, wondering rather dismally which of them to choose—and wondering not dismally at all but with delicious quivers whether *he* would be there—she suddenly saw a way out of her difficulties. She would defy routine and invite little Edith Hotchkiss to go with her—little Edith, aged ten, a shy, pale child who was the fragile cement that bound two discordant parents together. Accordingly and not without trepidation, Truth telephoned to Mrs. Hotchkiss and settled the matter out of hand.

Little Edie would go with the greatest pleasure; little Edie would just love to go; and it was so kind of Truth, so dear of her; and was Edie to wear her gray poplin or her French serge? Truth chose the gray poplin, and after renewed expression of gratitude on Mrs. Hotchkiss' part she hung up the receiver aware that her troubles were only half over.

Her family received the news with the pained concern with which it received anything unusual. The unusual always jarred on that staid household. There were anxious looks, discomposure, absurd forebodings. Might it not unsettle so young a child to take her to the theater? Ought not Mr. Hotchkiss' permission to have been asked also? Suppose this were to precipitate the final quarrel of their quarreling lives? And had not Truth already made a previous engagement to take poor Miss Fifer?

Did nothing ever escape those sweet, loving, lynx-eyed old jailers? There had been a previous engagement with Miss Fifer—a vague, undecided sort of engagement—which Truth had purposely put out of her head and ignored. Now it rose up and shook a reproachful finger at her.

"You should always consult me beforehand, my dear," said Mrs. Sinclair.

"Unsettling a young child is a most serious thing," observed Papa Sinclair.

"And it would have been so easy to have included her too," said Mrs. Sinclair, implying the indefatigable one. "The only way out of it that I can see is to get the tickets changed for three others."

"I will ring up the theater myself," volunteered Mr. Sinclair. "We'll send your tickets down by a messenger boy and get three places in exchange so that you can all sit together. Give them to me, dear."

Her precious tickets! The tickets of such thrilling possibilities! No, no, no, she would not surrender them! Her father's outstretched hand was seeking to sweep her admirer into his pocket, while she, not knowing what to say but tumultuously unwilling, had a sensation of clinging to the poor young man's legs. What was she to say? What was she to do? A succession of ideas born of her extremity flashed through her brain like vivid little lightnings. And she was at bay from more attacks than one, for how could she possibly explain the reason for leaving the tickets at the box office? The color rose to her cheeks. A little anger is a great spur to people in tight places.

"Oh, You are Much Too Old and Dignified and Famous," She Protested. "A Poor Little Worshiper Like Me Could Not Call You Otto"

"You don't give me any chance to explain, papa," she said. "It hurts me to be treated like such a child. When I found out that Miss Fifer wanted so much more to hear Otto Abrogast on Thursday afternoon—the next day, you know—I invited her for then instead of Wednesday, and thought I would take little Edie Hotchkiss instead. That's all there is to it, dad, though possibly Miss Fifer has misunderstood."

Like all really good fibbing this had an approximation of fact. It was one of those lies that could be made to come true—a matter that casuists have wrangled over for ages. Miss Fifer indeed adored the great Polish violinist, and had even cast out hints for the very invitation that was now to reach her on a ricochet. That was how Truth had been so ready with the date, which had been well implanted in her mind. Previously she had thought it rather forward of Miss Fifer to bring up Abrogast's name again and again with a significance that was most apparent; but now this importunity took on the aspect of a blessing in disguise. The telephone did the rest; and if the Recording Angel had scored a black mark against the name of Miss Truth Sinclair he was certainly obliged to rub it out again.

Truth had never heard Abrogast, the principal reason being that one had to buy seats weeks in advance, and then usually from speculators. Apart from that, her love for music, which was intense, and which atoned for so many deprivations in her life, was peculiarly one of moods—and how was she to foretell what her mood would be several weeks in advance? It might not be a mood for a violinist at all, no matter how renowned. It might be, too, that the Practical Braille Workers, of whom Truth was one, had been somewhat overdosed with Abrogast records on the phonograph. Miss Fifer had a sheaf of them and kept them forever turning.

The fib that had to come true proved to be a frightfully expensive fib. Though Truth tried at a dozen different places there were no tickets to be had for Abrogast's Thursday concert except at a Forty-second Street speculator's for twenty dollars apiece. They were admirable seats, in the third row off the main aisle. But forty dollars! It seemed like a punishment from heaven. Forty dollars! Yet what could she do but buy them, though the price stripped her billfold? In fact, she could hardly meet it even with her last dimes and nickels. It ate up everything she had. There could be no taxicab for little Edie. She would have to forgo, besides, six pairs of new silk stockings that she had set her heart on. It was a staggering price, and as she left the scene of her humiliation and penance it was with a kind of hatred both for Miss Fifer and for Abrogast himself.

Truth entered the theater with a fast-beating heart, Edie beside her, clinging to her hand, with the look of a child undergoing a rapturous experience. Truth was ashamed of her own emotion; it seemed to her silly, almost contemptible. Dreams were one thing; realities quite another. Her pride was on edge, quivering with repugnance. What a gross impertinence it would be should he be there; grosser still if he should presume to speak to her! It all seemed suddenly so soiling, so common, so shopgirly. If he was indeed there she would put little Edie between them and coldly ignore his presence. And it was for this, then, that she had paid forty good dollars, told a bushel of fibs, and lost her silk stockings! What a fool she had been; what a dreadful little fool! She smiled to herself, mourning not without a bitter humor for her lost forty dollars—she who had so few dollars at any time and had always to pinch and scrape to make a passable appearance. Well, at any rate poor Edie had benefited. That was the best there was to be said of the whole miserable, stupid, idiotic business.

There he was! Her quick eyes discovered him almost as soon as she entered the aisle and stood, with Edie at her side, waiting for the usher to direct them. The fair hair, the slight but well-shaped shoulders, the revived recollection of a certain alertness that was unmistakable even from behind, all told her that the half-hidden face was his.

But Truth was surprised, as Edie and she slowly made their way to their indicated places, to find that they were separated from him by an intervening lady—a lady whose slenderness and elegance and delicately retouched brown hair made it impossible to call her middle-aged, though she must have been in her forties. She was a most piquant-looking person, with such smiling eyes and such a roguish, honey-cornered mouth parting over the prettiest teeth, and all about her something so winsome and appealing that you straightway forgot she had any age, and thought only of the sweet, bubbling human soul within.

It was his mother of course; his mother. The resemblance was too pronounced to be doubted; and he made an immediate jump in Truth's esteem, first for having such a mother, and then for having had the wit to bring her. The girl was disarmed, for it was no small matter to find herself saved from a situation that was jarring terribly on her fastidiousness. The reaction filled her with a wild elation, and when the pretty lady spoke to her, smiling irresistibly with the implication of a mutually held secret, she responded no less cordially. In hardly no time there grew up a gay, whimsical acquaintance which was soon made to include "my son, Barty—Miss Sinclair, my son, Barton Wheelock"—and became almost regularized by the necessary shibboleths.

It grew perceptibly at the interval following the first act. Barty, leaning across his mother, his eager face full of worship, had the felicity of talking to his angel and of learning how she spent every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon at the Practical Braille Workers Society on East Eleventh Street, helping to set up type and print books for the blind.

"There are some fifty or sixty of us," she explained, "and we each have different days and hours, so that Miss Fifer, our managing secretary, always has a working force of five or six. Last year we printed over six thousand volumes, every one of them set up and printed and bound in our own shop."

Barty asked very humbly whether an outsider—he, for instance—might aid in a service that seemed to him so admirable, and had the surpassing joy of having his name and address taken, with the promise of a blank from Miss Fifer on the morrow. Truth spoke feelingly about the society and described the calls that came to it from such odd, pathetic places; and she drew, or rather dotted, with Barty's pencil the alphabet of Braille point on the margin of a program. Amid all those matinée girls, chattering and eating candy all about them, Truth seemed to him like some rare and lovely being apart, animated by noble purposes and with a heart full of pity for the unfortunate. Mrs. Wheelock also was much impressed.

"My dear, you are a perfect saint!" she exclaimed.

Truth blushed.

"Thee pays me too much honor," she replied, laughing and affecting the old-fashioned phraseology of her sect—as she often did when embarrassed. "Quaker girls are always expected to do something, you know; and I am lucky to get anything so congenial. So please don't think I am a saint. I wouldn't be a saint if I could, for nobody loves saints except old ladies and biographers. Sometimes I really wish there was a personal devil—a real, glistening, forked-tail devil that I could make a wonderful bargain with for my soul. Then you would see how little of a saint I was!"

"You will get everything in the world without that," said Mrs. Wheelock. "It is your poor lovers who will be trying to sell their souls."

Barty was attempting to say "I know I would" when the curtain went up and the gentleman behind him hissed like a serpent. The poor little avowal fell by the wayside, and no one except Barty seemed to care what had become of it.

At the close of the second act Barty, much against his will, was made to avail himself of the ten-minute intermission and retire for a smoke. This allowed of confidences that his presence rendered impossible.

Truth learned that Barty was the only son—the only child; that the Wheelocks had been people of considerable means, with a house on East Fiftieth Street a few numbers from the Avenue, and a country estate on Long Island before Mr. Wheelock had died, overwhelmed by business misfortunes. The widow was left with but a few hundreds

(Continued on Page 111)

THINGS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

The Clerk Also Spoke of Distinguished Entrance Halls, and Wished Upon Janet an Enormous Spanish Chair and a Chest in Which Janet Didn't Intend to Keep Anything

THIS is not the story of Theodora Duke and Stacy Lindstrom, but of a traveling bag with silver fittings, a collection of cloisonné, a pile of ratty schoolbooks, and a fireless cooker that did not cook.

Long before these things were acquired, when Theo was a girl and her father, Lyman Duke, was a so-so dealer in cut-over lands, there was a feeling of adventure in the family. They lived in a small brown house which predicated children and rabbits in the back yard, and a father invariably home for supper. But Mr. Duke was always catching trains to look at pine tracts in Northern Minnesota. Often his wife went along, and, in the wilds, way and beyond Grand Marais and the steely shore of Lake Superior, she heard wolves howl and was unafraid. The Dukes laughed much those years, and were eager to see mountains and new kinds of shade trees.

Theo found her own freedom in exploring jungles of five-foot mullen weeds with Stacy Lindstrom. That pale, stolid little Norwegian she chose from her playmates because he was always ready to try new games.

The city of Vernon was newer then—in 1900. There were no country clubs, no fixed sets. The pioneers from Maine and York State who had appropriated lumber and flour were richer than the newly come Buckeyes and Hoosiers and Scandinavians, but they were friendly. As they drove their smart trotters the leading citizens shouted "Hello, Heinie," or "Evenin', Knute," without a feeling of condescension. In preferring Stacy Lindstrom to Eddie Barnes, who had a hundred-dollar bicycle and had spent a year in a private school, Theo did not consider herself virtuously democratic. Neither did Stacy!

The brown-haired, bright-legged, dark-cheeked, glowing girl was a gorgeous colt, while he was a fuzzy lamb. Theo's father had an office, Stacy's father a job in a planing mill. Yet Stacy was the leader. He read books, and he could do things with his hands. He invented Privateers, which is a much better game than Pirates. For his gallant company of one privateers he rigged a forsaken dump cart, in the shaggy woods on the Mississippi bluffs, with sackcloth sails, barrel-hoop cutlasses, and a plank for victims to walk. Upon the request of the victims, who were Theo, he added to the plank a convenient handrail.

But anyone could play Ship—even Eddie Barnes. From a territorial pioneer Stacy learned of the Red River carts which, with the earthquaking squawk of ungreased wheels and the glare of scarlet sashes on the buckskin shirts of drivers, used to come plodding all the redskin-haunted way from the outposts of the Free Trappers, bearing marten and silver fox for the throats of princesses. Stacy changed the privateers' brigantine into a Red River cart. Sometimes it was seven or ten carts, and a barricade. Behind it Stacy and Theo kept off hordes of Dakotas.

After voyaging with Stacy, Theo merely ya-ah'd at Eddie Barnes when he wanted her to go skating. Eddie considered a figure eight, performed on the ice of a safe creek, the final accomplishment of imaginative sport, while Stacy could from immemorial caverns call the wizard Merlin as servitor to a little playing girl. Besides, he could jump on ski! And mend a bike! Eddie had to take even a dirty sprocket to the repair shop.

The city, and Theo, had grown less simple-hearted when she went to Central High School. Twenty-five hundred boys and girls gathered in those tall gloomy rooms, which smelled of water pails and chalk and worn floors. There were a glee club, a school paper, a debating society and dress-up parties. The school was brisk and sensible, but it was too large for the intimacy of the grade buildings. Eddie Barnes was conspicuous now, with his energy in managing the athletic association, his beautifully combed hair and his real gold watch. Stacy Lindstrom was lost in the mass.

It was Eddie who saw Theo home from parties. He was a man of the world. He went to Chicago as calmly as you or I would go out to the St. Croix River to spear pickerel.

Stacy rarely went to parties. Theo invited him to her own, and the girls were polite to him. Actually he danced rather better than Eddie. But he couldn't talk about Chicago. He couldn't talk at all. Nor did he sing or go out for sports. His father was dead. He worked Saturdays and three nights a week in an upholstery shop—a dingy, lint-blurred loft, where two old Swedes kept up as a permanent institution a debate on the Lutheran Church versus the Swedish Adventist.

"Why don't you get a good live job?" Eddie patronizingly asked Stacy at recess, and Theo echoed the question; but neither of them had any suggestions about specific good live jobs.

Stacy stood from first to fifth in every class. But what, Eddie demanded, was the use of studying unless you were going to be a school-teacher? Which he certainly was not! He was going to college. He was eloquent and frequent on this topic. It wasn't the darned old books, but the association with the fellows, that educated you, he pointed out. Friendships. Fraternities. Helped a fellow like the dickens, both in society and business, when he got out of college.

"Yes, I suppose so," sighed Theo.

Eddie said that Stacy was a longitudinal, latitudinous, isothermic, geologic, catawampaboid Scandahoofian. Everybody admired the way Eddie could make up long words. Theo's older sister, Janet, who had cold, level eyes, said that Theo was a fool to let a shabby, drabby nobody like that Stacy Lindstrom carry her books home from school. Theo defended Stacy whenever he was mentioned. There is nothing which so cools young affection as having to defend people.

After high school Eddie went East to college, Stacy was a clerk in the tax commissioner's department of the railroad—and the Dukes became rich, and immediately ceased to be adventurous.

Iron had been found under Mr. Duke's holdings in Northern Minnesota. He refused to sell. He leased the land to the iron-mining company, and every time a scoop brought up a mass of brown earth in the open pit the company ran very fast and dropped twenty-five cents in Mr. Duke's pocket. He felt heavy with silver and importance; he bought the P. J. Broom mansion and became the abject servant of possessions.

The Broom mansion had four drawing-rooms, a heraldic limestone fireplace and a tower and a half. The half tower was merely an octagonal shingle structure with a bulbous Moorish top; but the full tower, which was of stone on a base of brick, had cathedral windows, a weather vane, and a metal roof down which dripped decorative blobs like copper tears. While the mansion was being redecorated the Dukes senior took the grand tour from Miami to Port Said, and brought home a carload of treasures. There was a ready-made collection of cloisonné, which an English baron had spent five years in gathering in Japan, and five hours in losing at Monte Carlo. There was a London traveling bag, real seal, too crammed with silver fittings to admit much of anything else, and too heavy for anyone save a piano mover to lift. There were rugs, and books, and hand-painted pictures, and a glass window from Nuremberg, and ushabti figures from Egypt, and a pierced brass lamp in the shape of a mosque.

All these symbols of respectability the Dukes installed in the renovated Broom mansion, and settled down to watch them.

Lyman Duke was a kindly man, and shrewd, but the pride of ownership was a germ, and he was a sick man. Who, he meditated, had such a lamp? Could even the Honorable Gerard Randall point to such glowing rods of book backs?

Mrs. Duke organized personally conducted excursions to view the Axminster rug in the library. Janet forgot that she had ever stood brushing her hair before a pine bureau. Now she sat before a dressing table displaying candlesticks, an eyelash pencil, and a powder-puff box of gold lace over old rose. Janet moved graciously, and invited little sister Theo to be cordially unpleasant to their grubby friends of grammar-school days.

The accumulation of things to make other people envious is nothing beside their accumulation because it's the thing to do. Janet discovered that life would be

unendurable without an evening cloak. At least three evening cloaks were known to exist within a block of the Broom mansion. True, nobody wore them. There aren't any balls or plays except in winter, and during a Vernon winter you don't wear a satin cloak—you wear a fur coat and a muffler and a sweater and arctics, and you brush the frozen breath from your collar, and dig out of your wraps like a rabbit emerging from a brush pile. But if everybody had them Janet was not going to be marked for life as one ignorant of the niceties. She used the word "niceties" frequently and without quailing.

She got an evening cloak. Also a pair of fifteen-dollar gun-metal pumps, which she discarded for patent leathers as soon as she found that everybody wore those—everybody being a girl in the next block, whose house wasn't anywhere near as nice as "ours."

II

THEO was only half glad of their grandeur. Oh, undoubtedly she was excited about the house at first, and mentioned it to other girls rather often, and rang for maids she didn't need. But she had a little pain in the conscience. She felt that she hadn't kept up defending Stacy Lindstrom very pluckily.

She was never allowed to forget Stacy's first call at the mansion. The family were settled in the house. They were anxious for witnesses of their nobility. The bell rang at eight one Saturday evening when they were finishing dinner. It was hard to be finishing dinner at eight. They had been used to starting at six-thirty-one and ending the last lap, neck and neck, at six-fifty-two. But by starting at seven, and having a salad, and letting father smoke his cigar at the table, they had stretched out the ceremony to a reasonable decency.

At the sound of the buzz in the butler's pantry Janet squeaked: "Oh, maybe it's the Garlands! Or even the Randalls!" She ran into the hall.

"Janet! Jan-et! The maid will open the door!" Mrs. Duke wailed.

"I know, but I want to see who it is!"

Janet returned snapping: "Good heavens, it's only that Stacy Lindstrom! Coming at this early hour! And he's bought a new suit, just to go calling. It looks like sheet iron."

Theo pretended she had not heard. She fled to the distant library. She was in a panic. She was ashamed of herself, but she didn't trust Stacy to make enough impression. So it was Mr. Duke who had the first chance at the audience:

"Ah, Stacy, glad to see you, my boy. The girls are round some place. Theo!"

"Lyman! Don't shout so! I'll send a maid to find her," remonstrated Mrs. Duke.

"Oh, she'll come a-running. Trust these girls to know when a boy's round!" boomed Mr. Duke.

Janet had joined Theo in the library. She veritably hissed as she protested: "Boys-s-s-s-s! We come running for a commonplace railway clerk!"

Theo made her handkerchief into a damp, tight little ball in her lap, smoothed it out, and very carefully began to tear off its border.

Afar Mr. Duke was shouting: "Come see my new collection while we're waiting."

"I hate you!" Theo snarled at Janet, and ran into the last of the series of drawing-rooms. From its darkness she could see her father and Stacy. She felt that she was protecting this, her brother, from danger; from the greatest of dangers—being awkward in the presence of the stranger, Janet. She was aware of Janet slithering in beside her.

"Now what do you think of that, eh?" Mr. Duke was demanding. He had unlocked a walnut cabinet, taken out an enameled plate.

Stacy was radiant. "Oh, yes. I know what that stuff is. I've read about it. It's cloysoan." He had pronounced it to rime with moan.

"Well, not precisely! Cloysonnay, most folks would call it. Or culwasonnay, if you want to be real highbrow. But cloysoan, that's pretty good! Mamma! Janet! The lad says this is cloysoan! Ha, ha! Well, never mind, my boy. Better folks than you and I have made that kind of a mistake."

Janet was tittering. The poisonous stream of it trickled through all the rooms. Stacy must have heard. He looked about uneasily.

Suddenly Theo saw him as a lout, in his new suit, that hung like wood. He was twisting a button and trying to smile back at Mr. Duke.

The cloisonné plate was given to Stacy to admire. What he saw was a flare of many-colored enamels in tiny compartments. In the center a dragon writhed its tongue in a field of stars, and on the rim were buds on clouds of snow, a flying bird, and amusing symbols among willow leaves.

But Mr. Duke was lecturing on what he ought to have seen:

"This is a *sara*, and a very fine specimen. Authorities differ, but it belonged either to the *Shi sinwo* or the *Mon-zeki*—princely monks, in the monastery of *Nin-na-ji*. Note the extreme thinness of the cloisons, and the pastes are very evenly vitrified. The colors are remarkable. You'll notice there's slate blue, sage green, chrome yellow, and—uh—well there's several other colors. You see the ground shows the *kara kusa*. That bird there is a *ho-ho* in flight above the branches of the *kiri* tree."

Stacy had a healthy suspicion that a few months before Mr. Duke had known no more about Oriental art than Stacy Lindstrom. But he had no Japanese words for repartee, and he could only rest his weight on the other foot and croak "Well, well!"

Mr. Duke was beatifically going on: "Now this *chatsubo*, you'll notice, is not cloisonné at all, but champlevé. Very important point in studying *shippo* ware. Note the unusually fine *kiku* crest on this *chawan*."

"I see. Uh—I see," said Stacy.

"Just a goat, that's all he is, just a giddy goat," Janet whispered to Theo in the dark room beyond, and pranced away.

It was five minutes before Theo got up courage to rescue Stacy. When she edged into the room he was sitting in a large leather chair and fidgeting. He was fidgeting in twenty different but equally irritating ways. He kept recrossing his legs, and every time he crossed them the stiff trousers bagged out in more hideous folds. Between times he tapped his feet. His fingers drummed on the chair. He looked up at the ceiling, licking his lips, and hastily looked down, with an artificial smile in acknowledgment of Mr. Duke's reminiscences of travel.

Theo swooped on Stacy with hands clapping in welcome, with a flutter of white muslin skirts about young ankles.

"Isn't the house comfy? When we get a pig we can keep him under that piano! Come on, I'll show you all the hidey holes," she crowed.

She skipped off, dragging him by the hand—but she realized that she was doing altogether too much dragging. Stacy, who had always been too intent on their games to be self-conscious, was self-conscious enough now. What could she say to him?

She besought: "I hope you'll come often. We'll have lots of fun out of ——"

"Oh, you won't know me any more, with a swell place like this," he mumbled.

As women do she tried to bandage this raw, bruised moment. She snapped on the lights in the third drawing-room, and called his attention to the late Mr. P. J. Broom's coat of arms carved on the hulking stone fireplace. "I got the decorator to puzzle it out for me, and as far as he could make out, if Pat Broom was right he was descended from an English duke, a German general and a Serbian undertaker. He didn't miss a trick except ——"

"Well, it's a pretty fine fireplace," Stacy interrupted. He looked away, his eyes roving but dull, and dully he added: "Too fine for me, I guess."

Not once could she get him to share her joy in the house. He seemed proud of the virtue of being poor. Like a boast sounded his repeated "Too darn fine for me—don't belong in with all these doo-dads." She worked hard. She showed him not only the company rooms but the delightful secret passage of the clothes chute which led from an upstairs bedroom to the laundry; the closet drawers which moved on rollers and could be drawn out by the little finger; the built-in clock with both Trinity and Westminster chimes; the mysterious spaces of the basement, with the gas drier for wet wash, and the wine cellar which—as it so far contained only a case of beer and seven bottles of ginger ale—was chiefly interesting to the sense of make-believe.

Obediently he looked where she pointed; politely he repeated that everything was "pretty fine"; and not once was he her comrade. The spirit of divine trust was dead, horribly mangled and dead, she panted, while she caroled in the best nice-young-woman tone she could summon: "See, Stace. Isn't this cun-ning?"

It is by certain mystics fabled that the most malignant ghosts are souls that in life have been the most kindly

"You Want to Watch Your Uncle Stacy. I'll Make Some of These Rich Fellows Sit Up!"

and beloved. Dead though this ancient friendship seemed, it had yet one phase of horror to manifest. After having implied that he was a plain honest fellow and glad of it, Stacy descended to actual boasting. They sat uneasily in the smallest of the drawing-rooms, their eyes fencing. Theo warned herself that he was merely embarrassed. She wanted to be sorry for him. But she was tired—tired of defending him to others, tired of fighting to hold his affection.

"I certainly am eating the work in the tax commissioner's office. I'm studying accounting systems and banking methods evenings, and you want to watch your Uncle Stacy. I'll make some of these rich fellows sit up! I know the cashier at the Lumber National pretty well now, and he as much as said I could have a job there, at better money, any time I wanted to."

He did not say what he wished to put into the railroad and the bank—only what he wished to get out of them. He had no plans, apparently, to build up great institutions for Vernon, but he did have plans to build up a large salary for Stacy Lindstrom.

And one by one, as flustered youth does, he dragged in the names of all the important men he had met. The conversation had to be bent distressingly to get them all in.

He took half an hour in trying to make an impressive exit.

"I hate him! He expects me to be snobbish! He made it so hard for me to apologize for being rich. He —— Oh, I hate him!" Theo sobbed by her bed.

III

NOT for a week did she want to see the boy again; and not for a month did he call. By that time she was used to doing without him. Before long she was used to doing without most people. She was left lonely. Janet had gone East to a college that wasn't a college at all, but a manicurist's buffer of a school, all chamois, celluloid and pink powder—a school all roses and purring and saddle horses and pleasant reading of little manuals about art. Theo had admired her older sister. She had been eager when Janet had let her wash gloves and run ribbons. She missed the joy of service. She missed too the conveniences of the old brown house—the straw-smelling dog house in the back yard, with the filthy, agreeable, gentlemanly old setter who had resided there; and the tree up which a young woman with secret sorrows could shin resentfully.

Not only Janet and Eddie Barnes but most of Theo's friends had escaped domestic bliss and gone off to school. Theo wanted to follow them, but Mrs. Duke objected. "I wouldn't like to have both my little daughters desert me at once." At the age halfway between child and independent woman Theo was alone. She missed playing; she missed the achievements of housework.

In the old days on the hired girl's night out Theo had not minded splashing in rainbow-bubbled suds and polishing the water glasses to shininess. But now there was no hired girl's night out; and no hired girls. There were maids instead, three of them, with a man who took care of the furnace and garden and put on storm windows. The eldest of the maids was the housekeeper-cook, and she was a straight-mouthed, carp-eyed person named Lizzie. Lizzie had been in the best houses. She saw to it that neither the other servants nor the Dukes grew slack. She would have fainted at the sight of Sunday supper in the kitchen or of Theo washing dishes.

Mr. Duke pretended to be glad that they had a furnace man; that he no longer had to put on overalls and black leather gloves to tend the furnace and sift the ashes. That had been his before-supper game at the shabby brown house. As a real-estate man he had been mediocre. As a furnace man he had been a surgeon, an artist. He had operated on the furnace delicately, giving lectures on his technic to a clinic of admiring young. You mustn't, he had exhorted, shake for one second after the slivers of hot coal tumble through the grate. You must turn off the draft at exactly the moment when the rose and saffron flames quiver above the sullen mound of coal.

His wife now maintained that he had been dreadfully bored and put upon by chores. He didn't contradict. He was proud that he no longer had to perch on a ladder holding a storm window or mightily whirling the screw driver as the screws sunk sweetly home. But it was to be noticed that with nothing to do but to look at the furnace man, to hold his pockets open for the quarters from the iron-mining company, and to gaze at his collections of jugs and bugs and rugs—he became slow of step and foggy of eye, and sometimes, about nothing in particular, he sighed.

Whenever they had guests for dinner he solemnly showed the cloisonné, and solemnly the guests said "Oh," and "Really?" and "Is it?" They didn't want to see the cloisonné, and Mr. Duke didn't want to show it, and of his half-dozen words of Japanese he was exceeding weary. But if one is a celebrated collector one must keep on collecting and showing the collections.

These dinners and private exhibits were part of a social system in which the Dukes were entangled. It wasn't an easy-fitting system. It was too new. If we ever have professional gentlemen in this country we may learn to do nothing and do it beautifully. But so far we want to do things. Vernon society went out for businesslike activities. There was much motoring, golf and the discussion of golf, and country-club dances at which the men's costumes ran from full evening dress through dinner coats to gray suits with tan shoes.

Most of the men enjoyed these activities honestly. They danced and motored and golfed because they liked to; because it rested them after the day in the office. But there was a small exclusive set in Vernon that had to spend all its time in getting recognized as a small exclusive set. It was social solitaire. By living in a district composed of a particular three blocks on the Boulevard of the Lakes Mr. Duke had been pushed into that exclusive set—Mrs. Duke giving a hand in the pushing.

Sometimes he rebelled. He wanted to be back at work. He had engaged a dismayingly competent manager for his real-estate office, and even by the most ingenious efforts to find something wrong with the books or the correspondence he couldn't keep occupied at the office for more than two hours a day. He longed to discharge the manager, but Mrs. Duke would not have it. She enjoyed the ownership of a leisure-class husband.

For rich women the social system in Vernon does provide more games than for men. The poor we have always with us, and the purpose of the Lord in providing the poor is to enable us of the better classes to amuse ourselves by investigating them and uplifting them and at dinners telling how charitable we are. The poor don't like it much. They have no gratitude. They would rather be uplifters themselves. But if they are taken firmly in hand they can be kept reasonably dependent and interesting for years.

The remnants of the energy that had once taken Mrs. Duke into the woods beyond the end of steel now drove her into poor-baiting. She was a committeewoman five deep. She had pigeonholes of mysteriously important correspondence, and she hustled about in the limousine. When her husband wanted to go back and do real work she was oratorical:

"That's the trouble with the American man. He really likes his sordid office. No, dearie, you just enjoy your leisure for a while yet. As soon as we finish the campaign for censoring music you and I will run away and take a good trip—San Francisco and Honolulu."

But whenever she actually was almost ready to go even he saw objections. How ridiculous to desert their adorable house, the beds soft as whipped cream, the mushrooms and wild rice that only Lizzie could cook, for the discomforts of trains and hotels! And was it safe to leave the priceless collections? There had been a burglar scare—there always has just been a burglar scare in all cities. The Dukes didn't explain how their presence would keep burglars away, but they gallantly gave up their lives to guarding the cloisonné, while they talked about getting a caretaker, and never tried to get him.

Thus at last was Lyman Duke become a prison guard shackled to the things he owned, and the longest journey of the man who had once desired new peaks and softer air was a slow walk down to the Commercial Club for lunch.

She Was Too Frightened to Move. She Could Smell Smoke, Hear a Noise Like the Folding of Stiff Wrapping Paper

IV

WHEN Janet and Eddie Barnes and the rest of Theo's friends came back from college; when the sons went into their fathers' wholesale offices and clubs, and the daughters joined their mothers' lecture courses and societies, and there was an inheriting Younger Set and many family plans for marriages—then Theo ceased to be lonely, and remembered how to play. She had gone to desultory dances during their absence, but only with people too old or too young. Now she had a group of her own. She danced with a hot passion for music and movement; her questioning about life disappeared in laughter as she rose to the rushing of people and the flashing of gowns.

Stacy Lindstrom was out of existence in this colored world. Stacy was now chief clerk in the railroad tax commissioner's office, and spoken of as future assistant cashier in the Lumber National Bank. But he was quite insignificant. He was thin—not slim. He was silent—not reserved. His clothes were plain—not cleverly inconspicuous. He wore eyeglasses with a gold chain attached to a hoop over one ear; and he totally failed to insist that he was bored by the vaudeville which everybody attended and everybody sneered at. Oh, he was ordinary, through and through.

Thus with boarding-school wisdom Janet dissected the unfortunate social problem known as Stacy Lindstrom. Theo didn't protest much. It was not possible for youth to keep on for five years very ardently defending anybody who changed as little as Stacy. And Theo was busy.

Not only to dances did Janet lead her, but into the delights of being artistic. Janet had been gapingly impressed by the Broom mansion when the family had acquired it, but now, after vacation visits to Eastern friends, she saw that the large brown velvet chairs were stuffy, and the table with the inlaid chessboard of mother-of-pearl a horror. What Janet saw she also expressed, in words as cold and sharp as swords at chilly dawn.

In one of the manuals the girls had been tenderly encouraged to glance through at Janet's college it was courageously stated that simplicity was the keynote in decoration. At breakfast, dinner, and even at suppers personally abstracted from the ice box at two A. M., Janet clamored that their ratty old palace ought to be refurnished. Her parents paid no attention. That was just as well.

Otherwise Janet would have lost the chance to get into her portable pulpit and admonish: "When I have a house it will be absolutely simple. Just a few exquisite vases, and not one chair that doesn't melt into the environment. Things—things—things—they are so dreadful! I shan't have a thing I can't use. Use is the test of beauty."

Theo knew that the admirable Janet expressed something which she had been feeling like a dull unplaced pain. She became a member of an informal art association consisting of herself, Janet, Eddie Barnes and Harry McPherson, Janet's chief suitor. It is true that the art association gave most of its attention to sitting together in corners at dances and giggling at other people's clothes, but Janet did lead them to an exhibit at the Vernon Art Institute, and afterward they had tea and felt intellectual and peculiar and proud.

Eddie Barnes was showing new depths. He had attended a great seaboard university whose principal distinction, besides its athletics, was its skill in instructing select young gentlemen to discuss any topic in the world without having any knowledge of it whatever. During Janet's pogrom against the Dukes' mosque-shaped brass lamp Eddie was heard to say a number of terribly good things about the social value of knowing wall sconces.

When Janet and Harry McPherson were married Eddie was best man, Theo bridesmaid.

Janet had furnished her new house. When Theo had accompanied Janet on the first shopping flight she had wanted to know just what sort of chairs would perform the miracle of melting into the environment. She wondered whether they could be found in department stores or only in magic shops. But Janet led her to a place only too familiar—Ye Crafts League Shoppe, where Mrs. Duke always bought candle shades and small almond dishes.

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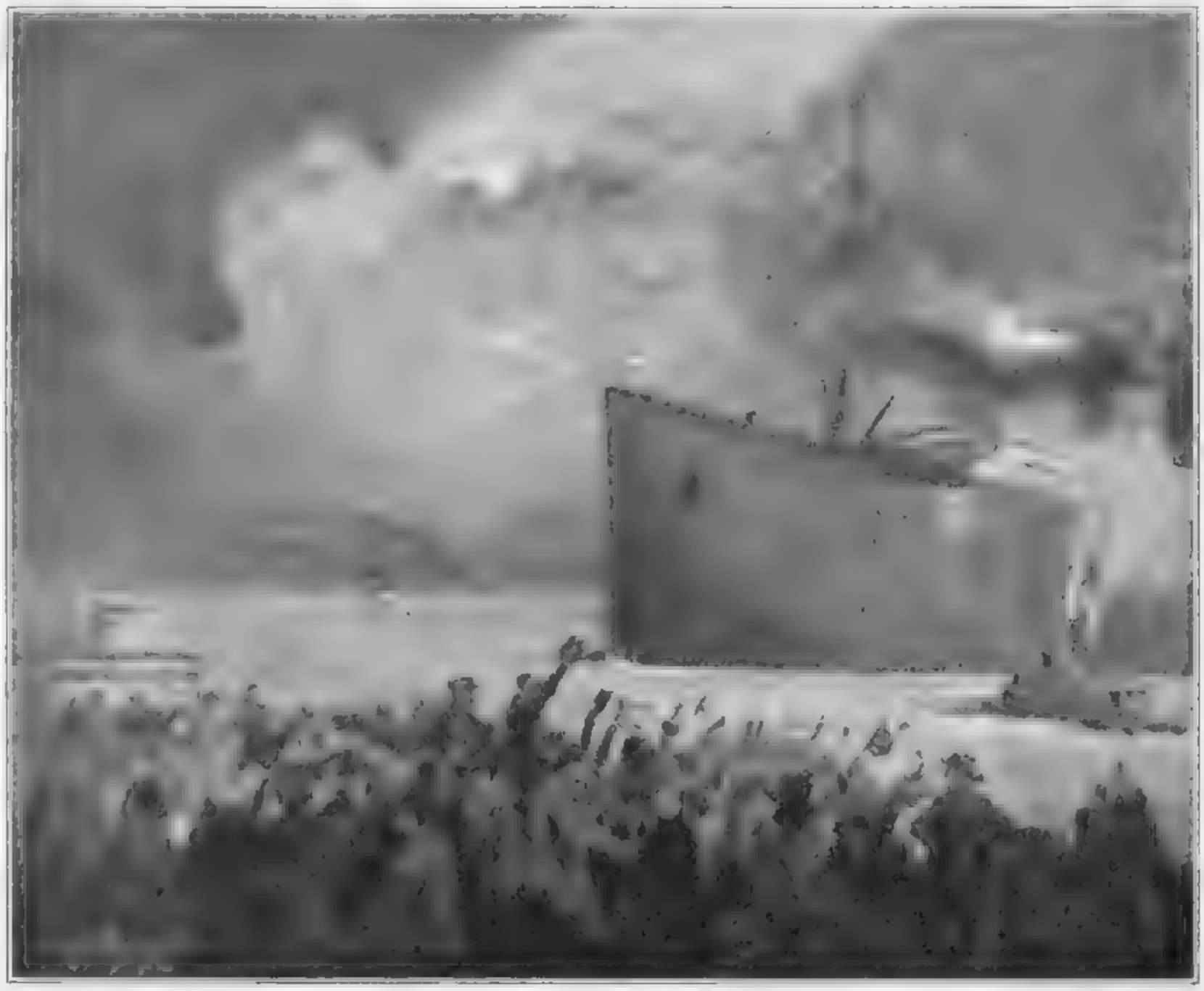
Go Down to the Sea in Ships

By Richard Matthews Hallet

DECORATION BY CHARLES W. HARGENS, JR.



IT MUST be plain to every thinking man that the end of the war should not mean the end of our merchant fleet. Most of us have no idea of such a thing or the possibility of such a thing. Ships are being launched every day; the industry still feels the momentum of the great ship drive. The Shipping Board is already taking measures to ease its ships into private hands; its own continuance is perhaps at this date of limited duration. It is chiefly concerned in shepherding its great fleet into American folds.

Yet to seafaring men it seems certain that unless something is done to put the itch for seagoing into some part of our population these ships are going to drift out of our hands as fast as they are launched. If the personnel grows foreign the ownership will grow foreign. It will lie naturally where the passion for conditioning and sailing ships is. Nothing is more certain than that if our merchant fleet does not draw from the general stock its fair share of intelligence and ambition it will drift, as it has drifted in the past, into the hands of the lost dogs, derelicts and incompetents, men who have neither brains nor resolution to hold a job ashore. These are not the men to rise to big office. The fair inference is that we should have to turn over the direction of affairs to those who can direct.

Now Norway, Denmark and Sweden are in a buying mood; they have lost tonnage and must recoup themselves. Their life is the sea, as much so almost as in the days of Eric the Red. So with England. These countries breed sailors as inevitably as a fur country breeds fur. They spring out of Northern Russia and Germany also; men who are tossed into a ship's rigging from the cradle, and learn horse sense there, and ship sense—"savvy" is the international word for it—a right knowledge of what to do and when to do it, the sort of instant knowledge that will work in the finger tips though its possessor be stood on his head.

Why Scorn the Squarehead?

"SQUAREHEADS" they are called a bit contemptuously by those not squareheads who are in the same trade; but never was contempt less merited; and perhaps a share of professional jealousy enters into the opprobrious word. Squarehead, I affirm, should be a term of honor. These squareheads know their business. They are seamen; they can hand, reef and steer. On the ship I have just left, out of six able seamen—who professed themselves able to steer, by signing on as able seamen—there were found to be only three who could actually steer. With the others the ship went wild as a pigeon. Now on a black night in convoy—ships to the right of you, ships to the left of you, and perchance a trinitrotoluol baby steaming on ahead of you it behooves a ship to have helmsmen who can put and keep the ship's nose where you think the ship's nose ought to be.

Now the three men who could steer were Preede, Spliht and Manca—a Russian, a Swede and an Italian. Preede, the North Russian, a boy of barely eighteen years, was best of the three. But they could not speak English. The three men who were put from the wheel spoke very lucid Englisl indeed. They were more intelligent on the whole than Preede, Manca and Spliht. But they could not steer. They had not that instinct for conning the spokes, that mysterious foreknowledge of how the ship will go next which is the be-all and the end-all of a good wheelman. They hadn't been long enough at sea.

What, then, will make sea-goers of us? At present it must be confessed that we have a positive aversion to it. We sum it up quickly by saying "It's a dog's life." More than that, we say to ourselves "It's a lost dog's life; one wherein hard knocks and hard characters abound." If we think of a sailor we are all too likely to think of a drunken sailor. It is good idiom among us to speak of spending money like a drunken sailor. A sailor in short is, in our national view of it, a sad dog, and at the same time a gay dog; a man who lushes round with the ale hounds while ashore, and has a wife in every port, and who if he comes into your kitchen is likely to put his feet up on the stove and break out into questionable chanteys.

On this very last point let me pause here to say that the chantey is very nearly a lost art; though I hear that on our training ships they are reviving it.

Now this sort of thing will never do. Before our young men can have a right passion for the sea we must come to guarantee the sailor the respect of those who stay ashore. Sea-going cannot flourish while it is regarded as one of the lost-dog trades, into which incompetents drift as they were supposed to drift into the Army in ante-war days. It must have standing such as is accorded it in strictly maritime countries, where the sailor is held in high estimation; if anything, a cut above the rest of the population. We must root out a national belief that the sea is a brutal and demoralizing influence.

I have heard squareheads express surprise at the low esteem in which their tribe is held in American ports. They were accustomed to something very different. In England the seafarer has always been a man of mark. A young British apprentice who had doubled the Horn told me how he felt on coming home after a long and hard trip. Often in cold and wet watches—once the ship was for three days on her beam ends, the foreyard sticking in the water, no fire in the galley, nothing to eat, no hot drink, no level place to sleep, nothing to do but hang on to the weather rail by the skin of his teeth—he used to promise himself that if ever he came out of that alive and set his foot on the solid earth again and went "creaking his shoes on the plain masonry" he would never be such a fool as to sign the articles another time. Anything, any hard-luck job that would give him a roof over his head and three squares a day, would be better than that. He was fed up. His father, an old sailor himself, could storm at him all he chose; his mind was made up to stay ashore.

But—observe what the wonder-worker, public opinion, did for him. No sooner was the ship in the Channel, with lights winking all round her and the hand lead whisking past his ear, than a revolution was effected in his soul In a twinkling he forgot those misery hours, he began to see that he was going to be a great man to these people on the dock. A sort of personal aggrandizement had come out of all those hard knocks; he was a man of substance, the grand hero singing out "All fast, sir!" taking a couple of hitches with the shore boat's painter. He saw plainly that he was the logical successor of Drake or Cook in the hearts of his countrymen—the life of their life, a foreign voyager.

The Test of Salt-Water Manhood

HE TOLD me with a fine zest how he came home to his native village; and there was his old schoolmaster standing beaming in the school yard, and all the scholars, his former playmates, let out early to welcome the great mariner home and get a first-hand lesson in geography. And so he condescended to yarn with them and fill them with instruction. Well, why not? So great a man as Sir Thomas More was nothing loath to spend a whole morning in his back garden at Chelsea drinking in the wisdom of a square-bearded sailor. True, the sailor had been a companion of Amerigo Vespucci; and his yarn was the kernel of the celebrated Utopia or at least determined the form in which it was cast; but why should that man be the last sailor to whom a learned man would listen, and from whom he could learn something to his advantage?

And so our young apprentice found himself at length at home in his father's study, the stern old mariner bending his thick brows on him and inquiring in a voice of thunder "Well, boy, how do you like it?"

"Fine, father."

And so the die was cast. All those bitter resolutions vanished like smoke in the face of this reception. To stay at home after that would be to show the white feather. His father looked upon the sea as the touchstone of his manhood; if he went back to it unafraid after that first bitter grapple he was a man; if he flinched he was not a man; at least not an Englishman, not the son of his father. He went back to it.

And so it has been in Britain ever since that early race of "muffin-mouthed" pirates called the English first grated the

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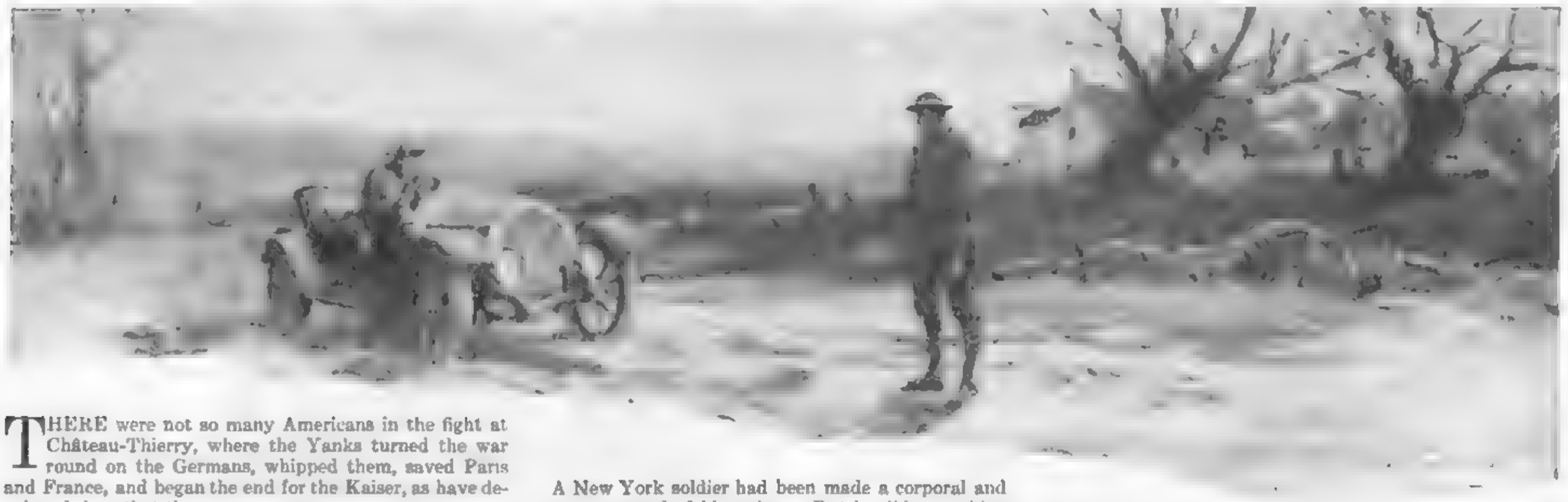
WAR WHEEZES—By Samuel G. Blythe



THERE were not so many Americans in the fight at Château-Thierry, where the Yanks turned the war round on the Germans, whipped them, saved Paris and France, and began the end for the Kaiser, as have developed since that time.

Along after the armistice soldiers who never got to the Front regaled us in Paris with tales of their stirring adventures and great heroisms at the Front; and many of the letters home, so the censors say, were Iliads, no matter whether the writer really was at the Front or merely in France. And as returning warriors arrive in the United States the tales increase in particularity and vividness.

All of which brings to mind the story of the artilleryman who was Number One man in Capt. Peter B. Kyne's battery. Peter's battery didn't fire a shot. It was ready, all set, and then the war blew up right in Peter's face and in the digusted faces of his bullies, who were aching to let go at the Huns.

"Captain," said the gunner, "what's this stuff I hear—this armistice stuff?"

"It's right," dejectedly answered Peter, who had spent a year and a half training himself and his men into a crack battery—and it was a crack battery, too, just as Peter was one of the niftiest artillery officers in the whole outfit.

"Is the war over?"

"It is."

"Ain't we going to do no fighting?"

"No."

"Well," said the gunner, looking over toward the Hun lines and addressing himself to the universe at large, "what the hell do you think of that? That just naturally makes me a liar all the rest of my life."

"As I write these lines," said a negro cook in a letter to his girl—a cook who was stationed with the Northern Bombing Group of the Navy, not far from Calais—"I am standing five feet deep in blood and the corpses of Germans are floating all round me."

How the Leatherneck Put It

AFTER the fight at Belleau Wood, where the American Marines glorified themselves, their corps, their country, and gave us a standard of heroism to talk about forever, the Marines were coming out for rest. They had losses ranging up to seventy per cent. They were cut to ribbons. They were bloody and worn, but they were victors; and they had turned the war.

A detachment of infantry passed them, going up to the front line.

"Say, Marine," shouted a doughboy to one of the Marines, "anything going on up yonder?"

"Yes, son," answered the Marine. "Considerable! Why, they killed a man up there yesterday."

The Orizaba, freighted with correspondents on their way to Paris for the Peace Conference, picked up a wireless from the George Washington, on which was President Wilson, proceeding to the same place. The wireless gave the location of the George Washington

"There goes the Washington," said Jim Montague, on board the Orizaba, pointing to the horizon, "making twenty may-I-nots an hour."

"What do I think of this war?" repeated a negro regular after an officer who found him dejectedly sitting on a log in the Argonne. "Well, boss, I'll tell you what I think of it. It ain't like the Spanish War. In that there war we went out a little and sat round, and then went out again and then sat round. And it was easy and comfortable. And in the Philippines we had a little fightin' now and then to do, and a lot of restin'. But this war —— Boss, I say to you that this is just naturally my last world's war."

A New York soldier had been made a corporal and was very proud of his stripes. But he did something or other and was reduced to the ranks again, with his stripes taken off by verdict of court-martial. He was in the St.-Mihiel fight and was wounded in the very arm on which he had worn his chevrons. They brought him in to the field dressing station, spent from loss of blood.

The surgeon came along, gave him a stimulant, and said: "Let's have a look at that arm."

The soldier pulled himself together, tried to lift his arm, and then with a vast effort said: "There it is, doc; and, believe me, there's going to be a stripe on that sleeve that no damned court-martial can take off!"

A colonel going up in one part of the Argonne met a negro soldier coming back rather precipitately.

"Here," shouted the colonel. "You're running away!"

"No I ain't, boss," protested the soldier. "'Deed I ain't."

"Yes you are. You're running away."

The negro soldier stopped.

"'Deed I ain't, boss," he said earnestly. "I ain't runnin', but I passed some that was."

A shopkeeper in an English city near an American camp put up a fine showy new blind on his shop window one day.

A customer said to him: "I see you have a new blind."

"Yes," the shopkeeper replied. "The American soldiers who buy things here presented me with that."

"The American soldiers gave it to you?" repeated the customer. "That's extraordinary. How did that come about?"

"Oh," the shopkeeper replied, "I got a tin box, cut a slit on the cover of it, put over it a sign reading 'For the Blind' and I soon had enough."

A regiment of negro soldiers who came from the interior of the South were taken to Newport News, put on a ship at night and next morning they were out of sight of land in the Atlantic. A group of them were standing at the rail of the transport looking at the waste of waters. None of them had seen the sea before, and they didn't make much comment.

Finally one of them turned to his companions and said: "The levee sure am broke!"

A soldier was sitting by the roadside busily engaged in trailing the cooties to their lairs in the seams of his shirt.

"Hello," said an officer who was passing. "Picking them out?"

"No," replied the soldier; "taking them just as they come."

A French barber at Chaumont, where the American General Headquarters was, was much pleased over the sudden increase in patronage of his shop and desired to greet his American customers in their native language. A couple of doughboys volunteered to teach him a few phrases of American and worked with him assiduously for two days. Then they assured the barber that he was in possession of a greeting that would warm the hearts of his American customers.

The barber came into his shop next morning. There was a line of customers waiting, headed by a very dignified American colonel who wanted a haircut, and needed it too. The barber put on his apron, fixed his implements on his shelf and then turned to the colonel.

With a graceful wave of his hand the barber said: "You are next, you bone-headed cootie-chaser."

A troop ship with a regiment or two of negro soldiers aboard was nearing the French coast when there was a submarine alarm. The soldiers were called to quarters and formed on the decks. Word was passed that a torpedo attack was imminent and that there must be absolute silence among the soldiers in order that the crew might not be disturbed by unnecessary noise.

The ship was quiet. Not a sound was heard. Suddenly there boomed from one end of a line of soldiers: "Does any nigger here want to buy a gold watch and chain?"

Up in the Argonne one night the Germans were dropping high-explosive shells, shrapnel and gas shells in bunches at a certain point. They were falling about the way leaves fall from a tree in autumn. A number of American soldiers had taken refuge in a dugout to wait until this particular strafe by Fritz should be over, and along came an Alabama mule-skinner, driving four mules with a load of supplies up Front. He was leaning back in one corner of the seat, smoking a cob pipe and flicking the mules now and then with his whip. He wasn't in a hurry, nor was he paying any attention to the shells that were popping all round. He was driving the mules up to the Front, and apparently the job was no more to him than driving them along an Alabama road.

A young soldier stuck his head out of the dugout and yelled:

"Say, Alabam, what do you think of the war?"

The Alabaman pulled up the mules, took his pipe out of his mouth, leaned leisurely over and replied: "What's that? I didn't git ye."

"What do you think of the war?"

The mule-skinner spat thoughtfully into the road, scratched his head, gathered up his reins, flicked his mules with the whip and answered: "She's a bear. Giddap!"

The German Sense of Humor

A YANK in the Argonne detailed to bring back a bunch of German prisoners loaded his pack and rifle and other impedimenta on a German colonel who was among those captured, and ordered the colonel to carry the load for him.

When they got to the first detention cage and the interpreters appeared the German colonel was found to be laughing heartily.

"What's the matter?" asked the interpreter.

"This soldier here," the colonel replied, "has made me laugh. He is most amusing. He forced me to carry his pack for him."

"What's laughable about that?" asked the interpreter.

"Why," said the colonel with another loud guffaw, "it is such a joke on him. He did not know that I am a colonel."

Most of the British and American trucks used in France bore on the sides of them this legend: "Load not to exceed 3000 pounds."

One day I saw an American soldier, who had been sent back with a machine gun, staggering along through the mud, toting his machine gun and chanting to himself: "Load not to exceed three thousand pounds. Load not to exceed three thousand pounds!"

A New York artilleryman and a Chicago artilleryman were telling about their batteries.

"Say, bo," said the New Yorker, "we've got guns so big in our outfit that they shoot forty miles."

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Into Alsace With the Tricolor

By WILL IRWIN

THESE be strange days in Europe, as the calendar gallops on toward that meeting in the bright old palace of Versailles which is to mold our world for the next half century. A strange, bizarre world, joyful in its heart at release from the long strain, confused and muddled in its mind at the multiplicity of problems, public and private, raised by the sudden appearance of peace with overwhelming victory for the side that looked like a loser six months ago.

War carries with it the seeds of madness; but the secondary symptoms which the patient has developed in the first stage of recovery are only a little less violent than those he showed when his malady ran unchecked. As with the mental symptoms, so with the physical; cities and villages and country roads, all the sights and sounds of travel, give the impression of a world in transition.

It is a gay, almost hectic, strangeness in Paris, newly made capital of the world, where the Eminent Visitor and his suite have swamped the Parisian, driven him under cover; where the American feels, after a walk down the boulevards greeting old friends, that he is in Washington; the Briton, that he is in London; the Italian, that he is in his own immortal Rome; where every Thursday the populace turns out to greet some newly arrived monarch or premier; where the midinettes, on the slightest pretext, dance in the streets; where the schoolboys are wearing out their little legs with parading, their treble voices with singing the Marseillaise and Quand Madelon.

Alsace Awakes From Her Nightmare

IT IS a very somber and tragic strangeness in that belt of destruction from the Channel to storied Rheims, where the emigrant trains crawl through a broken, lunar landscape, transporting the remains of household goods in country wagons, in dogcarts or on the backs of pedestrians; where peasant men and women poke through the crumbling remains of German dugouts to find a wet, miserable shelter for the winter; where nearly the oldest homes of European civilization have reverted to the conditions and ways of our pioneer West.

It is a melodramatically strange world in Switzerland, where the agents of a hundred German, Austrian and Russian factions plot and spy and interspy and put forth dishonest, indirect propaganda; where a spy may not be what he seems even to his employers, for as likely as not he is spying for two or three factions at once.

Over the face of all these abnormal districts wander travelers as strange as the world they traverse; for all at once Europe has awakened to the desire for movement, and has found few methods of locomotion. Released prisoners, civilian and military, crowd the corridors of the trains, find niches in the lorries of back-going transport trains, steal rides on peasant carts, creep along the roads; the military hospitals of Northern and Eastern France are full of those among them who, overeager for the homecoming, have gone too fast and have collapsed. Each has his story, if you stop to hear it, more strange than fiction.

Business men on innumerable errands of reconstruction fight for travel privileges and for space in the trains; and, failing, try to travel without space or privileges—to the vexation of the military police and the railroad authorities. Newly demobilized men—French, American, British, Italian—the light of anticipation in their eyes, hold themselves fortunate to find standing space on the platform, even on the roof of a train, that they may sooner reach the base—and then the kisses at the doorstep. And from this whole shifting mass the military police are constantly plucking suspicious persons—spies or agents, sent out by the ever-plotting, ever-vigilant enemy to implant in the confused mind of Western and Southern Europe the ideas that may mitigate his defeat.

I have described Paris as hectically strange, Northern France as tragically strange, Switzerland as melodramatically strange. But when it comes to Alsace, the delivered, I hesitate for an adverb, for no one word describes it. Alsace, with its native population awakening suddenly from a forty-year-old nightmare, with its Germanic population awakening from a forty-year dream of world conquest and bloated prosperity, is strange with a strangeness that cannot be conveyed. So, I take it, is also the lost Lorraine, now so suddenly found. If I speak more of Alsace it is because I saw more of that attractive and sturdy province during the eight days when I was privileged to follow the President of the Republic in his solemn pilgrimage to Metz and Strasburg, and afterward to motor across these provinces at leisure, observing things and talking to the people.

In a Daze of Sudden Joy

OF THE official visits and the pageantry they brought forth one could write whole volumes. The President of the Republic—they call him all that, and not simply "the President" in France—came up with Clemenceau, the old Tiger who slew the wild hog—with Foch, with Pétain, with Pershing, with Haig—with such a galaxy of stars as the public never before saw in this war—to let the capitals of the two provinces know that France had really come back to them. A fortnight or so before, the army had entered—"mobilized," the officers said to me, "to protect the Germans against the natives"—and Foch had taken solemn possession in the name of France. That ceremonial came so suddenly upon the sudden collapse of Germany that the public was still dazed. Dramatic as it was—and touching, too, for those whose imaginations could grasp the change—it lacked after all the emotional quality of this official entry, for which the public imagination was prepared.

There stood Metz on the day before the President of the Republic entered, its very architecture showing its recent history. When Germany, in 1871, took over the loyal French province of Lorraine she had her eye on the iron

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The Victorious Troops of France, Reviewed by Marshal Pétain, as They Entered Metz on November 19th

THE BIRD IN THE HAND

One Day the Stage Brought In a Party That Came From Omaha, and Two of the Members Wore White Waistcoats and Side-Burns. It Looked Good

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE Sidney stage, with its six fresh horses in fine exuberant spirits, had got a fair start and was making an easy twelve on the level stretch to the Gap when the stock tender of the Box Elder station came out of the barn, wiping his forehead and manifesting every sign of physical exhaustion.

"Hitch! hitch! hitch! in poverty, hunger and dirt!" he sighed; "and then unhitch and repeat; and then feed, and then water—and repeat; and clean half a dozen sets of harness and curry and brush—and repeat; and if that ain't Hades and repeat, you tell me—but tell me by mail if you've any respect for your hide."

He sank into the other chair and groaned. The old bullwhacker, who occupied the rawhide chaise longue, cocked a contemplative eye at him and knocked the ashes from his pipe on his boot heel.

"It sure is what you say it is, Hank," agreed the veteran. "I feel for you, as the feller says, but I can't reach you. If you'd only had the sense to get rich early in life you wouldn't have to put in four hours per diem of grinding toil for a trifling sixty and grub. Ain't that what you're getting for these here arduous tasks?"

"It's what I'm supposed to get," replied the stock tender. "If the company would hire a new paymaster that played a square game I might get it, and a few dollars to boot, but a common, ordinary wolf like me don't stand no show with Jensen. He paid off the whole line with the same deck of cards last month—just went through the hollow form of passing out greenbacks, and then 'How about a little game of stud?'—and took 'em back. All the boys got was the evening's entertainment. Yes, I ought to have got rich early in life. I had my chances."

"We've all had 'em," said the old bullwhacker. "I could have got twenty acres of the business section in Omaha one time for a barrel of whisky. I remember Sioux City afore it got its first boom, when a pair of old boots would have made me the biggest real-estate owner in town. But I didn't have no more than a pint flask when I was in Omaha and I was afraid of snakes; and when Opportunity come a-knocking in Sioux City I was wearing them boots on my own feet. I've had elegant shows to get affluent by taking a chance, but I never was no sport. I was like Sim Broderick got to be. Remember Simmy? Used to be county clerk and register of deeds of Minnekahta in the eighties."

The stock tender had only the haziest recollection of Mr. Broderick, but he was curious to know.

"Well, I always liked Simmy," said the old bullwhacker. "He was a right nice boy, polite and cheerful and freckled and foolish. You take a sandy-haired little rooster with them points and you'll find most people like 'em. Everybody in Minnekahta County had a good word for Sim Broderick—slipped in with them that they applied contrariwise. They'd grant you that he was this and that, and that he done thus and so and didn't do divers and sundries, but they'd all tell you that there wasn't no real harm in him and that he was a right nice boy and a sport. He was certainly a sport. All he asked was a slight element of uncertainty and he'd declare himself in, no matter what. Either end of a bet would suit him. He wasn't no extry rider, but when he worked for the Hashknife he'd straddle anything that run and jumped on four legs, just out of curiosity to see what would happen; similar, being a runt and having no science, he'd stand up to the huskiest two-fisted devil that ever cleaned out a camp, on the off chance of licking him. If you'd bantered him to hit a stick of giant with a twelve-pound sledge and see if he could dodge quick enough he'd have tried it once.

"Now I claim to be a judge of human nature. I've studied on it until I know a heap more about folks and their weaknesses than what they do theirselves. I could tell you things about yourself that you'd probably deny right out, and mebbe some of these days I will. I do tell folks what's wrong with them once in a while and try to point out how they can overcome them things. When Bud Watts of the Hashknife let Simmy go I told Simmy plain and straight just how many kinds of a cussed fool he was. I done it as tactful and kind as I knew how, but I put it to him straight.

"'You ginger-haired little whelp,' I says, 'somebody ought to take and just naturally exterminate you. If you'd been worth powder to blow you to blazes the wild coyote would have been howling mournfully o'er your narrow grave long afore this. Of course Watts gave you your time when he seen you was taking it right along. You ain't done one honest-to-goodness day's work in all the twenty-five years you've used up,' I says. 'What's more,' says I, 'you're headed, tail up, for the penitentiary, and burning up the ground.'

"'Sho!' says Simmy. 'Do you reckon that's so, Mr. Stegg?'

"'I know it's so,' I told him. 'And why is it, you wart?'

"'Ah, that's the question,' he says, nodding his head, approving. 'Now we're getting down to cases. Why is it? Being as it is so, why so?'

"'Because you ain't got a lick of sense,' I says. 'If you'd get down to some kind of steady work and quit taking chances there'd be some hope for you.'

"'What chances was you alluding to, Mr. Stegg, sir, please?' he asks.

"'All kinds of chances, you no-account runt,' I says. 'For instance, the chances of calves' being orphans of unknown parentage that nobody ain't interested in and wouldn't never miss. Them three old cows that you've got wandering over the range may be right fecund and fruitful, but two calves apiece in a season is a liberal allowance for any breed I ever come across, and when you claim more for 'em surmises and suspicions is excited that leads to trouble.'

"'I reckon that's so,' says Simmy. 'Them stock-association snoopers don't believe in large cow families, seems like, do they, Mr. Stegg?'

"'They believe in increase but they draw the line at multiplying,' I says. 'In respect to them cows, you've been working the multiplication table until it's mighty rickety on its legs. You'd better get down to a steady job, like I tell you. They're paying pick-and-shovel men two dollars and a half a day in the upper hills.'

"Simmy took off one of his gloves and wiggled his limber fingers. 'Too hard on the hands,' he says. 'I'd be dealing every which way and spilling cards all over the floor. Not but I'd love to shovel rock, and soaking a pick into a bank of conglomerate would thrill me with joy. I'm real fond of any hard work, but the trouble is that I get lonesome and have to come into town and mingle with my fellow man. I ain't opposed to exerting myself, Mr. Stegg; it's just that I'm of a sociable disposition. You ain't got no idea how I'm enjoying this here little talk with you and how I hate to tear myself away, which I've got to do, nor how grateful and thankful I am to you for your advice, which I aim to study over and profit by. Fare thee well,' he says, 'and if forever, then may blessings light on your old bald head and your feet never get tangled in your whiskers!'

"With that he threw his leg back over his saddle and hit the breeze, and I murmured a few words of direction to my bulls and wended my way, fearing that I'd slopped a heap of wisdom on thorny ground.

"In a way I had, but just the same, Simmy quit mavericking and sold them prolific cows of his and got him a steady job. I don't take no credit for that though, my opinion being that the chances of a stock-association detective coming up over the rise and getting the drop on him whilst he was putting his S B bar on the offspring of a W G cow was all that made Simmy rustle. I allow that he told the truth when he said he got lonesome out on the range. Anyway he went to work at a steady job—night shift on Mike Kinahan's gold mine, which was the only faro layout in town; and there ain't no doubt but he was happy and contented in that line of endeavor. He could mingle with his fellow man all he'd a mind to at Mike's, and though faro never did seem to me no financial risk to the dealer there was always a chance of excitement with some habitual homicide that was bucking the game.

"There was other games too round town, and Simmy would naturally take a whirl at them when he was off shift, so that he didn't lay up no money like I advised him to do. But he was happy and contented—until he took one chance too many at the church social and thereby got acquainted with the lady that he's now boarding with.

"Her name at that time was Lucia McArdle and she come from some center of population in Iowa to visit with her sister, Joe Peabody's wife, and liking the climate concluded to stay and open up a milliner store, which she done. She was getting along in years, for an unmarried lady—all of twenty, I reckon—and when she passed through a doorway you felt like hollering to her to duck her head. On the other hand the door wouldn't have had to be more'n ajar to let her through easy. You wouldn't have called her homely, because her eyes was a nice blue and her teeth was white and even, and she had a plenty of hair, and when she did smile it made her look all the better, account of the plumb serious way she had her mouth set the most of the time. Life was real and life was earnest to Lucia, and you wouldn't hardly have thought that she'd have took up hats and bonnets for her life work, only I judge even the Methodist ladies couldn't very well go to church without 'em; and looking at it in that light Lucia may have allowed it was her duty. She was certainly one of the

most real, earnest, little church workers that the Reverend Winship had, and when they got up this here social she was among them present, though she had her doubts about it being quite proper.

"The idea was that the church ladies made them each one a necktie and a kind of a rosette out of the same pattern stuff, each lady a different pattern. Also they each fixed up one lunch for two and fixed themselves up, after which they went over to the Reverend Winship's house and let down the bars to admit the eager rush of the male population of the town. You, being a male and being jabbed in the small of the back by the lunkhead right behind you, smiled sort of like a Halloween pumpkin at Mrs. Henry Prothero, who gave you welcome and took the four bits that you dug up after you'd been reminded of it and made to break out into a profuse perspiration. Then you forced your poor tottering legs over to Mrs. Jim Williams, who held a bag that had the neckties in, unsight unseen, and you grabbed your tie and was steered into the setting room, with the warm rich blood mounting to your manly ears and your grin set hard by this time and making your face ache. Through the glaze in your eyes you seen the room was full of beauteous females, all ages and sizes and all styles of beauty, from the inward beauty of the soul and mind to the kind that ain't only skin deep and don't seem to need to be no deeper. All of them ladies wore rosettes, and the rules of the game was that you claimed the lady that wore the rosette that matched the tie that you'd drawed out of the bag, and later on you and her together et the lunch that she'd put up.

"It's getting to be now so's there ain't the good feeling and mutual forbearance between the preachers and the saloon men that there was at that time—not so much of the live-and-let-live spirit. I doubt if any saloon man or gambler in good standing would patronize a church social in this day and age, let alone closing up the bar and the games for a couple of hours or so to boost the thing along. But it was different then. Mike Kinahan never held it against a man because he was religious and had associations with deacons and elders and such. 'Get right down to it, and there's always some bad in a man,' Mike would say. 'He may not act it, and you might think he was totally lost to all sense of indecency and iniquity, but deep down in him, hid away somewheres in the ashes of his moral nature, there's some spark of bad that deacons and elders ain't never squenched; so why shun him and put the right hand of brotherhood behind our backs when he holds hisn out?'

"Holding them liberal views Mike chased the crowd out of the Eagle Bird, locked the safe and the front door and went over to the sociable with Simmy Broderick. Simmy was kind of curious to see what he'd draw out of the bag. Up to that time his luck hadn't been good, but he figured that you never can tell and he might break even on the lunch even if the lady was a dead card. The lady he drawed was Lucia McArdle.

"It was the first time that he'd seen her or she'd seen him, and right away he knew that a guiding Providence had slid that necktie of hers into his hand. He told her so about the first rattle out of the box, and she didn't seem to think that there was anything out of the way about it. 'We're led in all things, Mr. Broderick,' she says.

"'I reckon that's right, Miss McArdle, ma'am,' says Sim; 'when we ain't drove or just a-drifting. As to leading, you'd sure find me easy to halter-break if you took a notion you was anyways so inclined. Yes, ma'am!'

"'I don't think that I quite understand,' she says, her blue eyes wide open on him.

"'I mean, speaking parabolically, that I'd be bridle wise and willing,' says Simmy. 'I wouldn't never balk on you nor yet kick over the traces. I'd stand without tying, ma'am, but all the same I'd sooner be tied.'

"She shook her head, sort of sad. 'No,' she says. 'It sounds like it ought to be plain, but I'm afraid I'm real dumb. Seems like the folks out here don't talk like they do back in Iowa. You're a cowboy, ain't you, Mr. Broderick?'

"'I was, but I seen the error of my ways, and I'm connected with a bank now,' says Sim.

"'I didn't know that there was a bank here,' she says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says Sim as solemn as she was. 'And a wheel,' he says.

"'A wheel!'

"'Yes, ma'am. Draw, stud and straight, of course, and any other means of getting action, from beggar-my-neighbor to baccarat, all strictly on the level.'

"Lucia smiled for the first time. 'It's no use,' she says. 'I guess I'm just dumb.'

"'Hearts would be your game,' says Sim, looking at her, admiring. 'I don't know though. If I had a fistful I'd unload 'em all on you. As it is, you've got the onliest one I had.'

"'Oh dear, oh dear!' says Lucia. 'Couldn't you please talk so I can understand you, Mr. Broderick?'

"Mr. Broderick dropped his voice, so I couldn't hear what he said, but I reckon he made himself part understood, because I seen Lucia blush four or five times at intervals and smile at him twice while they was eating their lunch together. Later on she went home with Joe Peabody and his wife, and I was walking right behind them and heard them a-talking about Simmy. Lucia said she thought he was a right nice gentleman, but he talked awful funny and he didn't look a mite like a banker. Joe Peabody said no he didn't, and he didn't look nothing like a emperor of China either; and Lucia says why should he, and Joe says that's right, why should he; and then after a while I heard Lucia say that she didn't believe a word of it, because if he was anything like that he wouldn't have been let to come in amongst respectable people, and anyway she'd promised to go buggy-riding with him and she wasn't going to break no promises. They turned the corner just then and I didn't hear what Joe said, but they hadn't got far when I heard him laughing like a hyena

"I went on to the Eagle Bird to get something for the nerve strain I'd been suffering from, owing to me having got a necktie that was made by a lady who had lost her husband a few years back and didn't think she'd ever get used to not having a man around the house. Having got about three fingers of relief I went over to the faro table and sat down, and pretty soon Simmy come in and we got to talking about church socials. I allowed that they was a low form of recreation, with all the dangers to an unmarried man that there was at a dance and none of the fun.

"'Well, Mr. Stegg, sir,' says Simmy, 'with the greatest respect for you and not meaning no references to allusions, I don't think that nobody but an old doddering, brindle-whiskered moral blight would hold such views as them. I ain't opposed to dances,' he says, 'but dances don't run you up against noble, high-minded ladies with refined ideas and improving conversation, so far as my experiences goes. Dances is all right for the heedless and unthinking, but I never yet come away from one filled plumb up with lofty thoughts and realizing my own orneriness the way I done to-night.'

"'Mebbe that's so,' I says. 'Was it Miss McArdle filled you with them altitudinous reflections? From where I was a-setting I judged it was coconut layer cake that she was instilling into you.'

"'It was good cake too,' says Simmy; 'and she made it herself. Say, ain't it wonderful how innocent and kind-hearted and sweet-souled and pure and lovely and moral-principled a woman can be!'

"'It does beat hell,' I says.

"'When you meet up with a lady like that you just naturally feel like dirt,' says Simmy. 'If I wasn't just dirt and unworthy of such, that's the kind I'd want—a lady I could look up to.'

"'You would sure have to look up to Miss McArdle, Simmy,' I says, 'unless you stood on a chair '

"'I ain't got no use for these here sawed-off, dumpy women,' he says.

"'I never knew a runt that had,' I told him; and just then one of the nerve cases at the bar recovered enough to break away and come over to get a little action, and Simmy had to take up his professional duties

"The next day at twelve-fifty-five P. M. in the afternoon a shiny buggy with rubber-tire wheels rolled out of Ed Bell's livery behind Ed's match team of bays that he never hitched up for less than a ten-dollar note. Driving them bays was a small-sized freckled young man wearing a new twenty-dollar cream-colored hat, a black-and-white-check suit of clothes that Jake Grosenbeck had been holding at sixty five, a red silk necktie with green bars that never cost less than two, retail, and smoked buck gloves with yellow curlicues stitched on the gauntlets that must have brought the total cost of the visible outfit to a hundred dollars or a dollar or two apast. At one P. M., Rocky Mountain time, to the dot the bays stopped and danced in front of Joe Peabody's house, at which the door opened and Lucia McArdle come out dressed in clothes and a hat. Three or four minutes later you couldn't see nothing but a cloud of dust and you couldn't hear nothing around town but remarks.

"A little before supper time the buggy and its contents got back and Simmy got out and helped Lucia out.

"'Fare Thee Well,' He Says, 'and if Forever, Then May Blessings Light on Your Old Bald Head and Your Feet Never Get Tangled in Your Whiskers!'"

"'It was a real lovely ride,' says Lucia, just as she might have said that it was a real improving sermon. Then she said: 'I hope you ain't offended by anything I said, Mr. Broderick. I kind of felt it was my duty. It's because gambling of any kind is sinful. And it ain't respectable either.'

"'I don't blame you, and you sure couldn't say anything that would offend me, ma'am,' says Sim; 'and I thank you for the honor and the pleasure of your company, which I have sure enjoyed.'

"'Don't name it,' she says. 'Won't you come in?'

"'Sure he will!' Mrs. Peabody calls out of the window. 'Sim, you hustle that rig over to the barn and come back to supper. We'll wait for you—like one hog waits for another, mebbe, if you don't hurry.'

"'I reckon you'll have to excuse me, Mis' Peabody,' says Sim, climbing into the buggy. 'I've got some business to 'tend to, thank you just as much, ma'am. I'll sure have to be excused to-night.'

"He shook the lines and drove off, and you never seen a boy with a new suit of clothes and a red necktie that looked less like he'd just had a real lovely ride. He straightened up some as he drove through Main Street, and he joshed back at Ed about the way you'd expect; but as soon as he walked into Mike's place Mike knew that something was wrong, and Simmy didn't keep him in no agony of suspense.

"'Mike, I'm a-going to quit you cold,' says he. 'It ain't that our relations hasn't been of the pleasantest kind or that the emollients and perquisites ain't satisfactory. I ain't got no kick coming whatever. But on moral grounds my conscience won't allow me to skin my fellow man for a living no longer—not in no such crude and apparent way as gambling. Whatever sucker money I accumulate in future has got to come through respectable channels such as is approved and sanctioned by the better element of society and hasn't got no risk.'

"Mike looked at him awhile, trying to study out just what he meant, then he reached back of him and took down a bottle. 'I'll go up to your room with you and help you to bed, Simmy,' he says. 'You've got a touch of mountain fever. It ain't nothing serious, but you mustn't talk no more. A good drench of this here in scalding water with half a teaspoonful of cayenne will fix you up in good shape.'

"'I ain't delirious,' says Simmy. 'I'm quitting you—quitting gambling.'

"'I'll bet you a hundred dollars to five that you ain't,' says Mike; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before Simmy had jerked his roll.

"'Put up your money,' says Simmy. 'Mr. Stegg here will hold the stakes.'

"It just goes to show!" moralized the old bullwhacker. "A man with slathers of experience and more wisdom than you can shake a stick at can reason with a boy day in and day out and year after year until he's blue in the face, using all kinds of logic and eloquence and horse sense—and all the good it does is scorn and derision. Then along comes some fool female without experience or judgment or even age—nothing between her ears of a solid nature but hairpins and bony structure—and the first thing you know, Mister Boy is breaking his neck to follow her instructions as to rules of conduct.

"That was the way with Simmy. Ten minutes after Lucia had told him that gambling was sinful he throws up a lucrative position with a brilliant career ahead of him and mebbe a first-class dive of his own, with no idea of what he was a-going to do next. He had made a killing on his own account only the night before the social that helped some—playing Walt Hathaway's wheel on the way to Mike's. Walt's wheel was as crooked as a corkscrew and Simmy knew it; but he took a chance, as usual, and Walt got so excited at the gold pieces that Simmy strung along that his foot slipped on the brake and let the little ball into one of Simmy's numbers that had a double eagle on it. Besides that he had what was coming to him from Mike Kinahan, and all told he must have had close on to eight hundred dollars after he'd bought the check suit and fixings; so he could afford to loaf awhile. The trouble was that Lucia didn't consider that loafing was respectable. There wasn't no suiting that girl.

"About a week after Simmy had reformed, as he put it, he was explaining to Sam Lafleiche and me about how he was aching to find a good job. Sam was chairman of the county central committee then and a good friend of Simmy's and a good friend of mine and everybody else's, especially around about time for the primaries. I'd just been telling him about the winning that Simmy made and what a good thing it was that he quit gambling right away after he'd cashed in.

"'What's the matter with going back to cow-punching?' I asks Sim.

"'Well sir,' says Sim, 'one difficulty about that is that they ain't hiring no extra hands after the fall round-ups. Watts let out three of the boys yesterday, and the W G ain't keeping but half a dozen and the cook, and Red Barlow aims to set them to getting cedar posts out of the gulches through the winter to keep up their circulation and keep down expenses. Another thing, if I did get a job on a ranch I'd be sort of expected to put in most of my time there, and I've got my reasons for wanting to stay around town most of my time. I was figuring on starting some kind of a business, but most every business is already engaged in more than's necessary; and then I ain't got no business ability. What I want is something that don't call for no kind of ability whatsoever and no kind of exertion to speak of, and ain't out of town, and pays good, and has a future.'

"'I reckon I know the answer to that,' says Sam with his wolf grin. 'What you're talking about is a county office. How would county clerk suit you?'

"That was how come Simmy got to be county clerk and register of deeds and member of the Board of Equalization. He didn't have no trouble getting elected, being popular and genial and willing to put up for the campaign expenses, and having the right ideas on equalizing the cow outfits' taxes when they was assessed too high. It certainly looked like what he'd been looking for. Not that the county-clerk salary amounted to much, but there was the recording fees as register that he got for all the warranty deeds and mortgages and quit claims, and a boom in real estate expected along in the spring. And the best of it was that Lucia was tickled to death.

"Mrs. Peabody told her that she couldn't see why. 'I thought you said that you wouldn't have nothing to do with him unless he worked at something respectable,' she says.

"'Ain't being a statesman respectable?' says Lucia. 'Was George Washington and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and Abe Lincoln looked down on because they was in politics? Seems to me you ain't reasonable, sister. Mr. Broderick expects to go to the legislature next general election, and from that it ain't but a step to the Senate of the United States. Ain't that respectable?'

"'There's a difference of opinion about that,' says sister. 'I don't think a senator has got any the edge over a square, honest, hard-working gambler; but then, it's been twelve years since I lived in Iowa. I presume likely you'll give up your milliner business now?'

"'Not until we're married,' says Lucia, blushing. 'Mr. Broderick's wishes is to wait until his—until he's raked in enough chips to stack up alongside with what I've got,' she says, giggling. 'He don't want to take no chances, and I respect him for it. But ain't he got the funniest way of talking!'

"There ain't nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," quoted the old bullwhacker. "The trouble is that once in a while the cover gets kicked off and we wake up with our toes frostbit. For a while Simmy went around with a smile on his face and a song in his heart. He had ordered a set of books for the county that had deeds and mortgages and such already printed in 'em, so's he didn't have to do much writing, only to fill in the blanks, and he hired Billy Dickinson to do that for him. Billy was an old sourdough that used to work in the Homestake office for Haggin, before his inebriousness got away with him, and then he went to prospecting, and finally drifted into Hermosilla and accepted a position washing dishes in Jim Berry's café, which he was working at when Simmy made him his deputy.

"Billy was no ornament, but he certainly could write an elegant hand, and when it come to figuring up the tax list he was an old first-premium curly cauliflower; and he wasn't expensive, considering. Consequently Simmy had all the time he needed to draw his salary and collect his fees, besides driving Lucia around behind Ed Bell's bays and taking her to oyster suppers and hard-times parties and sheet-and-pillow-case festivals and such other doings as was got up by the Ladies' Aid and the Dorcas. The fees come in tolerable good at first, being it was a long hard winter and chattel mortgages frequent; but along come spring they begun to drop off, and instead of the real-estate boom that was expected and relied on there was a new railroad survey made, running outside of the county line and into Pennington. Three town sites was platted along that line inside of as many weeks, but that didn't do Simmy no good, and the boy's lip begun to drag when there wasn't nobody looking. Finally it got so bad that he let out a squeal.

"'I ain't going to get my seed back at this rate,' he says to Billy one morning. 'County warrants has gone down to sixty. The sheriff's the only one of the boys who's making anything.'

"'Yeah,' says Billy.

"'It looks mighty discouraging,' says Simmy.

"'Yeah,' says Billy.

"'There ain't a leaf quivering or a sail in sight,' says Simmy. 'The autopsy has been held on Hope and the burial services is now taking place with me as chief mourner. I hear the knell a-knelling, slow and solemn.'

"'That's Berry's cow a-browsing round amongst the sunflowers,' says Billy. 'That cow's got sense. She ain't bawling about feed not being brought to her, she's rustling; and that's the difference between her and you.'

"'As how?' asks Simmy.

"Billy got up and took him by the arm and led him outside and swept his hand at the surrounding country. 'Tell me what you see away off yonder,' he says.

"'Scenery,' says Simmy. 'It's considerable inspiring, but not particular nourishing.'

"'It depends on how you look at it,' says Billy. 'The way I look at it ain't as

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"'Jimson,' Says Lucia, 'I Can't Help Thinking That Down in Your Secret Heart You've Got Hankerings for Gains Got by Hazardous Risks Instead of Honest Toil and Saving and a Safe Five Per Cent Interest'"

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

"I Tell You I Will Not Study Books Any More! I Cannot Sit Still and Listen to Homely Old Teachers Tell About Things Dead and Gone for Years"

VI

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MRS. NAOMI WINTERS called on Densie Plummer shortly, to interest her in the Poets' Club, of which she was the president. Before she left, Densie had given her the membership fee and agreed to do the correspondence work for the coming month—several sets of postals and one or two letters that Mrs. Winters graciously dictated.

The family rather frowned on Mrs. Winters; it was evident that Densie was beginning to look outside her four walls, and she left a cold supper and instructions for tea making with Sally whenever the clubs met. John was rather amused, almost pleased save as it affected his comfort—for he had a sense of justice no matter if it had been strangled of late, and he felt Densie needed recreation.

He was so used to having Densie adore him that he was blind to anything save her direct relationship as it concerned him. She was "mother"—he never interfered with her discipline; she was just as all women should be chiefly concerned with her home and his favorite cooking recipes. Densie adored John as mothers sometimes do their eldest sons. The relationship had gradually drifted into this. At first it had been John who adored Densie—before he was sure of her; then they ardently loved each other and supposed they would always do so. After which Densie's life narrowed because of her family and straitened circumstances, so that romance left the Little House. Unselfish ambition consumed Densie, she must do everything for her family, there would be time enough for this or that after the children were grown or John had made his fortune. Her share of the hill climbing was to be housekeeper and home maker, never to bother John by nagging or complaining or intimating a lack of confidence in what he should ultimately do. John Plummer was John Plummer and the argument was closed. Even her friends, quiet home bodies like herself, marveled at the growing contrast between them—John's youthful buoyancy and Densie's tired young self.

"What do you women do at these clubs?" John asked her one of the few evenings he happened to stay at home.

"We have papers read and we hear about things—and eat—and look at each other's hats," Densie admitted, laughing.

She laid aside her pile of darning and came over to John's chair. For many years Densie had balanced herself on the chair arm while she told John or John told Densie the happenings of the day—Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert had done likewise.

"I think it does me good, John. I know I'm not clever and that I could never read a paper on anything except cooking. But I enjoy listening and being with women who use their brains and let their hands grow white." Unconsciously she hid her small reddish ones under her apron.

"What part do you take—just audience?" John smiled up at her.

"I make the biscuit and the whipped-cream cake and the salad dressing." Densie's eyes twinkled. "By and by some newer member will heave into sight and I'll wrap her in my mantle. Then I'll be allowed to watch the umbrellas or tag round to the newspaper offices with the notices for meetings. It has its humorous side, I admit, but so has everything else that is worth while. There are so many tired, lonesome faces, John, as if the women were not happy or felt cheated of the really big things for which they were intended. I have often watched them and forgotten the club paper—big stories lurk behind wrinkled foreheads and sunken eyes!"

"Do you never admit mere man?"

"Mere man never wishes to be admitted. Besides, we have the clubs as a revenge on mere man's bowling night and gymnasium practice, billiards and pool, cards—all sorts of nice masculine recreations. Of course, I couldn't belong to clubs and do my share if we were back in the old home—but the flat makes it easier."

"Good! I'm glad you're sensible. With Harriet away and Kenneth such a lamb, Sally is your only real problem, isn't she? We'll always stay in a flat, Densie. It is the sensible thing for families these days."

Densie slipped from the chair arm and returned to her mending. Something stirred deep within her at the mention of the other home; its very name recalled a thousand tender memories, whereas the flat brought to her mind nothing but the tumity-tum of the Sullivans' mechanical piano and the array of empty cans in the back yard.

"Yes, we must change with the times," she admitted.

Following the joining of the Poets' Club Densie affiliated herself with the Forum, also introduced by Mrs. Winters, and placed her baking order with the Homestead! But by this time Densie saw that club politics played a huge part in the club movement, and she flatly refused to bake biscuit for the Forum luncheon, thereby bringing an avalanche of reproach upon her head, but winning a certain respect, which she had not done in the other clubs. The Forum was a rather advanced club; they brought a second-rate metropolitan lecturer—at a fabulous sum, according to Densie's ideas—to read a paper on Superwomen and then be gorged with whipped cream and fruit cake at the conclusion of the general discussion. It was all crude and extremely humorous, to the lecturer; but it meant that Ibsen, Hauptmann, Pater were no longer names to Densie, that she knew of women who triumphed over men, and that if a woman chose to start in using her brains for something else save making mince-meat or taking stains from the carpets there was no telling where she might end.

After all, the surest way to have a women's revolution is to present them with limitations; they are certain to become outraged and victorious and to return said limitations in shattered atoms with their compliments.

"Look, mummy," Kenneth said one day—it was after a hasty luncheon, because Densie wished to attend a special executive meeting of the Forum—"can I please keep him?"

Densie turned round to look. "Him" was a tawny ball of fluff, cuddled in her boy's arms; two very bright eyes looked at her in friendly fashion.

"What dog is that?" she asked, unable to be stern.

"Oh, he's nobody, mother; he was just born in Skinner's back yard. But if we don't keep him they'll drown him. I want to call him Socks, because he has four white feet."

"Kenneth, dear, we can't—in a flat!"

The brown eyes darkened. "If we were at home," he protested, "he could live in the woodshed."

Densie fumbled with her veil. "Yes; but not here. Mrs. Sullivan has her Angora kitty, and they are older tenants. I'm afraid it would never do. Never mind, dear; some day you can have a dog."

"He's so little," began Kenneth, tears welling in the brown eyes.

"I know—but he wouldn't be happy cooped up in a flat; he needs a fenced-in yard for play. Take him back, Ken. I'll let you go to the next circus."

The brown eyes stared in reproach. "A circus ain't but a day," he began.

"Isn't but a day, you mean."

"I can't speak nice when I'm hurt," he ended defiantly, leaving the room.

That night he said he wanted no supper, and rather silently he went to his little room.

"What's the matter with Ken?" asked Sally. Though she battled with him upon the slightest provocation, whenever he so much as shed a tear she was up in arms for his defense.

"It was a puppy I could not let him keep," Densie answered absent-mindedly. "They drowned him, I think. I'm sorry, but we never could have an animal in an upper flat."

"He might have had just one little puppy," Sally combated. "Poor Ken is cooped up, and no one seems to mind. He can't have a tent in the back yard because Mrs. Sullivan is always having her washing done; and he can't have one on the upper veranda because we all want to sit there; and he can't have one in his bedroom because it isn't big enough to change his mind in; and the attic is too dirty; no matter how many times you clean your half of it, Mrs. Sullivan's half is eternally dirty and it blows over—so Ken has to fold up like a tent instead of having one."

"And what would you suggest?" said Densie. She had returned from an executive meeting, at which she was nominated for delegate to the city federation and was to wear a white ribbon badge and a pink rose on her left shoulder. "I cannot murder the lower-flat tenants."

"I just said it was a shame." Sally walked away.

"Please help me carry out the things."

Densie frowned; she hated above all things to have to insist on Sally's doing what was really her daily task. It seemed as if she had to tell her a dozen times a day to do what she was expected to do without being told.

"I want to read my letter from Harriet. If daddy isn't coming home, what's the hurry?"

Sally nonchalantly lounged into the front room. She found Harriet's letter and opened it. But before she began to read she looked at herself in the glass. This was a favorite trick. Mrs. Sullivan had asked her downstairs for cards that evening; Sally's mother was not to know, but there was to be a young chap of twenty-four to meet Sally, and Mrs. Sullivan was to help Sally fix up, once she was safely below. Sally tossed her pretty head. Dean Laddbarry would be wild! She would have great fun telling him about it, exaggerating the young man's sudden ardor and attentions. She liked to keep Dean stepping, she said; besides, he was goody-good and always going to church with his grandmother or trying to earn money for something or other. Sally preferred one who went to dances with her and who spent money.

She came back to read the letter to Densie, but her mother said sharply, "Dinner is ready, Sally."

At which she flung her strong young arms about her and kissed her impetuously on the cheek. "Mummy's cross—just because I wouldn't carry in the dishes. I'll wash 'em—honestly, I will; and while you serve I'll read this dear old prig's letter."

Sally began:

Dear People: There is really nothing to write, and yet I know you expect to hear. I have addressed this letter to Sally because it is her turn, but it is for you all. I am well and very busy. I received 99 in psychology and 100 for my original theme on "The Causes of Infidelity Among the Immigrants in the United States." Miss Blake is coming down for Christmas vacation and I wish to stay here; it would save daddy some money and be an excellent thing for me. Miss Blake wants to take me to see some Ibsen plays, and I also want to meet some more people. I hope you are all well. Excuse this brief letter, but really there is nothing more to say.

Lovingly,
HARRIET.

P. S.—Tell mummy not to make me any more blouses; I am going to wear pongee smocks; and if she will send me a box of Christmas goodies I shall be ever so much obliged — especially a cake!

"Well," decided Sally, folding up the letter with a flourish, "I am sure that is a very thrilling bunch of news. However, even a warm-hearted hen cannot lay a hard-boiled egg—and I suppose we ought not to expect very much from Miss Iceberg."

Sally Quite Captivated Him in the Way She Dimpled and Smiled and Talked About the World and Its Ways in a Blasé Manner

"Don't use slang, Sally." Densie shook her head.

"Won't we have a Christmas tree?" asked Kenneth.

"Not up here," Sally answered. "I'd be hunting pine needles the rest of my life. Let's get an artificial tree, mummy; may we?"

"If you like."

Densie was thinking of Harriet's essay on the causes of infidelity—it seemed to her a ghastly topic; Aunt Sally had educated her to believe there were certain things about which one never talked. If, unfortunately, there came an imperative and personal problem, then one's mother and father and the minister were the proper tribunal. Harriet—not eighteen and in New York—to be refusing to come home for Christmas, though she demanded a cake, and winning an honor mark for an essay on such a subject!

"I don't want an artificial tree," protested Kenneth. "I like to smell the real one and then burn it as we used to do."

"We have no fireplace, goose-goose. Where would we burn it—in the gas range?" Sally giggled.

"Ain't we got anything real?" Kenneth savagely lapsed into ungrammatical language.

"Sh-h-h! Pass your plate, Ken. Try these ——"

"Canned stuff," he remarked cynically. "I don't want any of it."

"Mummy, I want to go downstairs to Mrs. Sullivan's; she is going to have a table of cards. Please, angel-mummy; you know you want to be at peace with the world, and I'd get you all upset with my nonsense. Say yes, and I'll be home by eleven."

"School to-morrow, Sally!"

"Bother school! Say yes, and I'll even write Harriet a jolly note. If daddy was here he'd say yes."

"Yes," said Densie quietly.

She had club work to do; in secret she was actually attempting a club paper—it was as sacred and stupendous an undertaking as if she had been appointed to survey Gibraltar! Furthermore, she did not wish Sally to suspect what she was doing—she felt that the child would ridicule her.

So Densie washed the dishes herself, despite Sally's promise; and Kenneth went to bed with a book; and Sally, dressed in a crisp blue silk, tripped below to be received by Mrs. Sullivan with enthusiastic praise. Mrs. Sullivan thought Sally had possibilities of becoming an actress, as well as great talent in her painting—Sally having painted menu cards for Mrs. Sullivan's wedding anniversary! She also considered Mrs. Plummer a little dowd who would never "hold her husband."

She helped Sally dress her lovely hair in extreme fashion and wind a black velvet band about it; she also loaned her two rings and a string of near coral and powdered her little face until she looked a veritable fashion plate.

Sally was happy. She met the young chap, a very gay dog with a sophisticated air, and quite captivated him in the way she dimpled and smiled and talked about the world and its ways in a blasé manner.

Later they had a Dutch lunch consisting of beer and salad and rye bread, and Sally drank her beer because she would not "give away her age," and tried to fight off the consequent sleepiness. Altogether it was a wonderful evening. She came upstairs to find the lights extinguished save in the hall. Densie had pinned a note to her nightgown—she no longer waited up for her family.

It read: "Dean came to see you. He wants to take you out to his grandfather's farm on Sunday. Good night and God bless Sally!"

Sally crumpled the note. After all, there was no one quite like mummy and Dean. But then, mummy and Dean were always there, waiting, whenever she was finished with other people; she would never have to worry about that! And it was larky to be able to meet young men who said nice things and never dreamed that she was only a little schoolgirl.

Densie was awake, but she did not get up to see Sally. She had done her mending, though not so carefully as usual, and then had written Harriet briefly to say she might stay in New York and that she would send her some goodies and she was a little surprised to learn the topics upon which young students were asked to write. At the Young Ladies' Seminary at Athol Springs one wrote her essays on such themes as The Happiest Day of My Life, Our Minister, or How to Overcome One's Faults!

Then she took a look at Kenneth to see if all was well and came to her old-fashioned desk to begin writing. As she wrote she heard the voices below, laughing over their card game, and she paused to wonder whether it had been right to allow Sally to go alone. But had she dared suggest a chaperon she would have been laughed at and defied—things were all so different!

She dismissed her fears and continued writing. Dean Laddbarry had come in to see Sally, and at first Densie suggested he go downstairs and see her, but he said he would not bother, it would upset the "party." He did not add that he had caught a glimpse of Sally before he came upstairs, and heartily disapproved.

"What are your hopes and fears, Dean?" Densie asked, drawing a paper over her writing.

"I'm bound for the West as soon as I'm through school. I want to do something that's outdoors." He laughed at his restless energy. "I don't believe I could stand too much civilization. I'm not like Sally."

His face sobered. Young as he was, Dean had given away his heart for all time.

"Why not a ranch?" Densie began to feel enthusiastic; she liked having Dean's coming to talk things over with her.

"You're so young and filled with promise, you're bound to do something worth while."

"I won't stay here, that's a certainty. Everything is becoming a mad scramble. Why, it won't be long, Mrs. Plummer, before the old firms will be crowded to the wall."

He paused, realizing he had spoken rashly.

"I suppose so—they have suffered now because they will not change their methods."

"You go into a modern drug store and you see everything but drugs—artificial corsages, dolls, candy, magazines, tennis rackets, goldfish; and way, way back is a little spot labeled 'Prescriptions.' It's the same with a book store. Department stores gobble them up. The old-time boot stores have gone as well—"

"And tea-and-coffee stores," Densie laughed.

Dean flushed. "I hope not—if Plummer & Plummer stopped business we'd all take milk to drink! That old house stands for everything that is square. My grandfather remembers when Mr. Herbert Plummer's father founded it, how he went to the Orient and it took him months to complete arrangements. He says there isn't a finer firm in the world."

"Yet they don't seem to prosper any more. Why, Dean! Here I am telling you my troubles. Don't worry, dear boy; we're all right for a while. I'm not a good substitute for Sally, but I can appeal to your stomach if not your heart. How about cake?"

"That special cake—the sort you made back at the old house?"

"The same, the first we've had in weeks. I'm growing lazy."

She rose and he followed her into the kitchen. It seemed so natural to have Dean—"just a good-looking thing," as Sally said—sitting at the table to munch his cake and confide his plans, asking about Harriet and shaking his head over the description of the way Sally was painting her hats to match her dresses until everyone thought she possessed at least a dozen—and saying that his family wanted to take Kenneth out on the farm for a holiday next summer.

After he left, kissing her unashamedly, according to custom, the club paper seemed flat and rather stale, and she felt she had better not attempt it. She was angry at herself for the change in attitude, and as she tried to whip back the zest for it she kept recalling the two unmended holes in Kenneth's play suit and the fact that she had yielded to an oiled mop for cleaning instead of getting right down on her hands and knees and giving the floor a "good wash."

So she went to bed, divided between loyalty to the old and seeking her salvation in the new; and long after Sally was asleep John came home with the news that he had decided to buy some more mining stock—he must do something or else the firm would fail.

"By the way, Densie, my clothes are in tatters," he complained. "Don't you ever get the time to mend any more?"

"I will to-morrow," she promised

After all, it takes a great deal of dodging to evade cares successfully.

VII

HARRIET'S summer vacation was spent, perforce, with her family. Everyone dreaded it except Kenneth and John. John really welcomed his oldest child, and he kept thinking that Harriet should have been the boy, she had such a dignified way with her that could manage anyone or anything. It was a shame her name was not Harry.

Kenneth welcomed her because it meant that Harriet refused to share Sally's room, and as they had only three bedrooms it would be Kenneth's joyful lot to accept Dean's invitation to the country. For eight weeks he would revel in green fields, with everything in the living beastie line for which he had craved during the past year.

"He's only askin' me because he likes Sally," he told his mother with a flash of wisdom; "but I don't care—I'm gettin' there! I won't have to hear Sally and Harriet fight and have to stay off the street because of the big boys."

So they packed his small trunk and sent him on his way rejoicing, with Dean trying to coax Sally into joining them for a week.

"You know I hate the country," she said pettishly. "I'm just getting acquainted with nice people." There had been several little parties at Mrs. Sullivan's at which Sally had been a guest.

"There are roses and buggy rides and picnics in the woods," he said wistfully. "You know you'd like it after you got there."

She shook her head. "No, thank you. Take Ken; he's sure to java-and-mocha better than I would. I can't bear to be sunburnt, and I loathe pigs!"

"You needn't look at 'em, Sally, dear."

"You'd be in horrid working things, and there's the smell of the barns—ugh, I couldn't stand it!"

So she sent him away with her brother, a grain of consolation in the fact that at least he was making inroads into his beloved's family.

Harriet arrived, very pale and thin and reserved toward everyone and everything. She considered the Sullivans a very vulgar sort, and her mother was amusing in her abortive attempts at club life; "mental pap" she called their courses of study. Her father looked splendid and she did not blame him for staying away a good share of the time. It was impossible to be composed in a crowded upper flat in which a hair wreath and a Gibson girl glared at each other, and Sally's popular songs and Densie's hymnal sat side by side on the piano rack. When Sally pertly made a little footstool out of an old shoulder organ which one of Densie's greatuncles, a circuit rider, used to carry on his back from town to town, and Densie said it was a sacrilege, Harriet ridiculed both of them alike.

It was impossible to know Harriet; Densie made several attempts. She took her to a basket picnic of the Forum, but was sorry she had done so, for the girl was patronizing to her mother's friends and stated radical views in startling fashion; even Mrs. Naomi Winters admitted that here was a young person who might be clever, but was decidedly unconventional.

Then Densie tried to win her by old-time cooking—the fussy expensive dishes she had not made in more than a year, but Harriet waved them aside. She ate no meat, she loathed a gourmand—this with a little smile directed in Sally's pathway, Sally returning it with a hope-to-die face—and she followed the example of some of her beloved teachers—a biscuit-and-lettuce-and-prune sort of dietary Even Miss Blake had become a bit ultra, according to Harriet, though she still valued her opinion. But Miss Blake was provincial! Harriet had created an entirely new set of values, she explained.

When Densie timidly mentioned the essay on the causes of infidelity, Harriet without a blush, and without any real understanding, answered in such concise and startling terms that Densie felt the Forum, the Poets' Club and the rest were naught but mental kindergartens.

Harriet and Sally did not openly disagree—Sally would have been delighted, but Harriet refused. They were "estranged," each occupied with her own interests -Sally her friends and pretty frocks, her daubs of paintings, her lovable nonsense; whereas Harriet, shabby but content in a crumpled linen frock, would steal to her room and spend the day poring over some revolutionary handbook or making notations for future reference about a long-ago-forgotten civilization of which she had just read.

She chose a fair portion of the work—never in the kitchen, but a scornful arranging of the rooms; and this she did regardless of the day. One day Sally would attempt cooking dinner, washing dishes and cleaning the floors, and for a week afterward refuse even to dust her own dressing table.

Harriet would not meet Sally's friends. "I don't say but what Sally has a right to develop in her own way; she is beautiful but quite a fool, mother, and I can never be intimate with her."

"Don't grow away from us altogether, will you?" Densie had urged. "You seem so grown up and such a stranger—I dread to think of what four more years will bring." Harriet smiled.

"I don't quite understand what you intend doing," Densie added. "Of course, I believe and urge charity work—your Aunt Sally was the soul of charity. Many's the time she has rescued some poor waif or abused animal or set a family on its feet—but it doesn't seem as if you were going to be like her."

"I never expect to have personal contact with the poor." Harriet explained; "that is apart from my work. Statistics are what I am studying, tabulating the various things. I really can't explain it, mother, but when I go back I'll send you reading matter, and then perhaps you can see. I hope to write original essays after a few years. As soon as I am through school I shall be appointed to some bureau in New York. If I can I shall spend all my vacations abroad—I can earn extra money coaching—because I must study penal institutions.

"The Swiss homes for women criminals are vastly superior to ours. Some of the murderesses, particularly those who killed from a jealous motive, are most interesting. And the drunkards and female offenders are entirely apart from——"

"My dear little child"—Densie was aghast—"you must not hear of such things

(Continued on Page 65)

All the Time Her Hard Bright Eyes Stared at Densie's Shabby Bonnet and Mended Glove Tips, and Densie Went Away Realizing She Could Not Interfere

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1919

Commemorating the Soldier

THE soldiers are coming home. You would like to see a lasting memorial of their service to the nation and of the grateful admiration in which you hold them. Many communities will be moved by that worthy spirit. Many communities were so moved after the Civil War. The movement mostly resulted in a population of cast-iron effigies of the volunteer leaning on his musket—apparently all factory-made and sold at so much a pound. In Boston Saint-Gaudens designed a soldiers' memorial that will be cherished as long as the bronze lasts, because in it a great artist fittingly embodied a great feeling. There are a few others, but mostly the Civil War soldiers are commemorated—with the best of intentions—in a cheap and tasteless and uninspiring way. Looking over the national exhibit a foreigner would conclude that we thought any sort of sculptural junk, just so it had a proper inscription, was good enough for soldiers.

Our soldiers ought to have the best—especially when good costs no more than bad. That means some care, some organization, some expert guidance. The several states might well take it up, appointing expert commissions with which local communities could consult. A fine road, a fine bridge, a fine public building suitably ornamented and inscribed, would make a most fitting memorial—for a village or rural township as well as for a metropolis. The movement, turned in that direction, should be expertly guided by a capable state commission. Especially in the very risky domain of sculpture is expert counsel needed.

It would be a great pity if the fine feeling that prompts communities to commemorate their soldiers should shoot itself off at random, with results anything but fine artistically. We urge every community to take a little time, seek sound advice, make sure that it is going to get a memorial as good as its intentions.

Bankrupt Politics

THE presidential campaign is rather less than a year off. Mention national leadership in any typical American gathering anywhere between the two oceans and one man will come into the minds of the audience. Just one; not two, since Roosevelt's death. If the two-term tradition is to obtain that one man is eliminated and the "highest office in the gift of the people" is literally out with a dark lantern trying to find somebody—or two somebodies—who can be fitted out in short order with a political reputation suitable for the office.

No doubt either side would gratefully grab General Pershing and thrust its party standard into his martial hand. A good soldier. A good man. Perhaps the best President ever. But, politically speaking, an absolutely unknown quantity; and we know that a greater soldier made a poor President.

Politics intrigues with General Pershing on exactly the same exalted principle that inspires an enterprising vaudeville manager to engage a woman as an actress because she has just figured in a sensational divorce case. It seeks to appropriate his advertising value, regardless of whether he is qualified or unqualified for the rôle—with a cold businesslike eye to the box office or the ballot box. It is a confession of bankruptcy.

With honorable exceptions, which prove every rule, politics the last twenty years has not attracted American talent. Talent, broadly speaking, has preferred other fields.

Politics—the great business of government—ought to be one of the most attractive fields in any country, but especially in a democratic country. Political office, government employment—ought to give as fair a prospect of advancement and reward as any private business. But it is not organized that way with us.

The War Debts

THE latest table we have seen foots up two hundred billion dollars. That is more than the value of all property, real and personal, in the United States in 1912. To attempt to comprehend this figure is like trying to get a mental grasp on the number of stars in a clear night. Stated in the bulk it is a sort of fiscal nightmare. There have been as many schemes for banishing it as there are billions in the total—ranging all the way from simple Bolshevik repudiation to British and French levies on private capital.

There has never been but one way of dealing successfully with a debt, and never will be. That way is to pay it. Interest and a moderate sinking fund would come, say, to fifteen or eighteen billions a year. That is by no means beyond the ability of the nations that contracted the debt. Nobody understood the productive power or the saving power of a modern industrially advanced nation until this war came along to disclose unsuspected capacities. The war fell far short of touching the limit. There is no limit.

The productive power which war engendered would multiply in peace, for every engine it turned out would be an engine of production instead of destruction. The world can pay its war debt in twenty years.

Anybody who examines the evidence will see that a debt of two hundred billions, measured against demonstrated productive capacity of 1918, looks less formidable than a debt of half that amount measured against productive capacity of 1898.

Just paying it is much the cheapest way of dealing with it. For example, the war debt would have been a lighter burden to the people of Russia than the régime of repudiation has been. The whole industrial world moves on credit. A profound and lasting blow to credit would finally be a worse handicap to the world than the war debt is.

Leave it to the Soldiers

MORE than three million rising, and voting, Americans have had more than a year of actual military experience in the ranks. The question of militarism—and of conscription, or universal military training on the European plan, which is the other name of militarism—may safely be left to them. We have met some young officers who think rather well of uniform, camp and drill as a universal feature of American life. A good many Regular Army officers take the same view of it for the same reason. It is pleasant to say as saith the centurion.

But we do not believe that many American privates so regard it. One modest young hero of the Marne answered a question by saying he wanted especially two things: To lick his first lieutenant and to get to work. Almost all the privates want to get back to their jobs. Under certain circumstances—which are sure to arise under a military regimen no matter how carefully officers are selected and trained—that first thing is sometimes as laudable an ambition as the second. Probably no fairer or more intelligent body of officers ever served under any flag than our officers, but the military system is bound to develop some martinets and on the whole to work away from the old American spirit.

Conscription is an affliction to be borne patiently when national need plainly demands it. It was so borne. We raised a great army. In training, and especially in the face of the enemy, it displayed admirable discipline. Conscription will always be borne cheerfully and patiently when peril to the nation requires it. If there is to be a heavily armed, jealous, explosive Europe, unbound by law, the United States must be fully armed too. But as to embracing European conscription in the absence of a positive menace and just for its own stupid, bloody Prussian sake—you may safely leave that to the soldiers.

The Private Profit

THE Postmaster-General says: "It would be as reasonable to intrust the mails to private conveyance at profit-earning rates of postage as to so intrust the wire service"—thus repeating the stock argument that government operation is better for the public because profit, which is the aim of private operation, is thereby eliminated.

In the five months to December first—the latest date for which a statement is now at hand—the railroads moved not very much more traffic than in the corresponding period of 1917, when they were under private management, but their operating expenses were greater by more than a hundred million dollars a month, or at the rate of a billion and a quarter a year. The increase was progressive.

In July, operating expenses took sixty-nine per cent of gross receipts; in August, seventy-one per cent; in September, seventy-six per cent; in October, seventy-eight per cent; in November, eighty-three per cent. In eleven months of government operation patrons of the Pennsylvania Railroad paid sixty-six million dollars more for about the same quantity of service—due to advanced rates—but operating expenses were ninety-three million dollars more, and after paying taxes and rents the sum remaining for interest and dividends dropped from forty-eight million dollars in 1917 to nineteen millions in 1918.

January and February, when weather conditions last year were extraordinarily unfavorable, should give a better comparison. Yet the railroads seem moving to a condition wherein another advance in freight rates will be necessary. We have no doubt that, by and large, private enterprise can operate a given business and earn a profit cheaper than Government can operate it without a profit.

War and Socialism

ONE outstanding thing about the war was a tremendous extension of government intervention in affairs formerly left to private arrangement and direction. Pretty much everything was "taken over" or regulated from Washington in some degree or other. It has been generally assumed that war experience would have a permanent effect in the way of much greater government control of business. But we should not be surprised if it had precisely the opposite effect—in the United States and England, at least.

During the war government control was accepted without challenge or criticism. The more its results are subjected to fair criticism, the more we know about it, probably the less we shall think of it for peace purposes. Great wastes and mistakes there certainly were—excused on the ground of inevitable haste. An expert investigation, here or elsewhere, undertaken with no political animus and solely in the interest of economic science, would probably raise at least a grave doubt whether we should not have got on faster and cheaper if government had restricted its intervention in various directions.

Now that war is over impatience at what remains of government wartime control appears to be growing here and in England.

This feeling seems to affect government itself. Our own Government seems to be moving in the direction of getting the operation of ships off its hands. Congress is evidently anxious to find means of disposing of the railroads. In this there is a motive of self-defense. Operating ships and railroads and telephones, fixing prices, granting priorities, and so on—means throwing a tremendous quantity of work and responsibility upon a machine very ill suited to bear it and already overburdened with work and responsibility. When there is no restriction upon criticism, responsibility for a vast, cumbrous bureaucracy which touches the life of the people at every hand is something likely to give a statesman insomnia at election time. If freight rates go up there is the farmer and merchant vote to be reckoned with. If wages fail to go up there is the trainmen's vote.

We rather expect that war experience finally will set a more definite limit than before to government activities in the field of business.

Two New Parks

WHILE the Revenue Bill has been dragging its slow course through the House and the Senate, one great piece of constructive legislation has passed both houses and, at the moment of writing, is ready for the President's signature. We refer to the Grand Cañon National Park Bill. A good many measures that have been monopolizing the headlines in the newspapers this year are relatively of minor importance beside this bill and the one that passed the House a few days before, known as the Greater Yellowstone Bill.

This is emphatically the time to assure to the people the possession of great national parks and, as Secretary Lane pointed out to the House Committee, we ought to establish these great public reserves before there are too many private holdings in them to complicate the titles. Happily, Congress has followed this sound advice.

There is a third measure now pending before the House—the Roosevelt Park Bill. This new park will include the wildest and least-known mountain region in the United States, with the cañons of the Kings River and the Kern River, not to mention the giant sequoias embraced in its area, the oldest and most tremendous trees left upon the surface of the earth. If the bill can be put through before the adjournment of Congress, this will indeed have been a great year for the National Parks and for the people of the United States, who own them.

Stop Immigration for Ten Years

By William Roscoe Thayer

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE cessation of fighting has allowed us leisure to examine with more calm some of the great currents of the war and the readjustments that we expect peace to bring. One of the vital results of the struggle has been the awakening in the United States of the sense that we must have real national unity.

The Civil War, of more than fifty years ago, taught us that this country could not exist half slave and half free, and that no section of it should arrogate to itself a predominant position. The Union was greater than any part and must control all the parts. The Americans of British origin, who then formed the great majority of the population North and South, accepted this verdict, and in the course of a generation the Union was recognized as indispensable and unassailable both by those who lost and those who won.

After 1880, however, a second cause of disunion cropped out and it worked very gradually and unconsciously on the part of those who most contributed to it. The later cause was immigration. During the first part of our national career, when the physical difficulty of getting to the United States formed a considerable barrier, we welcomed immigrants and were not afraid of being swamped by them. The vast waste spaces of our continent needed to be settled, cultivated and built up. After 1840, steamship service shortened the distance and made the trip from Europe much easier. A few years later the famine in Ireland caused more than a million Irish to seek a refuge in the United States; but though these newcomers belonged mostly to the rural class at home—the class which, for lack of proper support, had failed to raise a bare subsistence from the rural districts of Ireland—instead of taking up homesteads and farms in the country here they stayed nearly always in our towns and cities.

About 1850, other elements came over in successive waves. The defeated revolutions of 1848 sent exiles from Continental Europe. The German "forty-niners"—liberals who risked their lives to establish liberty in Germany—were regarded as a desirable addition to our population. So, the sprinklings of Italians and Hungarians. Subsequently the Scandinavians followed. All these broods from Continental Europe had this trait in common—they were mostly of the better class at home; persons who accepted exile rather than surrender their convictions, or persons of initiative and industry who expected to better their condition amid the opportunities which our republic offered them.

The Kaiser's Campaign in America

THE rapid expansion in our industrial and commercial life after the Civil War, however, called for more laborers, and within twenty years the transatlantic steamship companies organized a system by which the labor of Europe could be siphoned from Europe and poured out on the United States. Before the end of the last century the German steamship companies drained Southern and Western Europe to supply and increase the stream of cheap labor; incidentally they enriched themselves. They were abetted by our capitalists, whom this cheap man power enabled to carry on colossal enterprises at large profits. These unpatriotic money-makers did not stop to consider to what extent this infusion of strange ingredients would modify our Americanism; and if the war had not come in 1914 the process of denaturing our national stock would have gone on until our ideals were suffocated.

With the irresponsible buoyancy that characterized our national spirit we assured ourselves that the United States would be quite able to assimilate everybody who came into our republic. How often have we blinded ourselves to menace and to grave peril, taking it for granted that if things get too bad we shall set to and correct them! Such a spirit is a poor substitute for that which foresees a danger and takes steps to prevent it. Our somewhat happy-go-lucky attitude rather inclined the serious statesmen and thinkers of Europe to look upon us as a not solid nation, and to draw the conclusion—which they expressed with ill-disguised scorn or ridicule—that nothing better could be expected from democracy.

One European nation, which was putting to the test the efficiency of a rigid despotism, in which every member acknowledged abject obedience to the despot, scrutinized our American ways with particular interest. The Germans admitted that though we were slipshod democrats in government we possessed, nevertheless, wonderful ability in making money, and they devoted themselves to working out a plan by which they could not only get control of the wealth we were amassing but also of the country, with its unlimited natural resources from which this wealth was derived.

About the year 1900, the Kaiser's advisers in piracy began to prepare their campaign here. Prince von Bülow conceived the idea that all Germans who had gone into foreign countries and settled were "lost" Germans, and that they must be brought back into the fold of the Fatherland by stimulating or reviving their interest in their race, language and traditions. So sprang up all sorts of German associations; books magnifying the importance of the Germans in our national life appeared with a frequency that we should have thought ominous if we had not been so naive that we could not believe that aliens who had become naturalized here could be so base. German exchange professorships, which we supposed were intended to promote friendship between the two countries, were really a blind behind which the Germans spread their propaganda and secretly investigated the resources of our country. The German professors in our universities—those at Harvard being the earliest—were among the most willing and efficient tools employed for this treachery. And so in the course of fifteen years the pro-German mass in this country was welded together and made ready to do at a signal from Berlin the work for which it had been trained.

Now immigration directly increased our danger from the Kaiser's conspirators over here—not because the number of German immigrants had been very formidable since 1895, but because the German immigration was solidly organized for traitorous purposes, and because it dominated the smaller immigrations from other countries. During the first half of the war we had Münsterberg and his sly colleagues insisting that the Italians must remain Italian, the Scandinavians Scandinavian, the Hungarians Hungarian, the Lithuanians Lithuanian, and so on. This would mean, of course, that the United States would have a dozen or fifteen bodies of unassimilated foreigners who continued to regard the land from which they came as their home, who perpetuated their home quarrels here and resisted every attempt at Americanization. Also, if we became accustomed to the hyphen in the case of other aliens we would not take much notice of it when used by the German-Americans; not suspecting, we would not be on our guard

Our Unity Threatened

HERE was a threat to the unity of the United States. We can never be united so long as we have twenty or thirty million foreigners parceled out among many mutually hostile groups and caring more for a foreign country than for this. The German group being the most numerous and, by all odds, the richest, most efficient and most unscrupulous, counted upon having an easy mastery over the others. And indeed it had begun to cajole and seduce these others during the days when Bernstorff and Dernburg worked almost without restraint to poison American public opinion. The attitude of the German-Americans, as they called themselves until they discovered that it would be more prudent to drop the hyphen, was wholly unexpected. No other race could possibly have taken it. We were not on the alert, because we believed that human nature could not be so wicked and corrupt. Now we know that it was simply German, and that in using that word we explain everything. Who could dream that the sons of forty-niners, whose fathers escaped from Germany with a price upon their heads, who settled here and became loyal and enthusiastic Americans—that these sons would for a bribe willingly serve the Kaiser's personal agents and connive to destroy this, the country of their birth and the source of their prosperity? Creatures so base as that, whose names are well known, are beyond the pale of common decency, not to mention honor.

Just as Abraham Lincoln saw in 1856 that this country could not exist half slave, half free, so some of us saw in 1914 that the United States could not exist half foreign and half American; and though the sentiments of the great majority of the Americans were almost stifled for a long time by the cries of the hyphenates, that American majority prevailed at last, and it persuaded the Administration at Washington that this Union must be preserved and that there was only one way of preserving it.

And then President Wilson ceased to suffer the insults of Bernstorff and the arrogance of the hyphenates. As soon as he sanctioned the official break with Germany he discovered the true heart of the American people by the unparalleled enthusiasm with which they supported the war. Without a murmur they subscribed vast sums to organize the Army and the Navy. The ablest men of affairs in the land gave their services to direct all the civilian operations of preparation and management. Millions submitted without demur to conscription, hundreds of thousands of our youth having already volunteered.

Though we were so tragically tardy in coming in, the gods were kind to us and enabled us to come in before it was too late, before the liberties of the world, and with them its civilization, had been destroyed by the barbarian Huns. We arrived just in time to save the day and to give the indispensable final aid.

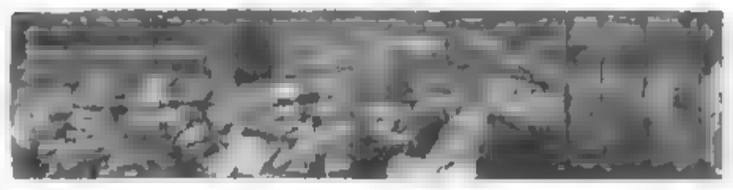
The American people, who expressed themselves through this quietly tremendous activity, did so because they were solemnly resolved to preserve Americanism inviolate. They knew that if civilization in Europe went down before the Hun, America also would go down; and so they rose.

The German conspiracy to rob us of our Americanism, and even of our country, carried on during twenty years by every ingenuity the Prussians could devise, resulted in the reverse of what they intended. We Americans learned the preciousness of our inheritance through their attempt to deprive us of it. We are all now thoroughly roused to the need and duty of putting this inheritance beyond the reach of any similar reptilian enemy attack and of guarding it against falling apart from any other preventable cause. All who dwell in the United States, and especially all who are its citizens, whether native or naturalized, must be Americans. Therefore, to make them all Americans is our most urgent responsibility.

Too Much Water in the Milk

EVEN before 1914 it was evident that we had been taking in foreigners at a faster rate than we could Americanize them; in fact, we made no attempt at Americanizing them. You cannot go on indefinitely mixing water with milk and have milk as the compound. It was through no fault of their own that the proletarians who swarmed from Eastern Europe knew nothing about the American language or American principles or American history. The average American of oldest stock probably knew just as little about similar matters in Syria or the Ukraine. But the vital point is that the proletarian immigrant has been brought up under conditions so contrary to our own that he is wholly unprepared to avail himself of the very benefits which he vaguely came over here to seek. As there has never been any conscious organized effort made in this country to convert the newcomers into Americans the many groups have tended to herd together, keeping their home language, their home customs, and too often their home feuds. This perfectly natural tendency toward segregation according to race or creed or locality is as detrimental to them as it is to the United States. At last, before it is too late, we have awakened to the fact that the United States cannot exist half American and half hyphenate. And now we must engage in a persistent, thorough, sympathetic, judicious campaign of Americanization.

Has not Fate very obviously made our task easier? During the four and a half years of war there were—there could be—very few immigrants. Now, when we are free to spend our energy on other things than war, circumstances favor this campaign of Americanization. Evidently if we have twenty or thirty millions of unassimilated immigrants here we shall be able to Americanize them best if we stop for a while the inpour of new floods of them. Fate warns us



that we have this large mass of undigested human material. If we take in more we shall suffer; chronic indigestion is bad enough, but who can say of a disease that it will go no farther? Who can say that if we continue to break the laws of health the disease may not lead to death?

Self-preservation, which involves in this case keeping the fundamental ideals of our democracy unpolluted, demands that we temporarily check immigration, which threatens so to pollute them that our democracy can never do the great service to mankind for which it was predestined. Any pollution, any lowering of our standards will harm not only us native Americans but the very immigrants who land here expecting to find all that the magical word America meant to their hopes in the lands from which they migrated to escape burdens and sufferings.

A cessation of immigration for ten years would evidently afford proper opportunity for Americanization. It would also favor a proper adjustment of labor under less complicated conditions. It must take two or three years or perhaps longer for labor conditions, which have been radically upset by the war, to come to a new equilibrium. Obviously this result can be reached more easily if a million or more proletarians from abroad are not pouring into this country every year. Such an influx naturally disturbs wages and causes dislocation in the employment of the working classes already here.

Another consideration seems to me important. Europe is to-day in a turmoil over Bolshevism; having overspread and throttled Russia it menaces Central Europe. It is essentially a revolt of the proletariat. Academic and sophistical Russian and German doctrinaires have long been busy concocting the poisonous gases by which the least intelligent multitudes of the plebs, whether industrials or peasants, have been overcome. These social insurgents have gone into all countries, and under different names they stand as a magazine of explosives which a match may touch off. We have them in more than sufficient numbers here already, though to any reasoning person, be he rich or poor, this country seems to warrant, perhaps less than any other, Bolshevist propaganda and conspiracy.

Deport the Trouble-Makers

BUT is it wise, by allowing immigration to flow in unchecked, to bring us the social rebels of Europe in larger and larger numbers? If there were known to be, let us say, five plague spots in the United States, should we commend our National Health Department if it allowed the carriers of bubonic plague to come in unrestricted until there were twenty or thirty more centers of contagion? Instead of allowing unrestricted immigration to dump new masses of undesirables here let us round up a shipload of our Bolshevists, and of the dangerously vapid ladies and gentlemen who encourage them, and ship them post-haste to Trotzky and Lenine. Nothing else would so quickly dispose of Bolshevism here.

I believe that henceforth we should be more watchful as to the grade of immigrants to whom we open our doors; and I would no more admit a person who professed a social creed that aimed at destroying this republic than I would admit a leper.

The dereliction of Germany has proved that literacy cannot be the final test as to the desirability of immigrants. For half a century or more the Germans have been the most literate of our newcomers, and they have also been the most menacing to the safety of this country. Nevertheless, it must be possible by a more careful scrutiny of the educated immigrants who are not classed as proletarians to exclude most of those who are known to hold subversive or malign views. In any case, by locking the doors to general immigration for ten years we shall mightily promote the health of the body politic and discourage its enemies at home and abroad.

I have spoken thus far of the advantages which such exclusion will bring to us, because I regard the preservation of our American standard as our first duty. But is it not plain that this exclusion would be both a kindness and a benefit to those countries which, without it, would lose large numbers of their population? Unless those countries themselves prohibit their people from emigrating they will be speedily depleted. The war burdens that will overwhelm them will impel every person who can pay his passage to come to America. In the devastated countries, think how much heartbreak on the part of the victims of Hunnish frightfulness will add to the difficulty of rebuilding, and how strong will be the enticement to abandon all that and seek a new life in the Land of Opportunity!

No Welcome for European Slackers

ON THE other hand, we certainly do not desire to admit as prospective citizens any Europeans who in the moment of its greatest need evade their duty to their country there in order to enjoy ignoble comfort here. The man power of Europe has been more than decimated by the terrible war, and European men must therefore stay at home and do their share in material and social reconstruction and in repopulation. We shall not welcome base absconders or evaders; baseness is not the stuff out of which to make Americans.

Accordingly, therefore, the stoppage of immigration, which I propose, will be justified not only on the score of self-preservation—which is, after all, a selfish plea—but also on the score of being beneficial to the stricken countries from which the immigrants would come.

More and more must our lawmakers feel the great responsibility laid upon them of keeping pure the ideals of American democracy. That purity can never survive if they allow foreigners untrained in democracy and uncongenial to it to denature the United States. Hitherto, Congress has legislated on immigration in the special interest of this or that group of alien voters or of unpatriotic employers seeking dirt-cheap labor. Henceforth, let the question be dealt with solely in the interest of America and of American ideals. The highest creed in the world when put into practice is no better than the men and women who profess it.

The Sunshine Express

Runs on a three-minute schedule

Yes, at three minutes notice on the coldest, wintriest day you can have the atmosphere of summer-time—the flavor and savor of choice fresh summer vegetables—brought right to your home table in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Just consider this combination—an invigorating stock which we make from selected beef, blended with diced white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, and tender chantenay carrots. Also choice tomatoes, baby lima beans, small peas, Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage, fragrant celery and parsley, juicy green okra. We add barley, rice, alphabet macaroni and an agreeable hint of leek, onion and sweet red peppers. Could you imagine a soup more wholesome and tempting?

You receive it ready-cooked and complete. Every can gives you two cans of nourishing soup. No cooking-cost, no waste, no delay. Simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve. Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case and *always serve it steaming hot.*

21 KINDS 12¢ a Can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"There is Some Mistake," Cut in Mrs. Hammond Jelly. "Isn't There, Sarah?"

"REMEMBER, Gussie, I want the dining room thoroughly cleaned. The Browning Club meets here this afternoon and ——"

"Yassum, Mis' C'ruthers, it'll be so clean you ain't gwine know it."

"And the flat silver must be polished."

"Ise gwine 'tend to all of that. You trot 'long downtown, Mis' C'ruthers, an' leave it to me."

Mrs. Franklin Carruthers heaved a sigh of contentment. "You are a very valuable servant, Gussie. Good-by."

"G'-by, Mis' C'ruthers. Be sho' an' have a good time."

The front door of the apartment slammed. Miss Gussie Muck, colored maid-of-most-of-the-work, mopped the polished floor of the dining room viciously for perhaps two minutes—until the thrum of Mrs. Carruthers' automobile came to her ears—then gently turned back the corner of the Axminster art square. When she replaced the corner the dust had disappeared. Then Gussie leaned her mop against the door, strolled into Mrs. Carruthers' bedroom and seated herself at the dressing table.

A coating of talcum, a touch of face powder, a dab of rouge—and Gussie was well satisfied that she had enhanced the physical glories of feature with which she had been endowed by Nature. She made her way to the living room, selected a lurid novel from the bookcase and dropped languidly into an easy-chair after having first helped herself to a quartet of particularly toothsome glacé fruits from the box on the library table.

She was interrupted by the strident ringing of the kitchen bell. Her face expressed complete disapproval of the interruption, but at sight of the man standing on the tiny back porch the expression underwent a decided change.

Aaron Segar was not unused to the phenomenon. Aaron had been born with a gift for making women smile and grow warm all over. He was handsome and tall and broad and divinely chocolate-creamy of skin. He unleashed his most fetching laugh for Gussie.

"Howdy, Miss Muck?"

"Mawnin', Misto' Segar."

"Wukin' hahd?"

Gussie sighed. "Reckon I is. Ain't nobody livin' these days what ain't wuk hahd, Misto' Segar."

"You shuah said sumpin then, Miss Gussie. Wuk, wuk, wuk all the time. Me more'n you."

"Huh!"

"That's the truth. Ain't no gittin' off fo' me. Bein' a janitor is a pow'ful hahd perfession, Miss Gussie."

"Reckon you is strong enough to stan' it, Misto' Segar."

"Reckon I is. But it's pow'ful ti'esome an' lonely, Gussie. It been diff'ent down to S'vannah, whar I come fum. They ain't spec' a man to do no th'ee men's wuk down there."

"You was a 'pahtment-house janitor there same as heah?"

"Yeh!" He lowered his voice discreetly. "Ain't I saw Mis' C'ruthers go off in her car jes' now?"

"Yeh."

He opened the screen door. "Don't mind if'n I drap in, does you?"

"He'p yo'se'f, Misto' Segar."

He waved his hand grandiosely. "You an' me is gwine be good frien's, ain't we, Gussie?"

"Guess you c'n answer that well as me."

"Then call me Aaron."

"Ain't knowed you but th'ee days."

"You gwine know me longer'n that. Boun' to."

"Well ——"

"All the gals what I likes I asks them to call me Aaron. I nev' was no shakes fo' fo'mal'ty. Fust names atween frien's, I says. Tha's how come I to call you Gussie. You ain't got no 'jections, is you?"

"This town ain't S'vannah, Misto' Segar."

He rose. "If'n you ain't gwine call me Aaron ——"

"Aaron!"

He reseated himself. "Tha's better. No—this heah town ain't like S'vannah, Gussie. Up heah they ain't no tellin' who's quality folks an' who ain't—that is, 'mongst the white folks. An' Ise always been pow'ful p'tic'lar 'bout what soht of white folks I wuks fo'."

"I ain't blamin' you, Aaron. Us colored people cain't be too 'ticalar. How you like it up heah?"

"Tol'able. On'y tol'able."

"How come?"

"Ise lonely, Gussie. Ain't know nobody in this heah town. On'y a few. Come night they ain't nothin' fo' me to do but go down to the 'pahtment what they gives me in the basement an' set 'roun' an' wisht I was married so's I woul'n't be so lonely."

"Huh! Bet you been married!"

Aaron Segar laughed heartily. "Is I look it?"

"We-e-ell; not zactly."

"An' they's a reason, Gussie. I ain't nev' met the gal I wan'ed to marry. Not twell yet."

"Reckon you is might' hahd to please, Misto' Segar."

"Aaron!"

"Aaron."

"Reckon I is hahd to please. Tha's how come I to watch twell Mis' C'ruthers gone off, an' then come up heah."

"How that?"

"I ain't make much talk with you, Gussie—but you shuah looks pow'ful good to me."

"G'wan, Aaron! You is some loose flatt'rer."

"Reckon I is got the cou'age of my convictions."

"Reckon you think I is like them S'vannah gals—swally all that bull."

"Gals what I is went with heahtofo' ain't got so many compliments fum me."

"How I know that?"

"B'lieve it or not. I cain't make you!"

"Well. . . . Hongry?"

"Always, 'ceptin' when I c'n git to town. Does my own cookin' downstairs, Gussie. Man's got to, come he ain't got no wife. So I ain't git ve'y good food. Why you ask me?"

"They was a couple chops lef' over fum breakfas' ——"

"You cook 'em?"

"Yeh!"

"Trot 'em out. Bet they' is some fine-cooked chops."

Gussie spurred herself to real activity for some five minutes while she basked in the light of Aaron Segar's unqualified approval. She heated two succulent lamb chops, made three slices of crisp toast, which she buttered liberally, and poured the solid cream top from the quart of fresh milk. And Aaron exhibited his appreciation by a marvelous display of gustatory gymnastics. Finally he finished, sighed and regretfully shoved his plate aside.

"Golly, you shuah is some cook!"

"Reckon I is got to be if'n I hol' my job with Mis' C'ruthers. White folks is awful capshus, Aaron. They spec' they colored he'p to wuk all the time."

"Ain't you talkin' now!"

"Sometimes I is got a pow'ful good notion to cut loose an' git married."

Aaron delayed his departure with one hand on the door. All the wealth of a contagiously sunny nature went into the smile which he bestowed upon her.

"When you makes up yo' mind to git married, Gussie, don't fohgit my telephone number case'n you have any trouble findin' a husband."

As he stomped down the steps leading to the decorative back court of the Glen Ridge Apartments Gussie dropped into a kitchen chair and stared raptly into space. Aaron Segar! What a man! Of their own volition her thoughts veered dreamily to the little apartment which the proprietors of the Glen Ridge Apartments furnished their janitor. Bedroom, dining room, kitchen—gas, steam heat, hot and cold water. . . . Gussie sighed.

Meanwhile the magnificent Aaron paused at the back door of Mrs. Percival Connor's apartment. His hypercritical eyes rested with infinite appreciation on the trim little figure of one Mallissie Cheese, cook and nursegirl in the Connor ménage.

"Mawnin', M'lissie."

The girl shrugged with simulated indifference. "Mawnin'."

"What's the matter; somebody been rub you the wrong way?"

"No."

"You seem 'bout as happy as a live pig at a barbecue."

"Reckon I is happy, Misto' Segar."

"Mis' Connor been givin' you down-the-country?"

"Reckon they ain't no white folks try no sech fumadiddles on me, Misto' Segar."

"How come you to fohgit my name—Aaron?"

"Reckon I fohgits so Gussie Muck up to Mis' C'ruthers' c'n remember it."

Aaron threw back his head and gave vent to a hearty laugh. "Shucks! You ain't gwine git jealous of a ol' frump like Gussie Muck, is you?"

Mallissie looked up. More—she smiled.

"Gussie Muck is a pow'ful pretty gal, Aaron."

He shook his head in diplomatic negation.

"Reckon you an' me is got diff'ent tastes, M'lissie. I like 'em li'l—like what you is."

When Aaron departed from the Connor kitchen about five minutes later he left Mallissie Cheese humming happily and dated-up to accompany him to Champion Moving Picture Theater Number Two that night to see the nineteenth episode of The Fighting Fate, which they agreed marked the high water of motion-picture production.

The new janitor reached the back court—and he met Fashion Wilson, a girl of the Gussie Muck type—only a trifle more so. She was seated on a bench under the big oak giving half an eye to the care of two children, and the other one and a half to Aaron.

"Been paintin' Mis' Connor's kitchen, Aaron?"

"Naw."

"How come you in there so long?"

"Been tryin' to git down heah an' talk with you, Fashion, but that skinny li'l gal what wuks fo' Mis' Connor—what her name is?"

"Mallissie Cheese."

"Tha's it—I plumb fohgot. It jes' seemed like she woul'n't lemme git away. Jes' settin' there an' makin' a whole passel of foolish talk. . . ."

"Mallissie's a might' nice gal."

"Guess they is some things you an' me won't nev' agree on, Fashion."

"An' pretty ——"

"I likes mo' of them than what they is of M'lissie." He cast the eye of a connoisseur over Fashion's Junoesque proportions. Then he eased himself to the bench beside her.

"How 'bout goin' down to Champeen Number Two with me to-morry night, huh?"

"Whyn't you ask Ella?"

"Ella which?"

"Ella Dungee."

"That funny-lookin' gal what wuks fo' Mis Hammond? What fo' I should ask her?"

"You is been hangin' roun' that 'pahtment right smaht lately."

(Continued on Page 26)

Have you tried one lately?

Through all the ups and downs of war—through any ups and downs in days to come—mild Robt. Burns holds to the same high quality. It is made with the same *full Havana filler*—the same selected Sumatra wrapper. The three shapes differ only in size.

The three national sizes of Robt. Burns are priced from 10c to 15c. Little Bobbie, a small cigar, but very high in quality, sells at 6c. Robt. Burns *Laddies*, still smaller, come 10 in a package —price 30c.

Robt. Burns

CIGAR

GENERAL CIGAR COMPANY Inc. · 119 WEST FORTIETH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 24)

"Huh! Reckon I is had to! Way that gal keeps Mis' Hammond's kitchen, Fashion—if'n I di'n't git that there place cleaned out they'd be roaches all over this heah 'pahtment in a week. Guess Ella Dungee ain't Aaron Segar's style a-tall, a-tall."

But twenty minutes later when he met Ella Dungee, after having conducted a strategic retirement from the immediate presence of the buxom Fashion, he gave her a heart-warming smile.

"'Clare to goodness, Ella—if'n you ain't the ve'y purties' gal I ev' did see!"

"Bet you is said that th'ee hund'ed times to-day, Aaron."

"Cain't be. Ain't seed you but this oncet."

"Nothin' pretty 'bout me."

"I gwine buy you a lookin'-glass, Ella. By the way, got a date fo' Sat'dy night?"

"No-o."

"How 'bout gwine to Champeen Number Two with me?"

"Well ——"

He waved cheerily as he descended to his basement. "Man sho' is lucky when he c'n date up with a gal like you, Ella."

"You is a sof' talker, Aaron."

"Me? Shucks! I woul'n't know how to pay a compliment if'n I wan'ed to!"

It really wasn't Aaron's fault. He had been created with a talent for women and was no believer in burying any talent. Women gravitated toward him. They clung to him. They pestered an otherwise equable existence. His obliging nature was the petard upon which he was hoist. He hated to disappoint anybody—even a lady friend. And he was frankly flattered by their unanimous and unconcealed adoration.

And these girls were different from his Savannah friends, just as the Glen Ridge Apartments were better than the unpretentious things he had janitored on Savannah's Abercorn Street. These girls had more *élan*, their ideas were metropolitan. They were women of fine discrimination and delicate appreciation—as different from the crude, provincial product of Tybee and Thunderbolt as high yaller is different from ebony.

More—standing in with the cooks was a material proposition. His own culinary labor and expenses were reduced. Aaron was an epicure and appreciated the fact that the Gray, Connor, Hammond and Carruthers families lived upon the fat of the land. The lagniappe from their pantries tickled his palate and brightened his philosophy.

He liked the city and the city liked him. Within two months he had become somewhat of a social lion. He was initiated into the exclusive Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise; he joined the ten-cents-a-week Over the River Burying Society and became a prominent and valued mourner at the obsequies of the dear departed brothers and sisters who were ushered from this mortal coil with full panoply of parade—and music. He sang a pleasing barytone and joined the choir of the Primitive Baptist Church—much to the delight of the Reverend Arlandas Sipsey, pastor thereof.

Reverends Plato Tubb and Wesley Luther Thigpen, of the First African Methodist Episcopal and the Shiloh congregations respectively, admitted that the Reverend Arlandas had outgeneraled them. Aaron Segar was an acquisition of which any church might well be proud.

He was decidedly a man of parts. His salary of eighty-five dollars a month was exclusive of perquisites, such as a steam-heated furnished apartment at the Glen Ridge and estovers furnished by the admiring cooks over whom his spell had been cast.

But the swift flight of time brought a wrinkle to the normally placid forehead of Aaron Segar. He found himself facing a near-domestic problem to which there was no apparent answer, and he besought the professional services of Lawyer Evans Chew, leading light of Darktown's legal fraternity.

The buxom stenographer warmed to Aaron's sweetest smile and carried his name into the private sanctum of Lawyer Chew. She returned promptly.

"Lawyer Chew will see you in a minute, Misto' Segar. He's in conf'ence now."

Aaron waited patiently, amusing himself by flirting violently with the stenographer, whose hitherto impregnable heart pounded with wild hope. Finally the pompous conferees departed and Lawyer Chew—slender, immaculate, horn-rim-spectacled—personally ushered Aaron into the private office.

"Mr. Segar, I am delighted to meet you."

"Me, too, Lawyer Chew."

"You wish to consult me on a professional matter?"

It Was a Noble Revelry: A Glory of Fires Burning in Shallow Ditches—A Gala Jubilee—The Eleventh Annual Barbecue

"Yassuh—tha's it zactly, Lawyer Chew."

"Ahem! Proceed, please."

"Yassuh." Aaron groped blindly, then smiled wanly. "I ain't zactly know whar to begin at."

"What sort of a case is it?"

"Dunno—less'n you'd call it britch of promise."

"Aha! You have become involved with *lay paleet femme*, as they say in French?"

"How that?"

"You are involved with a member of the—er—gentler sex?"

"Yassuh!—Involved is right—sho' nuff."

"How did it occur?"

"It ain't occur, Lawyer Chew—it jes' happen."

"What is the lady's name?"

"'Tain't no lady."

"What?"

"No suh; it's fo' women."

"Four?"

"Tha's it; one, two, th'ee, fo'."

Lawyer Chew leaned forward incredulously. "Do you mean to tell me, Brother Segar, that you are faced by four britch-of-promise suits?"

"I c'n cut it down to th'ee if'n that'll help any."

"How so?"

"Marry one an' let the other th'ee scratch."

"Ahem! Strawdin'ry! A case prob'ly without parallel on the books. How does it happen that you have fallen into the error ——"

"'Twarn't no error, Lawyer Chew—'twarn't nothin' but a mistake."

"I suppose it was. Who are the ladies in question?"

"They's M'lissie Cheese an' Ella Dungee an' Fashion Wilson an' Gussie Muck. They wuks out to the Glen Ridge 'pahtments whar I is janitor at. An'"—his eyes twinkled irrepressibly—"they is mighty lovin'."

"I see, I see! Continue, please."

"Ise tellin' you this right heah an' now, Lawyer Chew—they ain't hahdly no man c'n handle one woman. But fo' women, Lawyer Chew, is an unpossibility. I knows!"

"You are sure that they will all sue you?"

"I ain't know as any of them is, because I sort of got 'em guessin'. But a woman ain't got but so much guessin' in her, Lawyer Chew—an' when that gits used up she wants action. Y'see right now they ain't 'ary one of them gals knows which one I is gwine pick out. They is jes' 'bout tearin' one 'nuther's ha'r out by the roots—but they's all kinder skeered to light'n in on me 'cause they's the chancet that they is the lucky one.

"I been playin' both ends 'gainst the middle, Lawyer Chew—an' the middle is might' nigh reached. I ain't know whether I is comin' or goin'. Meanw'ile they is all tryin' to find out whar I stan' at."

"What have you told these women?"

"I done swore to each of them gals she is the one I gwine marry. An' they is gittin' pow'ful impatient. I sort of wan'ed to fin' out what is the law on britches of promise—not jes' one britch, but a whole lot of 'em."

Lawyer Chew cleared his throat and thumbed portentously through the Alabama code. He next consulted his Southern Reporter and his Cyc. He shook his head discouragingly. "The dictas ain't ve'y clear about yo' sort of a case, Brother Segar. Seems like the men what wrote the law books never entertained no idea of a man gettin' engaged to four women at one time."

"Oh, golly! You mean to set there an' tell me, Lawyer Chew, that they ain't nothin' in all them books gwine show me how to git out of the pickle Ise in?"

"No"—reflectively—"I don't see ——"

"Not no way?"

Lawyer Chew brightened with an idea. "If you were married to all four of them women, Brother Segar, I might help you, because the law is ve'y specific about bigamy."

"Huh! If'n I was married to them fo' women, Lawyer Chew—they ain't no law could he'p me."

"I still don't understand how you got into this mess."

"I di'n't git in. Hones', I di'n't. I was jes' sort of pulled in like a feller listenin' at the bones click. Reckon you ain't nev' had the 'sperience of women fallin' in love with you in job lots, is you?"

"Not—er—precisely."

"That's the trouble with you lawyers. You ain't had no 'sperience. All what you know is what has been wrote in them there books. Whut you reckon them men knowed 'bout M'lissie Cheese an' Ella Dungee an' them other nigger gals? Huh? What you reckon they knowed 'bout them? White folks wrote them books, an' white folks don' know nothin' 'bout how a yaller gal c'n co't a man if'n he looks good to her. Ain't that so, Lawyer Chew—ain't it the truth, now?"

"And you have personally pledged yourself to each of the four girls?"

"Absotively an' ontirely. They woul'n't stan' fo' nothin' less."

The attorney and counselor rubbed the palms of his hands unctuously. "As they isn't any statute or decision of a co't of las' resort covering the case under consideration," he proclaimed sententiously, "the best I can do is

(Continued on Page 28)

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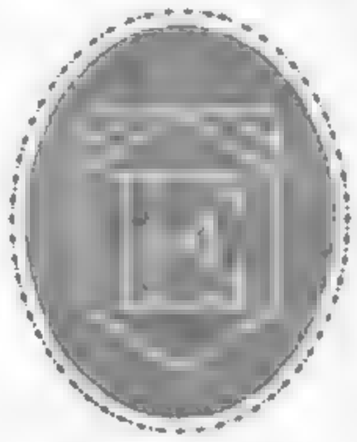

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to consider the circumstances from the light of expediumcy."

"Tha's it, Lawyer Chew—you sho' is tootin' now!"

"In that light, the best adwice I can give you, Brother Segar, is that you bring about a quarrel with each of the girls to which you is engnged and make them break off the engagement."

Aaron Segar rose abruptly. His face was wreathed in disgust.

"Huh! Reckon you ain't no diff'ent fum them foolish books, Lawyer Chew. Maybe you know the law—but you ain't know them gals!"

Mr. Segar left the office of Lawyer Chew more perturbed than he had ever been in his placid, happy-go-lucky life. He even forgot to flirt with the stenographer. For once he was up against a proposition from which his cheerful smile and sunny disposition could not extricate him; a dilemma, in fact, where they were arrayed with the liabilities instead of with the assets.

"I reckon," he soliloquized miserably, "they ain't no nigger could ever git in no worse scrape than what I is in."

In which he was wrong. There was one darky capable of getting in deeper. There was one dusky gentleman who promptly proceeded to do it. The name of that negro was—Aaron Segar!

For—two nights after his interview with Lawyer Evans Chew—Aaron Segar met his affinity!

The epochal event occurred at Blue Lake Park, the negro amusement grounds some six miles from the heart of the big Southern city in which the Glen Ridge Apartments and Aaron's amatory troubles were located.

The time was night, the occasion a gala jubilee of the society season—The Eleventh Annual Barbecue and Picnic of the Primitive Baptist Church. Tickets—including Gent and Lady—Fifty Cents. Children, half price. Come one—come all. Rev. Arlandas Sipsey, Pastor.

It was a noble revelry; a glory of fires burning in shallow ditches—fires which reached the succulent pork quarters sizzling as they revolved on the iron skewers; fires which kept hot the iron vessels filled with luscious brown gravy. Barbecue specialists hovered over the gravy vessels, armed with long mops and small tree branches. These they soaked in the gravy and then spattered over the roasting meat. The ample Sally Crouch presided near by in queenly fashion over the Brunswick stew division—without which no barbecue is complete.

The double quartet from the Primitive Baptist Church choir was harmoniously on hand, and between songs the string-and-reed orchestra of Prof. Alec Champagne rendered toe-tickling melodies which ranged from the classic Memphis Blues to an elegantly syncopated version of the Miserere which Professor Champagne claimed as an original composition. Children romped and shouted and got in everyone's way. Church deacons clustered in groups, grim-visaged and ponderous, while they argyfied about the heat of the hereafter and the spiritual benefits of total immersion.

Young couples took shape from the darkness and other young couples disappeared into the night. The other congregations were plentifully represented: Reverend Plato Tubb was there, and so was the Reverend Wesley Luther Thigpen. Then, too, there was Vivian Simmons, M. D.; and Amos Strump, the perpetually smiling undertaker; and Florian Slappey and Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton; and Pliny Driver, with his gayly plumaged fiancée, Charity Chism; and Peter and Mrs. Sampson and Elias Cumbee and his wife—née Imogene Carter; and Imogene's brother Clarence; and Pinetop Roller and ponderous Mrs. Ella Hawkins and Sister Callie Flukers and the dynamic Crispus Breach, fiery-penned editor of The Weekly Epoch—Crispus glaring intensely into the black void for new adjectives with which to embellish his account of this social triumph.

And there, too, was Ione Drought!

Aaron Segar, harassed, overwrought and harried with the nerve strain of placating each of his four fiancées and compromising himself with no one of them—Aaron Segar saw Ione Drought!

Aaron fled.

Gone on the instant were his fervent resolutions to eschew women. Gone was the misogyny inspired by the utter failure of his most fervid attempts to unleash himself from four pairs of ardent, clinging feminine arms. Gone forever was the solemn pledge of celibacy.

He forgot Mallissie Cheese. He forgot Fashion Wilson. He forgot Ella Dungee and Gussie Muck. He forgot everything and everybody save Ione Drought—Ione the magnificent, Ione the unique, Ione the reserved, Ione the neglected, Ione the desirable.

"Who—who that gal?" he inquired of Florian Slappey, mentor of the younger social set.

"Which gal?"

"Over yonder; that there gal with the green dress an' the yaller hat?"

Florian raised languid bored eyes. "Oh, her? She ain't nobody but Ione Drought."

Aaron glared—but retained his tact. "Perduce me to her, will you?"

"Shuah! Anythin' to 'blige a frien'."

Ten minutes later the enslaved Aaron and a happiness-dazed Ione dislimned into the shadows of Blue Lake Park. Four pairs of affianced eyes searched in vain for Aaron Segar.

He had disappeared, and for one glorious hour he forgot that love of woman had been his undoing—forgot everything save that he tightly clasped the warm responsive hand of the woman who had been preordained as his.

Aaron Segar had fallen utterly, blindly, hopelessly, miserably in love!

Better men than Aaron Segar have fallen in love, but none more deeply. He told Ione all about it so often that he repeated himself. Finally he gave up in disgust the

Gussie Was Well Satisfied That She Had Enhanced the Physical Glories of Features With Which She Had Been Endowed by Nature

verbal attempts—declaring himself no orator—and took to verse:

Ione your eyes burn up my heart like fier
and wen I say that I shure ant no lier
I'm fond of you so passinate and true
I only wish you cud lore me strong like
I love you. yrs. respectfuly—
Aaron Segar.

Ione capitulated before the poetic shafts. Aaron wasn't any Robert Browning, but he was at least understandable. And from the outset Ione had been considerably dazed by Aaron's sudden passion and had been wary and skeptical. But a week proved to her beyond peradventure of doubt that his intentions were as honorable as they were obvious, and thereupon she brought into action the great fund of common sense with which she was endowed.

She gave in—with reserve. She let Aaron understand that he was being considered—seriously considered; that he might in fact presume to claim the perquisites of an engaged man. But she succeeded admirably in holding the deliriously happy man at sufficient distance to keep him in constant terror of losing her.

Ione was a new type to him. She was a girl whom the white folks instinctively and universally liked. She was quiet and not at all inclined to flamboyancy. The colored folks kotowed to her poise and ungrudgingly made a place for her on the topmost social stratum. She had never been deluged with masculine matrimonial attention, and it was her frank disbelief in her own colossal luck which kept her head on her shoulders until she had Aaron hooked and landed high and dry—and wiggling.

During the first week of his cyclonic courtship Aaron Segar struggled heroically to keep from her ears any morsel of gossip relating to the four amorous kitchen empresses at the Glen Ridge Apartments. And then—because there was something about her that —— Oh, well, you know a feller jes' cain't help talkin'—he himself told her!

She listened attentively, and with his final abjectly despairing words she disengaged the hand he had been clutching.

"Now, honey ——" he pleaded.

"How I to know I ain' jes' the fif'?"

"You is the fust."

"Bein' engage' is a kind of a habit what you is got, ain't it?"

"'Tis now, sweetness. Befo', 'twas jes' a accident."

"Nev' heard of fo' things happenin' jes' so accidental."

"Did with me, hon. Them there women jes' woul'n't lemme 'lone."

"Huh! They sho' must've been hahd up fo' a man!"

"Tha's right, sweetness; that shuah is right! They must of been pow'ful hahd up fo' a man."

The completeness of his abnegation curbed her sarcasm. She was really sorry for Aaron, and genuinely jealous on her own account, for she admitted to herself what she was wise enough to keep from Aaron—she fairly worshiped him, and above all else in the world she desired to become Mrs. Aaron Segar. She wanted Aaron, but she wanted him free of encumbrance or prior lien. Furthermore, she had no intentions of 'lowin' no fo' brown hussies to make fumadiddles with the man what she was 'gage' to!

All of which she confided to herself. To Aaron she merely presented a terse ultimatum:

"I ain't gwine live in the Glen Ridge 'pahtments, Aaron, twell them women is went."

"You sho' ain't!" he echoed with vast sincerity.

"So what you is got to do befo' you make any mo' marriage talk with me is to git them away fum there."

"Huh! Whyn't you tell me to do sumpin easy, like to buy a limmysine or sumpin?"

"Guess if'n you was much anxious to marry me, Aaron, you'd git rid of them women pretty quick. Once they gits away they ain't gwine bother you no mo'."

"I wants to git rid of them, hon. But how is I gwine do it?"

"Ain't they a old sayin', Aaron, 'bout true love knows how things is done?"

Aaron scratched his head. "Reckon they is, sweetness. An' I sho' is got the truest love. P'raps ——" Suddenly he smiled. "If'n I was to git a good idee, Ione, reckon you'd help me out?"

She nodded. "Yep, Aaron; reckon I would."

"Then heah yo' chancet, honey. Lis'en at what I got to sejest."

She listened.

Ella Dungee descended from Apartment Six of the Glen Ridge to the back court, where for five minutes she sought Aaron Segar. Failing to discover him she made her disgruntled way to the street. Once she had completely departed Aaron detached himself from the shadows of the Section B stairway and mounted to Apartment Six, where he presented himself, hat in hand, to Mrs. Jacob Hammond.

"Mawnin', Mis' Hammond."

"Good morning, Aaron."

"I brung up some of that roach powder. Beggin' yo' pahdon, Mis' Hammond"—as he cast a critical eye about the kitchen—"but the tenints is all 'cusin' the roaches of stahtin' heah, on 'count—'count ——"

He paused discreetly.

"On account of what?"

"On 'count Ella don't keep the kitchen so awful clean. Scusin' me sayin' that, Mis' Hammond—'tain't meant fo' no 'flection on you, but ——"

"What you say is all true, Aaron. For the past two or three weeks Ella has been a changed girl. I don't understand her at all. I'm not admitting it outside, but she has grown lazy and shiftless and indifferent, and of recent weeks she has kept my kitchen looking like a pigpen."

"Yassum—she do that sho' nuff, Mis' Hammond. Ise a clean man myse'f an' I loves cleanity, an' I says to myse'f Ella ain't the good cleaner what she useter be. Tha's what troubles all these heah se'vants, Mis' Hammond; they ain't know how to 'preciate a good job with quality folks like what you an' Misto' Hammond is. Come they to git use' to it an' they c'mences stayin' home or else they gits lazy an' shif'less ——"

"And Ella isn't the only one!" said Mrs. Hammond wrathily. "Mrs. Gray's Fashion and Mrs. Connor's Mallissie ——"

"Humph!" disdainfully. "M'lissie is got the stayin'-home fever, sho' nuff, Mis' Hammond. I kep' a-tellin' her an' a-tellin' her she di'n't 'preciate a nice place like what she had with Mis' Connor, but shucks! she ain't no diff'ent fum these other new-fangle' colored gals—none of 'em ain't know when they is got sumpin good."

"But what can we do about it?" exclaimed the good lady hopelessly. "We must have servants."

"Tha's so, Mis' Hammond; that shuah is so. Mis' Connor been make that ve'y indentital remark this mawnin' w'en I tell her that M'lissie warn't no mo' sick yestiddy than what I is now. She say—jes' like what you said: 'I got to have a gal,' she say. Tha's how come I to git her Lily Belle."

"You obtained a new servant for Mrs. Connor?"

"Yassum, on 'count M'lissie was gittin' so wuthless."

Mrs. Hammond wrung her hands. "If you knew of a competent servant, Aaron, why didn't you tell me? If I could only get the right sort of a girl I wouldn't stand Ella another day."

Aaron's face brightened perceptibly. "They's Lily Belle's sister, now ——"

"Lily Belle has a sister?"

"Yassum—an' seein' Lily Belle is mebbe gwine wuk fo' Mis' Connor, I been thinkin' Sarah might like to wuk heah. Co'se Sarah's a better gal'n what Lily Belle is ——"

"What is she like, Aaron? Tell me all about her—please!"

"Huh! I been knowin' Lily Belle an' Sarah sence they was knee-high to a pair of ducks, Mis' Hammond. They ain't nothin' a-tall like the niggers what clutters up these heah kitchens. Ain't nothin' fancy 'bout 'em, an' they ain't got they haids all full up of sassiety. Both them gals is the best cooks what is—waffles what melts in yo' mouf, an' brollin' steaks so's they's all charred on the youtside an' rare in the middle. An' they's the cleanest gals what is. They even keeps they own rooms clean, Mis' Hammond; an' w'en a colored gal keeps her own room clean she is some cleanin' gal, an' tha's the truth! Ain't neither of 'em no flossy dressers, but they's pow'ful neat an' tidy. An' 'nuther thing—they gits to wuk early!"

"There isn't a day lately that Ella has gotten here before twenty minutes to eight."

"Law', Mis' Hammond—Sarah an' Lily Belle ain't know what 'tis to git to no place of wuk later'n six-thutty. Las' lady Sarah wuk fo' useter tell me that when she an' her husband come out to breakfus' eight o'clock all the house'd be cleaned up an' breakfus' on table an' a fancy salid made fo' lunch. But Ise tellin' you right now, fair an' bones', Mis' Hammond—Sarah ain't gwine wuk fo' no th'ee-fifty a week less'n it's gwine be a pummanent place."

Mrs. Jacob Hammond sighed. A nonpareil—a quiet efficient servant who wanted a permanent place! "I—I didn't know there were any servants like that any more, Aaron."

"They ain't, Mis' Hammond—on'y Lily Belle an' Sarah. Reckon you'd like to make talk with Sarah?"

(Continued on Page 30)

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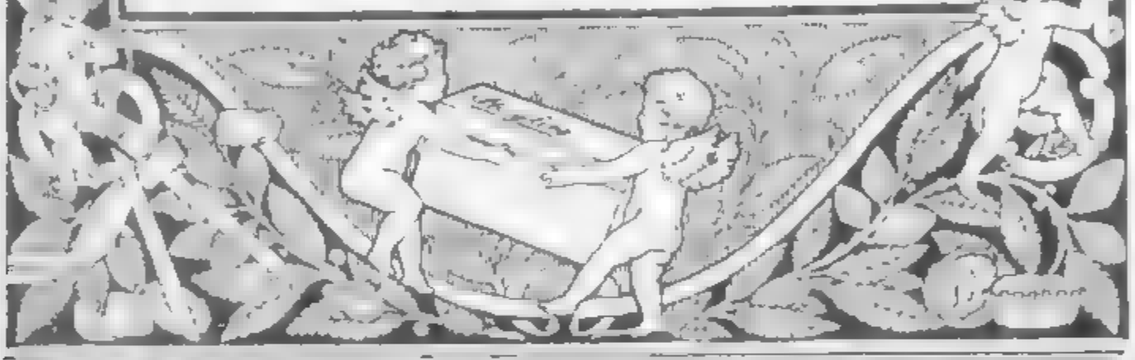

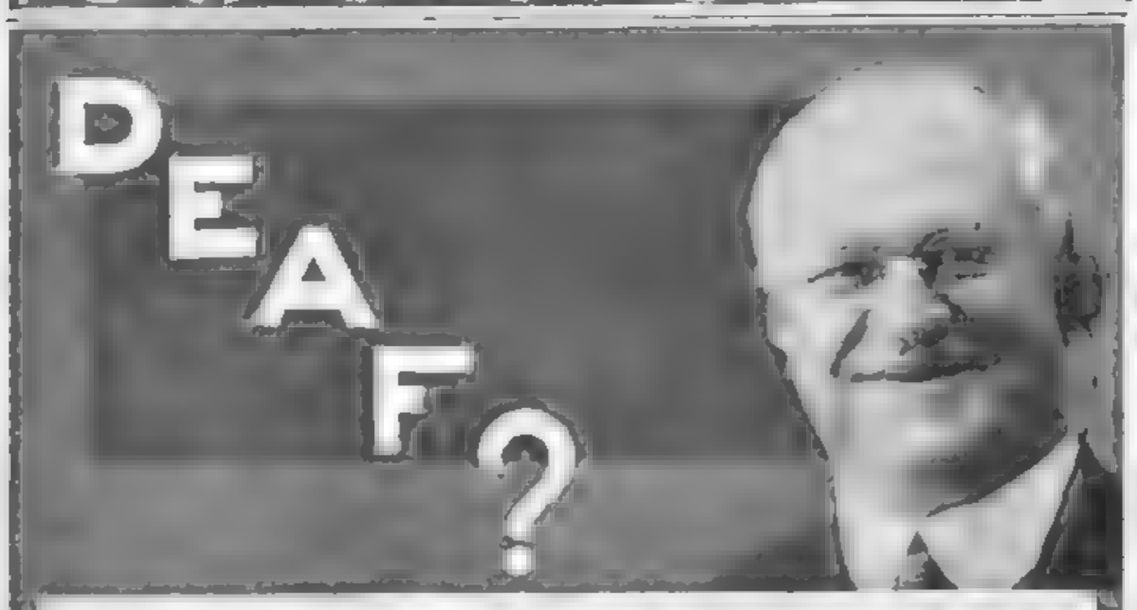

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(Continued from Page 28)

"I certainly would! And you may tell her in advance, Aaron, that if I like her appearance I will start her in at four dollars a week with every Sunday afternoon off. When can I see her?"

"Ise gwine bring Lily Belle roun' heah at seven o'clock t'-night, Mis' Hammond—so's she c'n make talk with Mis' Connor. I could bring Sarah then."

"Please do."

Aaron grew cautious. "You sho' Ella's gwine be gone by that time? Bein' janitor I cain't 'ford to have these heah cooks knowin' I been buttin' in on they business. Woul'n't do it nohow on'y I think so much of you an' Misto' Hammond."

"I understand, Aaron—and I appreciate your interest tremendously. Here's fifty cents for you. I just simply can't tell you how grateful I am."

"Tha's all right, Mis' Hammond. Nev' min' 'bout that fo' bits."

"But you must take it!"

He fingered the coin affectionately. "No'm—I feel like it'd be an intrusion."

"You really must take that money, Aaron. This servant question is such a problem."

"Ya-sum," rejoined Aaron fervently as he dropped the coin into his pocket. "Yo' sho' said sumpin that time, Mis' Hammond!"

He was whistling as he made his way downstairs. He was humming happily at eight-thirty that night as he sat in the street car with Ione Drought en route for Champion Moving Picture Theater Number Two. And just about that time Mrs. Jacob Hammond dropped in informally on Mrs. Percival Connor. Both good ladies were all of a flutter.

"My dear Mrs. Connor—I have just engaged a treasure, a veritable treasure!"

Mrs. Connor smiled. "Aaron was telling me all about it. I have engaged Lily Belle at four dollars a week. She offered to start in at three-fifty, but ——"

"I'm starting Sarah at the same wages. I haven't felt so relieved and happy over the servant question in all my married life. I don't know if Lily Belle is anything like her sister, but if she is she looks like a perfect gem!"

"And she talks so intelligently. None of the society airs which irritate me so. She agreed to come Monday morning, and Aaron vouched for her appearance promptly at six-thirty."

"Sarah starts in with me Monday morning too. I'm going to discharge Ella Sunday afternoon when I pay her off."

"I shall do the same thing with Mallissie. I feel that we are very fortunate, my dear."

"We are. And we mustn't forget to be grateful to Aaron for our good luck."

The following morning Aaron Segar entered the kitchen of Mrs. Charles Gray. He was patently perturbed. "Mis' Gray—I b'lieves in a man doin' his duty."

"Yes, Aaron; so do I. What is the trouble now?"

"Ain't nothin' the trouble now, Mis' Gray. On'y if'n them chillun of your'n had of been killed by that truck they'd of been trouble aplenty."

Mrs. Gray stiffened. She clutched weakly at the edge of the kitchen table.

"What are you talking about, Aaron?"

"'Bout what happen jes' now down to Five Points. I been comin' 'crost the circle fum the grocer shop an' a big ol' truck been takin' the curve at about thutty mile an hour. An' who should I see rompin' right 'crost the middle of that street but yo' two chillun!"

"My God, Aaron ——"

"'Tain't nothin' to worry 'bout, Mis' Gray. I grab 'em an' pull 'em back befo' the truck done hit 'em. On'y it kind of made me mad, 'cause if'n that Fashion Wilson had of been watchin' them 'stead of makin' monkey eyes with ol' Florian Slappey, who was loafin' 'roun' there, then mebbe you woul'n't of almos' had no chillun lef' a-tall."

"Do you mean to tell me, Aaron, that Fashion allowed those two little darlings to walk alone into the middle of the street! Is that what you mean, Aaron?"

"'Tain't none of my business, Mis' Gray ——"

"It is your business, Aaron. Human life is everybody's business. I've suspected for some time that Fashion is very derelict in the way she looks after the children. Why, do you know, Aaron, that sometimes they come home actually bruised and scratched where they have fallen down!"

"*Tchk!* Sho' nuff now, Mis' Gray!"

"That really is so. Fashion is hopeless."

"She ain't no wuss'n all the other city nu'ses, Mis' Gray," defended Aaron stoutly. "All of 'em lets the chillun run wild. It's a Gawd's mercy they ain't kilt ev'ry day. 'Co'se maybe Fashion is a li'l' mite mo' careless'n them other nu'ses, 'cause this a'n't by no means the fust time I've saw ——"

Mrs. Gray collapsed limply.

"I simply cannot tell you how much I appreciate this, Aaron."

"Tha's all right, Mis' Gray. 'Co'se I'd be 'bliged if'n you woul'n't mention to Fashion 'twas me which tol' you ——"

"I won't, Aaron; I won't. But what am I to do? I'm not a strong woman, Aaron, and I can't run this apartment and take care of those two children alone."

"Guess they ain't nothin' you c'n do, Mis' Gray. Less'n you could git hol' of a gal like Pansy."

"Who is Pansy?"

"Gal I been knowin' fo' yeahs. She ain't highfalutin' like Fashion an' these other gals roun' the Glen Ridge. She's a Georgy nigger. Las' job she had was fo' a lady what had a 'pahtment one room bigger'n what you is got—an' th'ee chillun. Pansy useter do all the cookin' an' the housewuk an' take care of the two oldest chilluns fo' brawtus, an' she useter say to me: 'Aaron, the wuk heah is so easy I kinder hates to take my week's wages.' Yassum, tha's zactly what she useter say, Mis' Gray."

"Where—where is Pansy now?"

"Right heah in town, Mis' Gray. She's kind of lookin' fo' a pummanent job."

"Aaron!"

A few minutes later Aaron descended the steps, wealthier by a dollar.

"Yassum," he called back cheerily, "I'll bring Pansy heah t'-night shuah at seven-thutty—after Fashion is gone. An' if'n you like her I reckon she c'n come to wuk Monday mawnin'."

Before he reached the basement he was intercepted by Mrs. Franklin Carruthers, who summoned him to Apartment Seventeen.

"Aaron, did you succeed in seeing Mary?"

"Yassum, I seen Mary, sho' nuff."

"Did she have a place?"

"No'm, she ain't had no place. Course'n she had offers, but Mary's right 'tic'lar, an' she wants a pummanent place."

"Do you think she'll work for me, Aaron? Do you—really?"

"Sho' does, Mis' C'ruthers. I does, sho' nuff—an' that ain't no lie. Mary most'n always goes by my advice. She says she'll be heah t'-night at eight o'clock sha'p—soon's she's sho' Gussie Muck is gone. An' then if you likes her you c'n let Gussie go when you pays her off on Sunday, an' Mary'll be heah Monday mawnin' sha'p at six-thutty."

"I'm so grateful to you, Aaron. I'll confess to you that Gussie was getting positively unbearable. I didn't see how I could continue to put up with her, but in these days of servant famine I couldn't see my way clear to letting her go. You, Aaron, have been my Aladdin."

"Yassum, I sho' have! You done said it that time. An' I understan's jes' how you feel. Gussie Muck is one mo' wuthless gal. But Mary! Hones', Mis' C'ruthers, that gal'd ruther cook an' clean house than eat, an' that sho' is the truth! Yassum—jes' sho's my name's Aaron Segar!"

On Sunday afternoon the Mesdames Carruthers, Connor, Gray and Hammond discharged the four fiancées of Aaron Segar. On Sunday night the four worthy ladies retired early, that Monday morning might sooner arrive. They were bulwarked behind the happy thought that this glorious Monday morning was to bring to each of them a servant who desired nothing so much as hard and permanent work.

Early Monday morning the Mesdames Carruthers, Connor, Gray and Hammond opened their eyes upon a sky of gray, overcast with low-hanging, swiftly scudding clouds. Each became aware of a void. Mrs. Charles Gray was first in action. Her two children were yelling lustily for the dear departed Fashion.

Aaron Segar was summoned to the kitchen of each of the four ladies in turn. To each he made the same shocked speech:

"I 'clare to goodness gracious if'n that gal don't beat all creation! Spec' they ain't no gals you c'n trus'. Take my oat, I'd of swore she'd be heah this mawnin' fust crack of day. Ise mighty sorry, 'cause

(Concluded on Page 33)

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(Concluded from Page 30)

that's what makes white folks look down on us colored people w'en we treats you-all like that. Downright shame—tha's what I calls it!"

To each he gave a solemn promise to search for the delinquent treasure; to each he reported two hours later that she was not to be found. Whereupon four highly nervous and thoroughly disgruntled ladies entered four automobiles and placatingly sought four discharged servants—only to discover that they had obtained, overnight, easier positions at greater wages.

That day and the next and the next there was a pall of intransigent gloom over Apartments Six, Nine, Fourteen and Seventeen. They didn't blame Aaron. In fact, they were sorry for him, he was so evidently cut up over the defection of his four servants. He railed against the quartet in particular and the genus housegirl in general.

But in the privacy of his basement apartment there was no hint of gloom. By some miracle it had worked. Gussie and Mallissie and Fashion and Ella had departed for sections of the city unknown. Small likelihood that they would bother him further, now that the dangerous element of propinquity had been removed. He was by nature sufficiently insouciant to worry over the troubles of the immediate present only. Once again life had taken unto itself a roseate hue, a hue which it retained until Thursday afternoon.

On Thursday afternoon Aaron Segar, elegantly groomed, paraded proudly up Mountain Street with the beloved Ione on his arm. He had eyes for nothing save her radiance, and her orbs were modestly downcast, which is why neither of them had an opportunity to dodge Mrs. Jacob Hammond, who veered round the corner of Carroll Avenue and clutched Ione by the arm.

"Sarah!" cried Mrs. Hammond.

"Y y-yassum!" gasped Ione.

"Where in the world have you been? Why didn't you come to work Monday?"

"I—I been sick," faltered Ione.

Aaron rallied loquaciously to her support: "Yassum—she been sick, sho' nuff. Jes' met her, I did, an' I was givin' her a talkin-to on account she didn't show up fo' wuk like she say she was gwine do, an' she tell me she been sick. If'n you don' b'lieve it you c'n call Florian Slappey, sec'terry of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, an' he'll tell you she's been gittin' her sick benefit."

It was a glorious bluff, but it worked. Mrs. Hammond did not know that colored insurance fraternities pay no benefits for illnesses lasting less than one week.

"But you are well now, aren't you, Sarah?"

"Yassum, Ise well now," answered Ione eagerly. "Well's I ev' was."

"And you still want the place?"

"If it's pummanent, Mis' Hammond. I was gwine to see you 'bout it this evenin'."

"It's permanent," wheedled Mrs. Hammond pathetically. "The position is yours forever if you want it. Please don't disappoint me again. May I count on you for to-morrow morning?"

"You sho' can."

Aaron gave a sudden gasp. He clutched Ione's wrist. His eyes opened until it seemed that they must jump from the sockets. Small beads of cold perspiration stood out on his brow. But he was too late. The little car pulled up at the curb, and the Mesdames Franklin Carruthers and Percival Connor alighted. Each of them pounced upon the petrified Ione.

"Mary!" cried Mrs. Carruthers.

"Lily Belle!" exclaimed Mrs. Connor.

"Yassum," trembled Ione weakly.

"Why didn't you come to work Monday morning?" chorused the newcomers.

Ione said nothing. Aaron Segar said the same thing.

"There is some mistake," cut in Mrs. Hammond icily. "Isn't there, Sarah?"

"Y-y-yassum; they's a mistake."

"They sho' is!" muttered Aaron to himself.

"Why do you persist in addressing her as Sarah?" interrogated Mrs. Connor frigidly. "Her name is Lily Belle, and I hired her to come to work for me Monday morning."

"But—but," groped Mrs. Carruthers blindly, "she agreed to come to work for me Monday morning, and she said her name was Mary!"

Mrs. Hammond whirled on Aaron.

"What is the meaning of this?" she snapped.

Aaron took one wild glance at the three faces. His knees quaked. His eyes rolled toward Ione, girl of his choice. His muscular fingers tightened round her arm, and he gave her a violent jerk. Man and woman, they started up Carroll Avenue at a pace that should have entitled them to the heel-and-toe championship of the world.

"S-e-e-see you-all ladies later," chattered Aaron over his shoulder. "We is got to be goin'!"

Two blocks farther on they paused and faced one another. Aaron mopped his face with a lavender handkerchief.

"Ione," he proclaimed solemnly, "I is been thinkin'."

"So is I, Aaron."

"I is been thinkin', Ione, that mebbe it might be po' business takin' you to the Glen Ridge 'pahtments to live."

"Reckon 'twould, Aaron."

"I—I so't of favor the idee, hon, that mebbe I'll git me a job out to the steel mill. They ain't no women out there. I guess that'd be safer fo' a man like what I is."

"Yes," answered his bride-to-be significantly; "I reckon it would!"

THINGS

(Continued from Page 10)

Janet instantly purchased a hand-tooled leather box for playing cards, and a desk set which included a locked diary in a morocco cover and an ingenious case containing scissors, magnifying glass, pencil sharpener, paper cutter, steel ink eraser, silver penknife. This tool kit was a delightful toy, and it cost thirty-seven dollars. The clerk explained that it was especially marked down from forty-five dollars, though he did not explain why it should be especially marked down.

Theo wailed: "But those aren't necessary! That last thingumajig has four different kinds of knives, where you only need one. It's at least as useless as papa's cloisonné."

"I know, but it's so amusing. And it's entirely different from papa's old stuff. It's the newest thing out!" Janet explained.

Before she had bought a single environment-melting chair Janet added to her simple and useful furnishings a collection of glass fruit for table centerpiece, a set of Venetian glass bottles, a traveling clock with a case of gold and platinum, and works of tin. For her sensible desk she acquired a complicated engine consisting of a tiny marble pedestal, on which was an onyx ball, on which was a cerise and turquoise china parrot, from whose back, for no very clear anatomical reason, issued a candlestick. But not a stick for candles. It was wired for electricity.

As she accepted each treasure Janet rippled that it was so amusing. The clerk added "So quaint," as though it rimed with amusing. While Theo listened uncomfortably they two sang a chorus of disparagement of Mid-Victorian bric-a-brac, and praise of modern clever bits.

When Janet got time for the miraculous chairs ——

She had decided to furnish her dining room in friendly, graceful Sheraton, but the clerk spoke confidentially of French lacquer, and Theo watched Janet pledge her troth to a frail red-lacquered dining-room set of brazen angles. The clerk also spoke of distinguished entrance halls, and wished upon Janet an enormous Spanish chair of stamped leather upholstery and dropsical gilded legs, with a mirror that cost a hundred and twenty dollars, and a chest in which Janet didn't intend to keep anything.

Theo went home feeling that she was carrying on her shoulders a burden of gilded oak; that she would never again run free.

When Janet's house was done it looked like a sale in a seaside gift shop. Even her telephone was covered with a brocade and china doll. Theo saw Janet spending her days vaguely endeavoring to telephone to living life through brocade dolls.

After Janet's marriage Theo realized that she was tired of going to parties with the same group; of hearing the same Eddie tell the same stories about the cousin of the Vanderbilts who had almost invited him to go yachting. She was tired of Vernon's one rich middle-aged bachelor; of the bouncing

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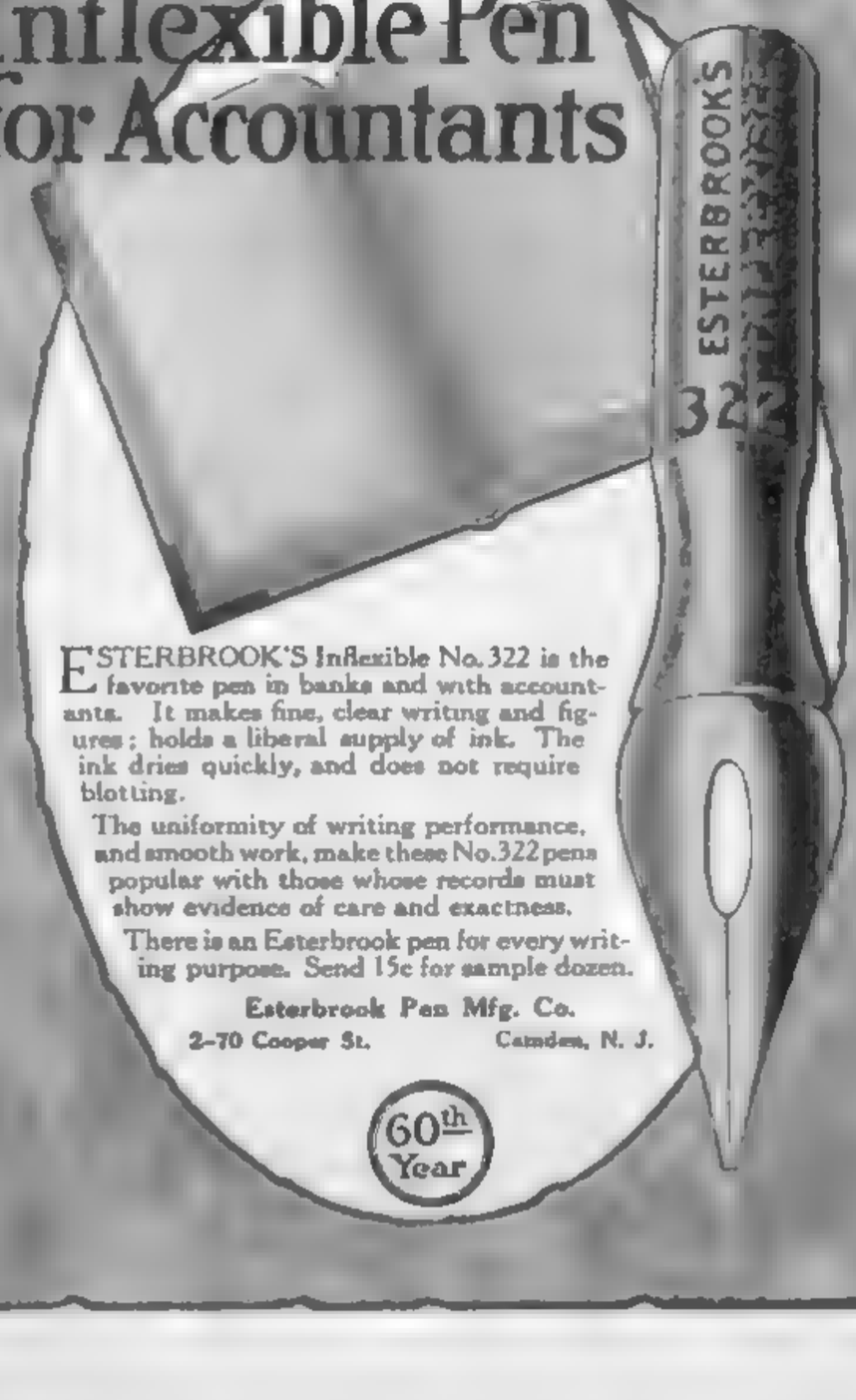

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60th Year

girl twins who always roughhoused at dances. She was peculiarly weary of the same salads and ices, which all Vernon hostesses always got from the same caterer. There was one kind of cake with rosettes of nuts which Theo met four times in two weeks—and expected to meet till the caterer passed beyond. She could tell beforehand how any given festivity would turn out. She knew at just what moment after a luncheon the conversation about babies would turn into uneasy yawns, and the hostess would, inevitably, propose bridge. Theo desired to assassinate the entire court of face cards.

Stacy Lindstrom had about once a year indicated a shy desire to have her meet his own set. He told her that they went skiing in winter and picnicking in summer; he hinted how simply and frankly they talked at dinners. Theo went gladly with him to several parties of young married people, and a few unmarried sisters and cousins. For three times she enjoyed the change in personnel. As she saw the bright new flats, with the glassed-in porches, the wicker furniture, the colored prints and the davenports; as she heard the people chaff one another; as she accompanied them to a public skating rink and sang to the blaring band—she felt that she had come out of the stupidity of stilted social sets and returned to the naturalness of the old brown house.

But after three parties she knew all the jokes of the husbands about their wives, and with unnecessary thoroughness she knew the opinions of each person upon movies, Chicago, prohibition, the I. W. W., Mrs. Sam Jenkins' chronic party gown, and Stacy's new job in the Lumber National. She tried to enliven the parties. She worked harder than any of her hostesses. She proposed charades, music. She failed. She gave them one gorgeous dance, and disappeared from their group forever.

She did go with Stacy on a tramp through the snow, and enjoyed it—till he began to hint that he, too, might have a great house and many drawing-rooms some day. He had very little to say about what he hoped to do for the Lumber National Bank in return.

Then did Theo feel utterly deserted. She blamed herself. Was something wrong with her that she alone found these amusements so agonizingly unamusing? And feeling thus why didn't she do something about it? She went on helping her mother in the gigantic task of asking Lizzie what orders Lizzie wanted them to give her. She went on planning that some day she would read large books and know all about world problems, and she went on forgetting to buy the books. She was twenty-six, and there was no man to marry except the chattering Eddie Barnes. Certainly she could not think romantically about that Stacy Lindstrom whose ambition seemed to be to get enough money to become an imitation chattering Eddie Barnes.

Then America entered the war.

■

EDDIE BARNES went to the first officers' training camp, and presently was a highly decorative first lieutenant in a hundred-dollar uniform. Stacy Lindstrom made his savings over to his mother, and enlisted. While Eddie was still stationed at a cantonment as instructor Stacy was writing Theo ten-word messages from France. He had become a sergeant, and French agriculture was interesting, he wrote.

Stacy's farewell had been undistinguished. He called—a slight, commonplace figure in a badly fitted private's uniform. He sat on the piano stool and mouthed: "Well, I have a furlough; then we get shipped across. Well—don't forget me, Theo."

At the door Stacy kissed her hand so sharply that his teeth bruised her skin, and ran down the steps, silent.

But Eddie, who came up from the cantonment at least once a month, at least that often gave a long, brave farewell to Theo. Handsome, slim, erect—he invariably paced the smallest drawing-room, stopped, trembled, and said in a military tone, tenor but resolute: "Well, old honey, this may be the last time I see you. I may get overseas service anytime now. Theo dear, do you know how much I care? I shall take a picture of you in my heart, and it may be the last thing I ever think of. I'm no hero, but I know I shall do my duty. And, Theo, if I don't come back ——"

The first two times Theo flared into weeping at this point, and Eddie's arm was about her, and she kissed him. But the third, fourth and fifth times he said good-by forever, she chuckled "Cheer up, old boy." It was hard for her to feel tragic about Eddie's being in the service, because she was in the service herself.

At last there was work that needed her. She had started with three afternoons a week at Red Cross; chatty afternoons, with her mother beside her, and familiar neighbors stopping in the making of surgical dressings to gurgle: "Oh, did you hear about how angry George Bangs was when Nellie bought a case of toilet soap at a dollar a cake? Think of it. A dollar! When you can get a very nice imported soap at twenty-five cents."

Theo felt that there was too much lint on the conversation and too little on their hands. She found herself one with a dozen girls who had been wrens and wanted to be eagles. Two of them learned motor repairing and got across to France. Theo wanted to go, but her mother refused. After a dignified protest from Mrs. Duke, Theo became telephone girl at Red Cross headquarters, till she had learned shorthand and typing, and was able to serve the head of the state Red Cross as secretary. She envied the motor-corps women in their uniforms, but she exulted in power—in being able to give quick, accurate information to the distressed women who came fluttering to headquarters.

Mrs. Duke felt that typing was low. Theo was protected by her father.

"Good thing for the girl to have business training," he kept insisting, till the commanding officer of the house impatiently consented.

It was the American Library Association collection which turned Theo from a dim uneasiness about the tyranny of possessions to active war. She bounced into the largest drawing-room one dinner time, ten minutes late, crying: "Let's go over all our books to-night and weed out a dandy bunch for the soldiers!"

Mrs. Duke ruled: "Really, my dear, if you would only try to be on time for your meals! It's hard enough on Lizzie and myself to keep the house running ——"

"Come, come, come! Get your hat off and comb your hair and get ready for dinner. I'm almost starved!" grumbled Mr. Duke.

Theo repeated the demand as soon as she was seated. The soldiers, she began, needed ——

"We occasionally read the newspapers ourselves! Of course we shall be very glad to give what books we can spare. But there doesn't seem to be any necessity of going at things in this—this—hit-or-a-miss! Besides, I have some letters to write this evening," stated Mrs. Duke.

"Well, I'm going over them anyway!"

"I wish to see any books before you send them away!"

With Theo visualizing herself carrying off a carload of books the Dukes ambled to the library after finishing dinner—and finishing coffee, a cigar and chocolate peppermints, and a discussion of the proper chintz for the shabby chairs in the guest room. Theo realized as she looked at the lofty, benign and carefully locked bookcases that she hadn't touched one of the books for a year; that for six months she hadn't seen anyone enter the room for any purpose other than sweeping.

After fifteen minutes spent in studying every illustration in a three-volume history Mrs. Duke announced: "Here's something I think we might give away, Lym. Nobody has ever read it. A good many of the pages are uncut."

Mr. Duke protested: "Give that away? No, sir! I been meaning to get at that for a long time. Why, that's a valuable history. Tells all about modern Europe. Man ought to read it to get an idea of the sources of the war."

"But you never will read it, papa," begged Theo.

"Now, Theo," her mother remonstrated in the D. A. R. manner, "if your father wishes to keep it that's all there is to be said, and we will make no more words about it." She returned the three volumes to the shelf.

"I'll turn it over to you just as soon as I've read it," her father obliged. Theo reflected that if any soldiers in the current conflict were to see the history they would have to prolong the war till 1950.

But she tried to look grateful while her father went on: "Tell you what I was thinking, though, mother. Here's these two shelves of novels—none of 'em by

(Continued on Page 37)

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(Continued from Page 34)

standard authors—all just moonshine or blood and thunder. Let's clear out the whole bunch."

"But those books are just the thing for a rainy day—nice light reading. And for guests. But now this—this old book on saddlery. When we had horses you used to look at it, but now, with motors and all ——"

"I know, but I still like to browse in it now and then."

"Very well."

Theo fled. She remembered piles of shabby books in the attic. While the Dukes were discovering that after all there wasn't one of the four hundred volumes in the library which they weren't going to read right away Theo heaped the dining-room table with attic waifs. She called her parents. The first thing Mrs. Duke spied was a Tennyson, printed in 1890 in a type doubtless suitable to ants, small sand-colored ants, but illegible to the human eye. Mrs. Duke shrieked: "Oh! You weren't thinking of giving that handsome Tennyson away! Why, it's a very handsome edition. Besides, it's one of the first books your father and I ever had. It was given to us by your Aunt Gracie."

"But moth-er dear! You haven't even seen the book for years!"

"Well, I've thought of it often."

"How about all these Christmas books?"

"Now, Theodora, if you wouldn't be so impatient, but kindly give your father and me time to look them over ——"

Two hours and seventeen minutes after dinner Mr. and Mrs. Duke had almost resignedly agreed to present the following literary treasures to the soldiers of these United States for their edification and entertainment:

One sixth-grade geography. One Wild Flowers of Northern Wisconsin. Two duplicate copies of Little Women. The Congressional Record for part of 1902. One black, depressed, religious volume entitled The Dragon's Fight With the Woman for 1260 Prophetic Days; from which the last seven hundred days were missing, leaving the issue of the combat in serious doubt. Four novels, all by women, severally called Griselda of the Red Hand, Bramleigh of British Columbia, Lady Tip-Tippet, and Billikins' Lonely Christmas.

Theo looked at them. She laughed. Then she was sitting by the table, her head down, sobbing. Her parents glanced at each other in hurt amazement.

"I can't understand the girl. After all the pains we took to try to help her!" sighed Mrs. Duke later, when they were undressing.

"O-o-o-oh," yawned Mr. Duke as he removed his collar from the back button—with the slight invariable twinge in his rheumatic shoulder blades. "Oh, she's nervous and tired from her work down at that Red Cross place. I'm in favor of her having a little experience, but at the same time there's no need of overdoing. Plenty of other people to help out."

He intended to state this paternal wisdom to Theo at breakfast, but Theo at breakfast was not one to whom to state things paternally. Her normally broad shining lips were sucked in. She merely nodded to her parents, then attended with strictness to her oatmeal, and departed—after privily instructing Lizzie to give the smaller pile of books in the dining room to the junk collector.

Three novels from the pile she did take to the public library for the A. L. A. To these she added twenty books, mostly trigonometries, bought with her own pocket money. Consequently she had no lunch save a glass of milk for twenty days. But as the Dukes didn't know that, everybody was happy.

The battle of the books led to other sanguinary skirmishes.

VI

THEO was responsive to her father's kindliness. She knew that in her mother's perpetual committees there was as much desire to make a cleaner world as there was desire to have notoriety. But she believed that in this time of flaming worlds no one was exempt. She ceased to take daily things as a matter of course.

There was the fireless cooker.

It was an early, homemade fireless cooker, constructed in the days when anything in the shape of one box inside another, with any spare scraps of sawdust between, was regarded as a valuable domestic machine. Aside from the fact that it didn't cook, the Dukes' cooker took up room in the kitchen, gathered a film of grease which caught a swamp of dust, and regularly banged Lizzie's shins. For six years the Dukes had talked about having it fixed. They had run through the historical, scientific and financial aspects of cookers at least once a season.

"I've wondered sometimes if we couldn't just have the furnace man take out the sawdust and put in something else or —— Theo, wouldn't you like to run into Whaley & Baumgarten's one of these days, and price all of the new fireless cookers?" beamed Mrs. Duke.

"Too busy."

In a grieved, spacious manner Mrs. Duke reproved: "Well, my dear, I certainly am too busy, what with the party for the new rector and his bride ——"

"Call up the store. Tell 'em to send up a good cooker on trial," said Theo.

"But these things have to be done with care and thought ——"

Theo was stalking away as she retorted: "Not by me, they don't!"

She was sorry for her rudeness afterward, and that evening she was gay and young as she played ballads for her father and did her mother's hair. After that, when she was going to bed, and very tired, and horribly confused in her thinking, she was sorry because she had been sorry because she had been rude.

The furnace went wrong, and its dissipations were discussed by Mr. Duke, Mrs. Duke, Mrs. Harry McPherson née Duke, Lizzie, the furnace man and the plumber till Theo ran up to her room and bit the pillow to keep from screaming. She begged her father to install a new furnace: "The old one will set the house afire—it's a terrible old animal."

"Nonsense. Take a chance on fire," said he. "House and everything well insured anyway. If the house did burn down there'd be one good thing—wouldn't have to worry any more about getting that twelve tons of coal we're still shy."

When Mr. Duke was summoned to Duluth by the iron-mining company Mrs. Duke sobbingly called Theo home from the midst of tearing work.

Theo arrived in terror. "What is it? What's happened to papa?"

"Happened? Why, nothing. But he didn't have a chance to take a single thing to Duluth, and he simply won't know what to do without his traveling bag—the one he got in London—all the fittings and everything that he's used to, so he could put his hand on a toothbrush right in the dark ——"

"But mother dear, I'm sure bathrooms in Duluth have electric lights, so he won't need to put his hand on toothbrushes in the dark. And he can get nice new lovely brushes at almost any drug store and not have to fuss ——"

"Fuss? Fuss? It's you who are doing the fussing. He just won't know what to do without his traveling bag."

While she helped her mother and Lizzie drag the ponderous bag down from the attic; while her mother, merely thinking aloud, discussed whether "your father" would want the madras pyjamas or the flannelette; while, upon almost tearful maternal request, Theo hunted all through the house for the missing cut-glass soap case—she was holding herself in. She disliked herself for being so unsympathetic. She remembered how touched she had been by exactly the same domestic comedy two years before. But unsympathetic she was, even two days later, when her mother triumphantly showed Mr. Duke's note: "I can't tell you how glad I was to see good old bag showing up here at hotel; felt lost without it."

"Just the same, my absence that afternoon cost the Red Cross at least fifty dollars, and for a lot less than that he could have gone out and bought twice as good a bag—lighter, more convenient. Things! Poor dad is the servant of that cursed pig-iron bag," she meditated.

She believed that she was being very subtle about her rebellion, but it must have been obvious, for after Mr. Duke's return her mother suddenly attacked her at dinner.

"So far as I can make out from the way you're pouting and sulking and carrying on, you must have some sort of a socialistic idea that possessions are unimportant. Now you ought ——"

"Anarchist, do you mean, mother dear?"

"Kindly do not interrupt me! As I was saying: It's things that have made the

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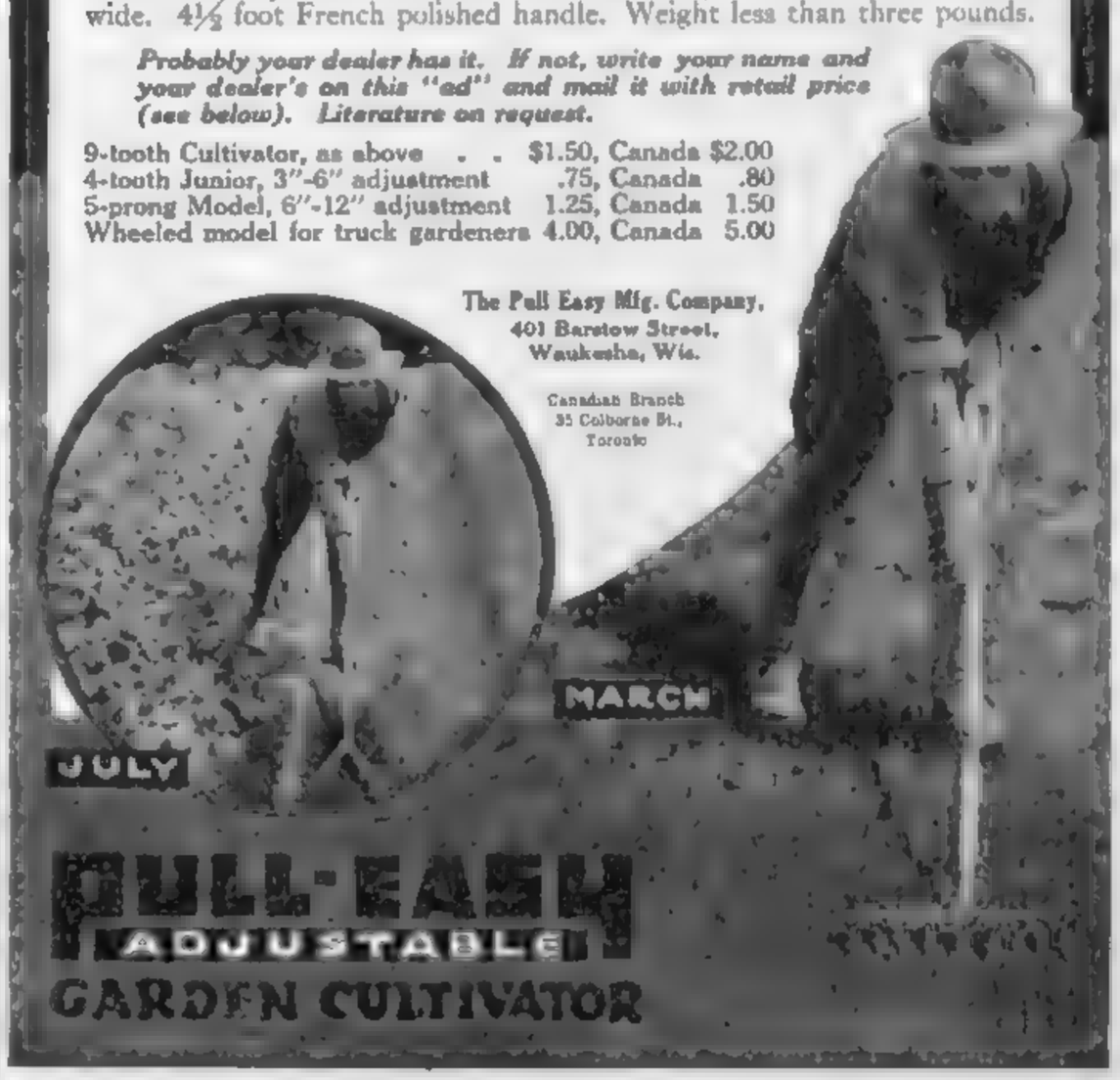

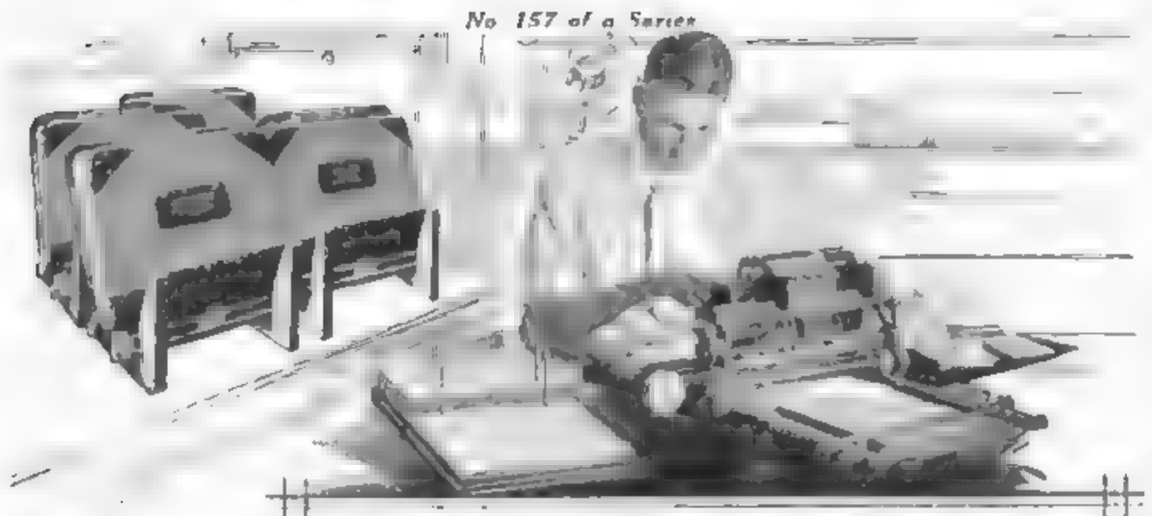

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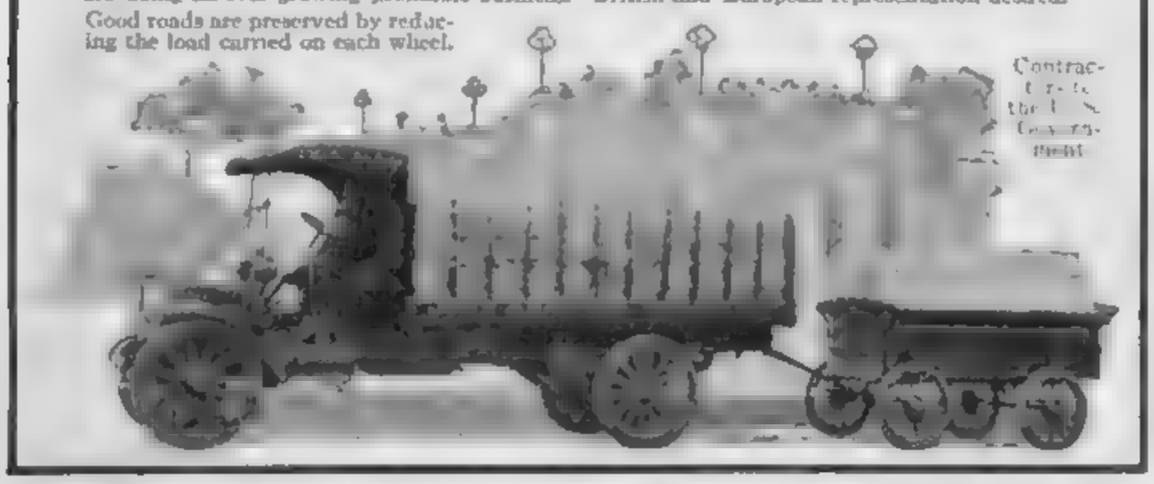

world advance from barbarism. Motor cars, clothes you can wash, razors that enable a man to look neat, canned foods, printing presses, steamers, bathrooms—those are what have gotten men beyond living in skins in horrid damp caves."

"Of course. And that's why I object to people fussing so about certain things, and keeping themselves from getting full use of bigger things. If you're always so busy arranging the flowers in the vase in a limousine that you never have time to go riding, then the vase has spoiled the motor for ——"

"I don't get your logic at all. I certainly pay very little attention to the flowers in our car. Lizzie arranges them for me!" triumphed Mrs. Duke.

Theo was charging on. She was trying to get her own ideas straight. "And if a man spends valuable time in tinkering with a worn-out razor when he could buy a new one, then he's keeping himself in the damp cave and the bearskin undies. That isn't thrift. It's waste."

"I fancy that people in caves, in prehistoric times, did not use razors at all, did they, Lyman?" her mother majestically corrected.

"Now you always worry about papa's bag. It was nice once, and worth caring for, but it's just a bother now. On your principle a factory would stop running for half the year to patch up or lace up the belting, or whatever it is they do, instead of getting new belting and thus —— Oh, can't you see? Buy things. Use 'em. But throw 'em away if they're more bother than good. If a bag keeps you from enjoying traveling—chuck it in the river! If a man makes a tennis court and finds he really doesn't like tennis, let the court get weedy rather than spend glorious free October afternoons in mowing and raking ——"

"Well, I suppose you mean rolling it," said her mother domestically. "And I don't know what tennis has to do with the subject. I'm sure I haven't mentioned tennis. And I trust you'll admit that your knowledge of factories and belting is not authoritative. No. The trouble is, this Red Cross work is getting you so you can't think straight. Of course with this war and all, it may be permissible to waste a lot of good time and money making dressings and things for a lot of green nurses to waste, but you girls must learn the great principle of thrift."

"We have! I'm practicing it. It means—oh, so much, now. Thrift is doing without things you don't need, and taking care of things as long as they're useful. It distinctly isn't wasting time and spiritual devotion over things you can't use—just because you happen to be so unfortunate as to own 'em. Like our eternal fussing over that clock in the upper hall that no one ever looks at ——"

Not listening her mother was placidly rolling on: "You seem to think this house needs too much attention. You'd like it, wouldn't you, if we moved to a couple of rooms in the Dakota Lodging House!"

Theo gave it up.

Two days later she forgot it.

Creeping into her snug life, wailing for her help, came a yellow-faced apparition whose eyes were not for seeing but mere gashes to show the suffering within. It was—it had been—one Stacy Lindstrom, a sergeant of the A. E. F.

Stacy had lain with a shattered shoulder in a shell pit for three days. He had had pneumonia. Four distinct times all of him had died, quite definitely died—all but the desire to see Theo.

His little, timid, vehemently respectable mother sent for Theo on the night when he was brought home, and despite Mrs. Duke's panicky protest Theo went to him, at eleven in the evening.

"Not going to die for little while. Terribly weak, but all here. Pull through—if you want me to. Not asking you to like me. All I want—want you to want me to live. Made 'em send me home. Old doc—the major himself—I told him I'd die on him if didn't ship me home. Was all right on the sea. But weak. Got touch of typhoid in New York. Didn't show up till on the train. But all right and cheerful —— Oh! I hurt so. Just hurt, hurt, hurt, every inch of me. Never mind. Well, seen you again. Can die now. Guess I will."

Thus in panting words he muttered, while she knelt by him and could not tell whether she loved him or hated him; whether she shrank from this skinny claw outstretched from the grave or was drawn to him by a longing to nurse his soul back to a desire for life. But this she knew: Even Red Cross efficiency was nothing in the presence of her first contact with raw living life—most rawly living when crawling out from the slime of death.

She overruled Mrs. Lindstrom; got a nurse and Doctor Rollin—Rollin, the interior medicine specialist.

"Boy's all right. Hasn't got strength enough to fight very hard. Better cheer him up," said Doctor Rollin. "Bill? My bill? He's a soldier, isn't he? Don't you suppose I wanted to go into the army too? Chance to see beautiful cases for once. Yes. Admit it. Like to have fool salutes too. Got to stay home, nurse lot of damn-fool women. Charge a soldier? Don't bother me," he grumbled, while he was folding up his stethoscope, and closing his bag, and trying to find his hat, which Mrs. Lindstrom had politely concealed.

Every day after her work Theo trudged to the Lindstrom house—a scrubbed and tidied cottage, in whose living room was a bureau with a lace cover, a gilded shell, and two photographs of stiff relatives in Norway. She watched Stacy grow back into life. His hands, which had been yellow and drawn as the talons of a starved Chinaman, became pink and solid. The big knuckles, which had been lumpy under the crackly skin, were padded again.

She had been surprised into hot pity for him. She was saved equally by his amusement over his own weakness, and by his irritableness. Though he had called for her, during the first week he seemed to dislike her and all other human beings save his nurse. In the depths of lead-colored pain nothing mattered to him save his own comfort. The coolness of his glass of water was more to him than the war. Even when he became human again, and eager at her coming, there was nothing very personal in their talk. When he was able to do more than gasp out a few words she encouraged in him the ambition to pile up money which she detested.

Uncomfortably she looked at him, thin against a plump pillow, and her voice was artificially cheery as she declared: "You'll be back in the bank soon. I'm sure they'll raise you. No reason why you shouldn't be president of it some day."

He had closed his pale eyelids. She thought he was discouraged. Noisily she reassured, "Honestly! I'm sure you'll make money—lots of it."

His eyes were open, blazing. "Money! Yes! Wonderful thing!"

"Ye-es"

"Buys tanks and shells, and food for homeless babies. But for me—I just want a living. There isn't any Stacy Lindstrom any more. He was absorbed in that bigger thing over there, in that Nirvana—a fighting Nirvana! I've got ambitions, big 'uns, but not to see myself in a morning coat and new gloves on Sunday!"

He said nothing more. A week after, he was sitting up in bed, reading, in a Lindstromy nightgown of white cotton edged with red. She wondered at the book. It was Colloquial French.

"You aren't planning to go back?" she asked casually.

"Yes. I've got it straight now." He leaned back, pulled the bedclothes carefully up about his neck and said quietly, "I'm going back, to fight. But not just for the duration of the war. Now I know what I was meant for. I can do things with my hands, and I get along with plain folks. I'm going back on reconstruction work. We're going to rebuild France. I'm studying—French, cottage architecture, cabbages. I'm a pretty good farmer—'member how I used to work on the farm, vacations? If they'll let me I'm going to be the servant of the peasants. That's a big ambition—to be a servant—to be intrusted with lives, with food and babies. What do you think?"

"I think it's wonderful!"

She meant it. She saw that all self-consciousness was gone from him. He was again the Stacy Lindstrom who had been lord of the Red River carts. Her haunted years of nervousness about life disappeared, and suddenly she was again too fond of her boy companion to waste time considering whether she was fond of him. They were making plans, laughing the quick curt laughs of intimates.

A week later Mrs. Lindstrom took her aside.

Mrs. Lindstrom had always, after admitting Theo and nodding without the slightest expression in her anæmic face, vanished

(Continued on Page 41)

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We dare say that no car has ever won among its owners—from the very first—a larger proportion of warm friends; or ever received such wonderfully kind letters from so many of them.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 38)

through the kitchen doorway. To-night as Theo was sailing out Mrs. Lindstrom hastened after her through the living room.

"Miss! Miss Duke! Yoost a minute. Could you speak wit' me?"

"Why, yes."

"Dis —— Ay —— Da boy get along pretty gude, eh? He seem werry gude, today. Ay vish you should ——" The little woman's face was hard. "Ay don't know how to say it elegant, but if you ever —— I know he ain't your fella, but he always got that picture of you, and maybe now he ban pretty brave soldier, maybe you could like him better, but —— I know I yoost ban Old Country woman. If you and him marry—I keep away, not bother you. Your folks is rich and —— Oh, I gif, I gif him to you—if you vant him."

Mrs. Lindstrom's sulky eyes seemed to expand, grow misty. Her Puritanical chest was terribly heaving. She sobbed: "He always talk about you ever since he ban little fella. Please, excuse me I spoke, if you don't vant him, but I vanted you should know, I do anyt'ing for him. And you."

She fled, and Theo could hear the scouring of a pot in the kitchen. Theo fled the other way.

It was that same evening, at dinner, that Mrs. Duke delicately attempted social homicide.

"My dear, aren't you going to see this Lindstrom boy rather oftener than you need to? From what you say he must be convalescing. I hope that your pity for him won't lead you into any foolish notions and sentiment about him."

Theo laughed. "No time to be sentimental about anything, these days. I've canned the word ——"

"'Canned'! Oh, Theo!"

"—— 'sentiment' entirely. But if I hadn't, Stace wouldn't be a bad one to write little poems about. He used to be my buddy when ——"

"Please — do — not — be — so — vulgar! And Theo, however you may regard Stacy, kindly do stop and think how Mrs. Lindstrom would look in this house!"

The cheerful, gustatory manner died in Theo. She rose. She said with an intense, a religious solemnity: "This house! Damn this house!"

The Lindstroms were not mentioned again. There was no need. Mrs. Duke's eyebrows adequately repeated her opinions when Theo came racing in at night, buoyant with work and walking and fighting over Stacy's plans.

Theo fancied that her father looked at her more sympathetically. She ceased to take Mr. Duke as a matter of course, as one more fixed than the radiators. She realized that he spent these autumn evenings in staring at the fire. When he looked up he smiled, but his eyes were scary. Theo noticed that he had given up making wistful suggestions to Mrs. Duke that he be permitted to go back to real work, or that they get a farm, or go traveling. Once they had a week's excursion to New York, but Mrs. Duke had to hasten back for her committees. She was ever firmer with her husband; more ready with reminders that it was hard to get away from a big house like this; that men oughtn't to be so selfish and just expect Lizzie and her ——

Mr. Duke no longer argued. He rarely went to his office. He was becoming a slippered old man.

VII

EDDIE BARNES was back in Vernon on the sixth of his positively last, final, ultimate farewells.

Theo yelled in joy when he called. She was positively blowzy with healthy vulgarity. She had won an argument with Stacy about teaching the French to plant corn, and had walked home almost at a trot.

"Fine to see you! Saying an eternal farewell again?" she brutally asked Eddie.

For one of the young samurai Eddie was rather sheepish. He stalked about the largest drawing-room. His putties shone. Eddie really had very nice legs, the modern young woman reflected.

"Gosh, I am an awful fareweller. Nope, I'm not going to do a single weep. Because this time —— I've got my orders. I'll be in France in three weeks. So I just thought—I just thought—maybe—I'd ask you if you could conveniently —— Ouch, that tooth still aches; have to get this bridge finished to-morrow sure. Could you marry me?"

"Ungh!" Theo flopped into a chair.

"You've queered all my poetic tactics by your rude merry mirth. So just got to talk naturally."

"Glad you did. Now let me think. Do I want to marry you?"

"We get along bully. Listen—wait till I get back from France, and we'll have some celebration. Oh, boy! I'll stand for the cooties and the mud till the job's done, but when I get back and put the Croix de Guerre into the safe-deposit I'm going to have a drink of champagne four quarts deep! And you and I—we'll have one time! Guess you'll be pretty sick of Red Cross by ——"

"No. Now I know. Dear, you are a good playmate. But I know a man who thinks that when the war is over, then the real work begins."

Eddie was grave, steady, more mature than he had ever seemed. "Yes. Stacy Lindstrom. See here, honey; he has big advantages over me. I'm not picturesque. I never had to work for my bread and butter, and I was brought up to try to be amusing, not noble. Nothing more touching than high ideals and poverty. But if I try to be touching, you laugh at me. I'm —— I may get killed, and I'll be just as dead in my expensible first lieut's pants as any self-sacrificing private."

"I hadn't thought of that. Of course. You have disadvantages. Comfort isn't dramatic. But still —— It's the champagne and the big time. I've ——"

"See here, honey, you'd be dreadfully bored by poverty. You do like nice things."

"That's it. Things! That's what I'm afraid of. I'm interested in tractors for France, but not in the exact shade of hock glasses. And beauty —— It's the soul of things, but it's got to be inherent, not just painted on. Nice things! Ugh! And —— If I married you what would be your plans for me? How would I get through twenty-four hours a day?"

"Why—uh—why, how does anybody get through 'em? You'd have a good time—dances, and playin' round, and maybe children, and we'd run down to Palm Beach ——"

"Yes. You'd permit me to go on doing what I always did till the war came. Nope. It isn't good enough. I want to work. You wouldn't let me, even in the house. There'd be maids, nurses. It's not that I want a career. I don't want to be an actress or a congresswoman. Perfectly willing to be assistant to some man. Providing he can really use me in useful work. No. You pre-war boys are going to have a frightful time with us post-war women."

"But you'll get tired ——"

"Oh, I know, I know! You and father and mother will wear me out. You-all may win. You and this house, this horrible sleek warm house that Mrs.—that she isn't fit to come into! She that gave him ——"

Her voice was rising, hysterical. She was bent in the big chair, curiously twisted, as though she had been wounded.

Eddie stroked her hair, then abruptly stalked out.

Theo sat marveling. "Did I really send Eddie away? Poor Eddie. And he'll lead his company —— Oh, I'll write him. He's right. Nice to think of brave maiden defiantly marrying poor hero. But they never do. Not in this house."

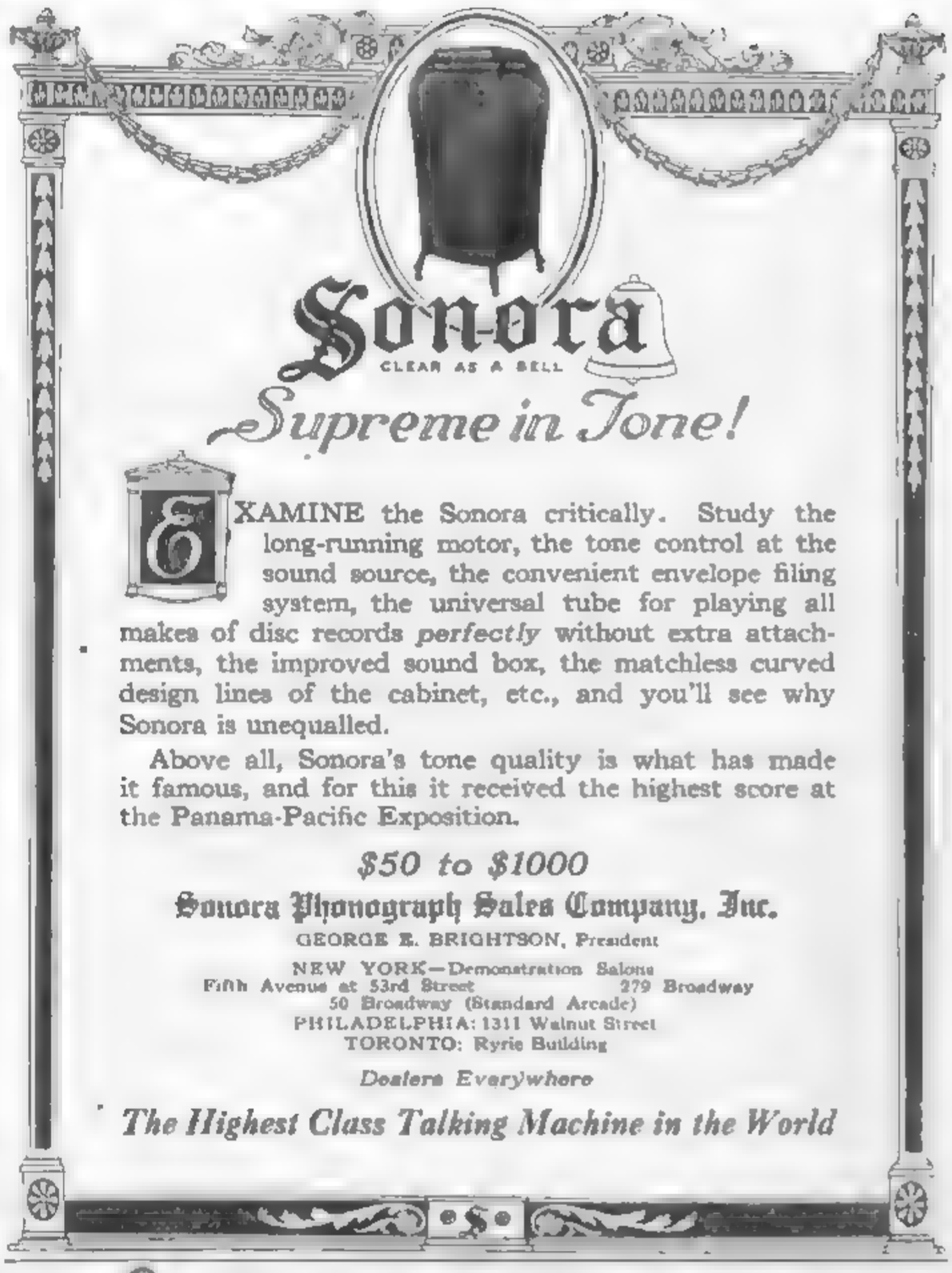
VIII

THE deep courthouse bell, awakening Theo to bewildered staring at the speckled darkness—a factory whistle fantastically tooting, then beating against her ears in long steady waves of sound—the triumphant yelping of a small boy and the quacking of a toy horn—a motor starting next door, a cold motor that bucked and snorted before it began to sing, but at last roared away with the horn blaring—finally the distant "Extra! Extra!"

Her sleepy body protestingly curled tighter in a downy ball in her bed on the upper porch, but her mind was frantically awake as the clamor thickened. "Is it really peace this time? The armistice really signed?" she exulted.

In pleasant reasonable phrases the warm body objected to the cold outside the silk comforter. "Remember how you were fooled on Thursday. Oo-oo! Bed feels so luxurious!" it insisted.

She was a practical heroine. She threw off the covers. The indolent body had to awaken, in self-defense. She merely squeaked "Ouch!" as her feet groped for their slippers on the cold floor. She flung downstairs, into rubbers and a fur coat,



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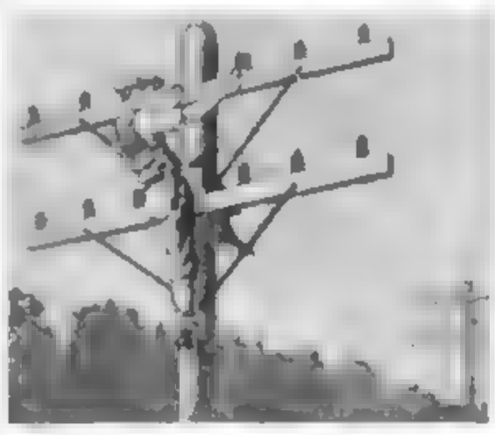

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and she was out on the walk in time to stop a bellowing newsboy.

Yes. It was true. Official report from Washington. War over.

"Hurray!" said the ragged newsboy, proud of being out adventuring by night; and "Hurray!" she answered him. She felt that she was one with awakening crowds all over the country, from the T Wharf to the Embarcadero. She wanted to make great noises.

The news had reached the almost-Western city of Vernon at three. It was only four, but as she stood on the porch a crush of motor cars swept by, headed for downtown. Bumping behind them they dragged lard cans, saucepans, frying pans. One man standing on a running board played Mr. Zip on a cornet. Another dashing for a trolley had on his chest a board with an insistent electric bell. He saw her on the porch and shouted, "Come on, sister! Downtown! All celebrate! Some carnival!"

She waved to him. She wanted to get out the electric and drive down. There would be noise—singing.

Four strange girls ran by and shrieked to her, "Come on and dance!"

Suddenly she was asking herself: "But do they know what it means? It isn't just a carnival. It's sacred." Sharply: "But do I know all it means, either? World-wide. History, here, now!" Leaning against the door, cold but not conscious that she was cold, she found herself praying.

As she marched back upstairs she was startled. She fancied she saw a gray figure fleeing down the upper hall. She stopped. No sound.

"Heavens; I'm so wrought up! All jumpy. Shall I give papa the paper? Oh, I'm too trembly to talk to anyone."

While the city went noise-mad it was a very solemn white small figure that crawled into bed. The emotion that for four years had been gathering burst into sobbing. She snuggled close, but she did not sleep. Presently: "My Red Cross work will be over soon. What can I do then? Come back to packing papa's bag?"

She noticed a glow on the windows of the room beside the sleeping porch. "They're lighting up the whole city. Wonder if I oughtn't to go down and see the fun? Wonder if papa would like to go down? No, mother wouldn't let him! Windows all shining. House might almost be afire." Out of a nap she awoke sharply. "Oh, I wish the house were afire! I want the little old brown shack. Where Stacy could come and play. Mother used to give him cookies then.

"I wish I had the nerve to set the place afire. If I were a big fighting soul I would. But I'm a worm. Am I being bad to think this way? Guess so—committed mental arson, but hadn't the nerve —— My God, the house is afire!"

She was too frightened to move. She could smell smoke, hear a noise like the folding of stiff wrapping paper. Instantly, apparently without ever having got out of bed, she was running by a bedroom into which flames were licking from the clothes chute that led to the basement. "That dratted old furnace!" she could hear herself saying aloud. She was bursting into her parents' room, hysterically shaking her mother.

"Get up! Get up!"

With a drowsy dignity her mother was saying, "Yes—I know—peace—get paper morning—let me sleep."

"It's fire! Fire! The house afire!"

Her mother sat up, a thick gray lock bobbing in front of one eye, and said indignantly, "How perfectly preposterous!"

Already Mr. Duke was out of bed, in smoke-prickly darkness, flapping his hands in the air. "Never could find that globe. Ought to have bedside light. Come, mother, jump up! Theo, have you got on a warm bathrobe?" He was cool. His voice trembled, but only with nervousness.

He charged down the back hall, Theo just behind. Mrs. Duke remained at the head of the front stairs, lamenting, "Don't leave me!"

The flames were darting hissing heads into the hall. As Theo looked they caught a box couch and ran over an old chest of drawers. The heat seemed to slap her face.

"Can't do anything. Get out of this. Wake the servants. You take your mother down." grumbled Mr. Duke.

Theo had her mother into a loose gown, shoes and a huge fleecy couch cover, and down on the front porch, by the time Mr. Duke appeared driving the maids—Lizzie a gorgon in curl papers.

"Huh! Back stairs all afire," he grunted, rubbing his chin. His fingers, rubbing then stopping, showed that for a split second he was thinking, "I need a shave."

"Theo! Run down to the corner. Turn in alarm. I'll try to phone. Then save things," he commanded.

Moved by his coolness to a new passion of love Theo flung her arm, bare as the sleeve of her bathrobe fell from it, about his seamed neck, beseeching: "Don't save anything but the cloisonné. Let 'em burn. Won't have you go in there, risk your life for things. Here—let me phone!"

Unreasoning she slammed the front door, bolted him out. She shouted their address and "Fire—hustle alarm!" at the telephone operator. In the largest drawing-room she snatched bit after bit of cloisonné from the cabinet and dumped them into a wastebasket. Now the lower hall, at her back, was boiling with flame-tortured smoke. The noise expanded from crackling to a roar.

The window on the porch was smashed. Her father's arm was reaching up to the catch, unlocking the window. He was crawling in. As the smoke encircled him he puffed like a man blowing out water after a dive.

Theo ran to him. "I didn't want you here! I have the cloisonné ——"

As calmly as though he were arguing a point at cards he mumbled, "Yes, yes, yes! Don't bother me. You forgot the two big *saras* in the wall safe."

While the paint on the balusters in the hall bubbled and charred, and the heat was a pang in her lungs, he twirled the knob of the safe behind the big picture and drew out two cloisonné plates. Flames curled round the doorjamb of the room like fingers closing on a stick.

"We're shut off!" Theo cried.

"Yep. Better get out. Here. Drop that basket!"

Mr. Duke snatched the cloisonné from her, dropped it, hurled away his two plates, shoved her to the window he had opened, helped her out on the porch. He himself was still in the burning room. She gripped his arm when he tried to dart back. The cloisonné was already hidden from them by puffs of smoke.

Mr. Duke glanced back. He eluded her; pulled his arm free; disappeared in the smoke. He came back with a cheap china vase that for a thing so small was monumentally ugly. As he swung out of the window he said, "Your mother always thought a lot of that vase." Theo saw through eyes stinging with smoke that his hair had been scorched.

Fire engines were importantly unloading at the corner, firemen running up. A neighbor came to herd the Dukes into her house, and into more clothes.

Alone, from the room given to her by the neighbor, Theo watched her home burn. The flames were leering out of all the windows on the ground floor. Her father would never read the three-volume history that was too valuable for soldiers. Now the attic was glaring. Gone the elephant of a London traveling bag. Woolly smoke curled out of the kitchen windows as a fireman smashed them. Gone the fireless cooker that would not cook. She laughed. "It's nicely cooked itself! Oh, I'm beastly. Poor mother. All her beautiful marked linen ——"

But she did not lose a sensation of running ungirdled, of breathing Maytime air.

Her father came in, dressed in the neighbor-host's corduroy hunting coat, a pair of black dress trousers and red slippers. His hair was conscientiously combed, but his fingers still querulously examined the state of his unshaven chin.

She begged: "Daddy dear, it's pretty bad, but don't worry. We have plenty of money. We'll make arrangements ——"

He took her arms from about his neck, walked to the window. The broken skeleton of their home was tombed in darkness as the firemen controlled the flames. He looked at Theo in a puzzled way.

He said hesitatingly: "No. I won't worry. I guess it's all right. You see—I set the house afire."

She was silent, but her trembling fingers sought her lips as he went on: "Shoveled hot coals from the furnace into kindling bin in the basement. Huh! Yea. Used to be good furnace tender when I was a real man. Peace bells had woke me up. Wanted to be free. Hate destruction, but—no other way. Your mother wouldn't let me sell the house. I was going mad, sticking there, waiting—waiting for death. Now your mother will be willing to come. Get a farm. Travel.. And I been watching you. You couldn't have had Stacy Lindstrom, long as that house bossed us. You almost caught me, in the hall, coming back from the basement. It was kind of hard, with house afire, to lie there in bed, quiet, so's your mother wouldn't ever know—waiting for you to come wake us up. You almost didn't, in time. Would have had to confess. Uh, let's go comfort your mother. She's crying."

Theo had moved away from him. "But it's criminal! We're stealing—robbing the insurance company."

The wrinkles beside his eyes opened with laughter.

"No. Watched out for that. I was careful to be careless, and let all the insurance run out last month. Huh! Maybe I won't catch it from your mother for that, though! Girl! Look! It's dawn!"

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INTO ALSACE WITH THE TRICOLOR

(Continued from Page 13)

deposits close by Metz—the best supply of this necessary metal in Western Europe. These she developed until they became the backbone of that industrial development which she was fool enough to link with military development. So Metz grew; it is now a French city, fringed by Germany. Within the old walls it looks like Orléans or Tours or Dijon or any other French town of its size—a little inconvenient and unhygienic, but human, gay and stimulating to the spirits.

Germany expanded about the edge of the old town. There the apartment houses, the business blocks, the public buildings are all of stone, with modern conveniences and with massive, brutal, square-and-compass decorations.

They are fine, they are expensive, they are incomparably ugly, and too long a sight of them depresses the spirits.

This German orgy of authoritative building comes to a climax in the railroad station. It is great, pretentious, convenient, massive—and horrid. When in doubt the architect always added a heavy piece of decoration; and on three of its façades he had sculptured into the building stone twenty-foot German imperial eagles. I walked one morning from this expensive absurdity to the light and beautiful cathedral, one of the high expressions of the French Gothic spirit; and the contrast proved not only that great people are great builders but that the deepest manifestation of their souls lies often in the manner of their building

Metz itself escaped unscathed from obvious damage, but not from the general deterioration of pavement, paint and window glass which afflicted all Continental Europe during this war. But on the day when she waited for the President of the Republic the city was colorful and hectically gay.

On the Great Day

Anticipating the morrow most of the young women and girls had blossomed out into provincial dress. Hansi and his Alsatian confrères have been so busy with pen and pencil since the war that we know the Alsatian costume better than the Lorrainaise. On gala occasions Lorraine compares to Alsace as a kaleidoscope compares to a modern splash-the-colors poster. On her head the Lorrainaise belle wears a lace mobcap such as those one sees in pictures of the French Revolution; it was always banded, on this occasion with the Tricolor. About her shoulders she wears a kerchief of light and delicate design. The yoke and sleeves of her waist are of lawn, the bodice of tight, black velvet. Otherwise she goes in for all the complex color she can apply—in skirt, in the little pocketed apron, even in stockings. They looked adorably chic—except for the shoes. Before France came Lorraine was down to war footwear. Samples of the German *ersatz* shoes still marred the display in the shop windows. Their soles were of wood, heavily studded with steel; their uppers, save for a leather strip over the toe, of dun-colored canvas riveted with steel. A few civilized shoes had been rushed up from Paris; but the prices were still very high. The Lorrainaise belle was wearing, apparently, the shoes she had been conserving for church and dress during the last four years; they were sadly run down at the heel.

All that glowering December day these girls of Lorraine danced on the squares with French soldiers or wandered with them in picturesque groups, singing Quand Madelon. The cafés ran brimful. Food was cheaper than in Paris, and very good, as we found when we came to dine—though the cooking was German, which yields at most points to French. The old white wine of the country yields to nothing.

All this curious transition of Lorraine showed in the dress and conversation of the crowds. Our waitress—dark-eyed, smart and efficient—was wearing the Lorrainaise mobcap and a great bow of the Tricolor, with a photo button of Marshal Foch. But she spoke just enough French to take a simple order; and she seemed relieved when the German-speaking member of our party addressed her in that tongue. To him, in German, she expressed her opinion of Germans, which was low. At a table beyond sat a woman with a fourteen-year-old girl. This girl was evidently in what she considered gala costume; it consisted of a bunchy red silk dress, and a perfectly round silk hat held under the chin by an elastic.

"German clothes," I remarked to our French lieutenant. But we listened; they were speaking good French.

"Ah, French people corrupted by German manners!" said the lieutenant.

In the shops one could still buy German propaganda post cards—though at a markdown price—along with French. Though the town was hung thick with Allied and French bunting there were houses which showed neither lights nor decorations; for an official poster on the walls of the public squares informed the resident Germans that they would not be expected to hang out flags, though they would not be prohibited from doing so. Here and there one had compromised by hanging out the red and yellow, with the double-cross device of Lorraine; and one had added the American flag—but no Tricolor. Also, here and there through the crowd moved quiet knots of people, their looks on the ground; they wore no knots of ribbon, no flag buttons. It was the visible proof of the undercurrent—the concentration of German population in this border city, a center of industrial exploitation and a great military camp; for Metz was perhaps the strongest fortress of the empire.

Next morning Poincaré and Clemenceau set foot on the soil of the lost provinces. From a balcony opposite the railroad station we saw through our glasses those two little men in dress suits, with the Tricolor slashed across their shirt fronts, step out from the gilded marquee and face the square of troops and the crowd. Poincaré has an intellectual face, as of a very genial college professor who has got into public affairs; Venizelos, of Greece, and Masaryk, of Bohemia, are of the same type, and their resemblance is accentuated by the pointed gray beards they all wear.

As for Clemenceau, his face resembles none other I have ever seen. It is western in its power; it is oriental in its subtlety. The oriental suggestion is emphasized by his eyes, which are a little oblique, and by his yellow old skin. From under his gray mustache you see the corners of his mouth shutting like a trap. His nose seems insignificant in his portraits, and it is actually small; but, like the small nose of Theodore Roosevelt, it gives strength, not weakness, to his face. It looks like the ram of a battleship. Flanking the nose are a pair of long hollow cheeks. For all his nearly eighty years his skin is nowhere wrinkled; age has drawn his face into masses, not ridges.

Excusable Emotion

Behind Poincaré and Clemenceau, amid the frock-coated dignitaries, stood Haig—little, handsome, with a Scotch openness of countenance and a British imperturbability of manner; Pershing—erect, confident, with a Yankee keenness of expression and a bulldog jaw; Foch—tall, handsome, looking like his photographs until he speaks, when a spiritual light, baffling photography, illuminates the whole face.

Before them, throwing flowers, danced a company of little girls in Lorrainaise costume. Poincaré stooped down and kissed one of them. As he rose I saw his shoulders heave. Was he crying? At that moment my glasses picked up the bulldog countenance of Pershing. His jaw was gulping. Foch appeared to be crying too. Only Haig, with that magnificent British talent for camouflaging emotion, looked entirely unperturbed—and knowing the British as I profess to do, I affirm that he may have been the most moved of them all.

I shifted my glasses to the crowd. A few minutes before, all their handkerchiefs had been fluttering in the French form of salute. Fewer handkerchiefs were fluttering now—they were mopping eyes. The note of the cheering had changed—it was unlike any other clamor of a crowd I have ever heard, for sobs ran through it. While Wheeler and I watched from the balcony Gibbons and Glarner had chosen to mingle with the crowd. By using their Parisian newspaper cards they managed to walk for a time unostentatiously beside the presidential carriage. They told us that as they came between the banks of humanity that lined the narrow street everyone, even they, wept; and that Poincaré, French-fashion, was kissing the hard, hollow old cheek of the tiger.

French emotionalism! It is easy to say that. But you who read this in Boston or Pittsburgh or Des Moines or San Francisco—imagine Wilson and Lansing and Pershing come to take you back into the Republic after forty-seven unwilling years under the German Empire!

The rest of the day was a crescendo of parade, display and celebration, and an anticlimax of emotion—humanity cannot long maintain itself at that pitch. The official party reviewed the garrison on the public parade ground; they made speeches at the town hall; they visited the cathedral. Most of all I shall remember of that day the crowd in the cathedral square for its color—a blue background of French uniforms, laced with the kaleidoscope of national costume, the cathedral clergy in gorgeous robes with white ermine stoles massed by the entrance, and rising above all, lacy pinnacle on lacy pinnacle, the red-brown glory of the cathedral.

Hats Off to the Allies

Also, watching with the crowd as the troops and their standards passed, we saw something of the undercurrent. The French Army that day was out in new-issue tunics and freshly painted helmets. It was doing its best at smart drill; that same is perhaps the weak point of the French Army, its one great talent being the ability to fight like hell. Yet though the poilu held himself and his gun very stiffly his face was wreathed in a most unmilitary smile. They were passing down a narrow street, banked to suffocation, and with every window and roof edge overflowing. Now as the Tricolor regimental and troop standards passed, the crowd, following French custom, saluted or doffed hat. As the first standard passed I heard the word "*chapeaux!*" shouted again and again through the cheering from the balconies. As the next standard passed I watched; scattered through the crowd were a number of quiet-looking persons, undecorated with any national colors whatever, and mostly blond, who had not removed their hats. "*Chapeaux!*" sounded again from the roofs and windows, and a tall Frenchman behind me suddenly reached over with his cane and knocked off two derby hats. That seemed enough; when the next standard passed the German hats all came off.

Other hints came our way. I remarked to the fourteen-year-old-boy porter in our hotel, "How does it feel to be a Frenchman?" He hesitated for a moment and replied diplomatically, in French, flavored with a Teutonic accent: "One would never have believed it." I learned later that his father, a Prussian, was in trouble with the military authorities because he had been discovered plotting, with other Germans, to ruin the trade of the town. I mention these episodes mostly by way of contrast. In Alsace we found no undercurrent, at least none that dared show itself.

From Metz our party—Herbert Gibbons, Howard Wheeler, Andrew Glarner, two French officers and I—were to motor to Strasburg, capital of Alsace, pearl of the Upper Rhine, and focus of French sentiment concerning the lost provinces. The distance is only a hundred and forty kilometers. Leaving at five o'clock we calculated on a three-hour run, excluding a stop for dinner at Saverne, home of the lame cobbler and the famous historic incident. None of us knew Alsace or Alsatian roads; and except to staff officers the army has not as yet issued maps of the district. But the route was perfectly plain, they told us in Metz—a main highway, straight through Château-Salins and Saverne. We had our initial bad luck and made our original mistake when at the city gate we asked a plain citizen, plodding along with a Tricolor sash about his derby hat, the way to the Strasburg road.

"I live forty kilometers down that road, and I'm going home," he said. "If you'll take me I'll guide you."

Not until long, long after he left us did we appreciate the nature of the man. All he wanted was a free ride home.

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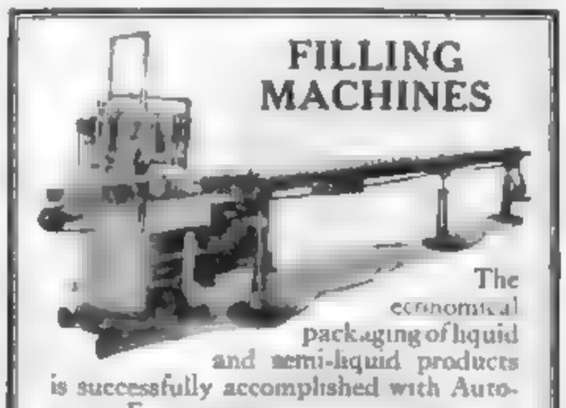

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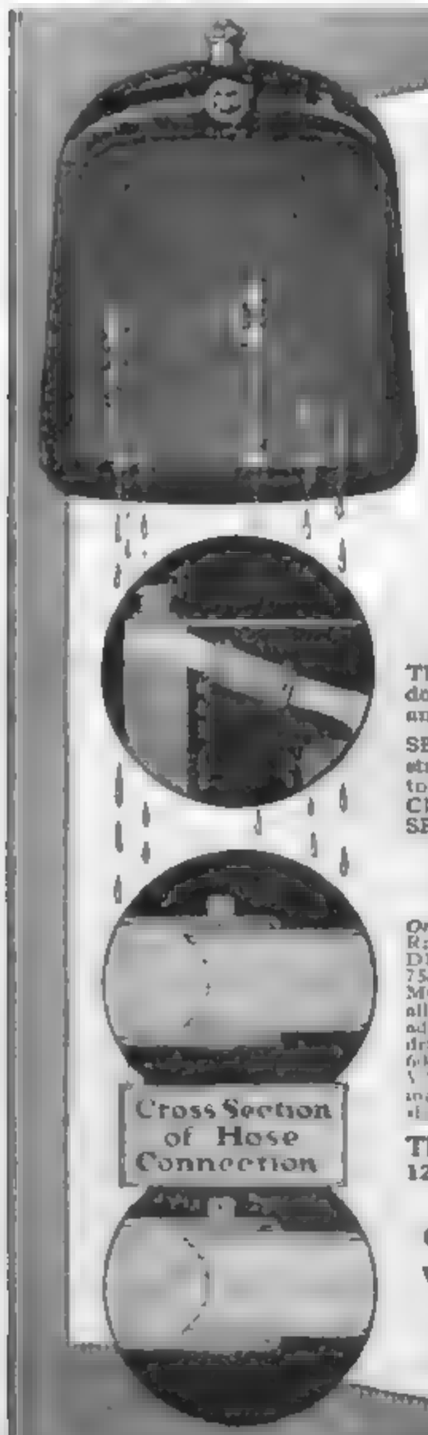

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was nearing its grave in the junk pile, proceeded to develop every kind of trouble, mainly with lights. Further, the chauffeur of that same car had been doing double duty. He had not slept the night before, and was not to sleep that night. We went wrong—and out went his lights. We patched things up, rapped alarmed peasants out of bed for directions, found the way—and out went the lights again.

We tried running the trailer without lights, following the tail of the leader, and found it impossible on those horribly torn roads, slippery with recent rains and shaded with trees. We stopped at parks for repairs, which themselves gave out a quarter of an hour later. Yet such a night was in itself worth while; for it gave us, all the way, glimpses of that strange world of transition, made all the more strange by darkness.

Along toward eight o'clock we decided to stop for dinner, and made for the lights of a city in the valley below. As we swung into town we passed crowds of girls and soldiers strolling and singing the Marseillaise; and the air overhead was thick with flags. It became a question of a turning, and at a dark street corner we hailed in French three men who seemed to be wearing some kind of uniform. They made no response. We tried them in German. At this they stood stock-still, but again made no response. Taking them for Germans in sullen mood we gave it up, when one brought out the word "*Roosky!*" and added in halting tones "*Nein sprechen Deutsch.*" They were joined a moment later by another of their kind, who did speak some German, and who told us that they were Russian prisoners, left behind by the Germans—"and going to stay too!" he added.

More Russians, in belted blouses and little perpendicular-peaked caps, drifted with the crowd before the hotel; and here also for the first time we began to see a sprinkling of German uniforms, especially startling since their wearers were walking and talking on most fraternal terms with the poilus and the girls in native costume. They had abandoned their military headgear and put on plain cloth caps; also, their insignia were gone. Otherwise, it was German military dress in all its serviceability and ugliness. These were boys of Lorraine, mobilized by the Germans and now returned home, but forced still to wear the uniform of their servitude because of the lack and the cost of civilian clothing.

The Victors and the Spoils

Within the hotel French officers and soldiers were dining beside these same modified German uniforms, most of them finished with a Tricolored knot. I marked especially one group in the corner—two young, stolid-faced men in their twenties wearing that ugly field gray, an old fellow in plain country clothes, evidently, from the resemblance, their father. Under their chairs were German military knapsacks bulging with clothing, and their boots and trousers were splashed with mud, as though they had all tramped a long way. Father, I take it, had gone out to meet the boys, and they were going back to the farm—and to what else they did not exactly know. The routine of their peasant days had again been knocked topsy-turvy.

The brisk waitress spoke French with a good accent, but hesitatingly, as though she were long out of practice. When we asked for eggs she threw up her hands.

"Eggs!" she said. "We haven't seen one for months. We'll give you beefsteak and cabbage soup. And you're lucky to get the steak."

The hotel itself looked a bit stripped and bare, even for a village inn; and it still bore marks of the Germany that was; as, for example, a framed advertisement of the Hamburg-American Line, setting forth its American sailings and the luxury of its accommodations.

Again, as we slowed down at a crossroads in a forest, we saw through the trees a camp fire about which lay men in French uniform such as we saw in the beginning of the war—red trousers, and little peaked caps resembling those of our Northern Armies in the Civil War The caps and trousers marked them—prisoners marching home who, overcome with weariness, had dropped and camped where they were.

In a little town, at about three o'clock in the morning, we halted under a dim street light to wait for someone who might direct us. Out of the darkness came rolling one man in a German bluejacket's uniform, even to the reefer, and another who wore British trousers, putties and overcoat, a German blouse and an old French territorial cap. I addressed him in French.

"Wot did 'e sye, Bill?" came out of the German naval uniform.

"Oh, you're British!" said I in the mother tongue.

The one in the mosaic uniform managed to accomplish a most elaborate, correct and courtly salute.

"At the service of 'Is Majesty!" he said. "If called upon to fight again, sir, we fight again, sir."

The one in the German uniform, having apparently managed to pull himself together and to concentrate his mind on the subject, seemed to think that something was expected of him, and also saluted; and so they stood like statues a little out of balance, weaving.

"Where did you get those clothes?" I asked.

"To the victors belongs the spoils," responded the mosaic, coming solemnly to attention so that he might deliver another smart salute. "We were spoils, sir, an' now we're victors, sir. If called upon to fight again, sir, we fight again, sir."

"Right-ho!" exploded the German uniform, who had hitherto been silent. He did not come to attention, but continued at salute, seeming to feel that once he'd got himself that way he'd better stay that way.

Sell Out and Put Out

I watched them over the tail of the machine as we pulled out. The German uniform had warped himself round to face us, but he still stood at salute. The mosaic was passing from attention to salute—attention to salute—at regular five-second intervals.

Above Saverne, at about five o'clock in the morning, we had the crowning catastrophe. The road wound through wooded mountains; and at the crest, before we started the descent to the town, the lights of our trailer went out again. We tried to follow without lights, and the expected happened—we ran off the bank; we were ditched. Out of the woods came half a dozen early-faring peasants in German uniform. It was half an hour before man power and gasoline power got us out, with no permanent damage except a bent mud guard.

But we gave it up for the night, crawled into Saverne and waited at the station for daylight. Early though it was, the waiting room was already packed; for a special passenger train had been made up to carry the inhabitants to Strasburg for the big show. Every woman was wearing that great stiff bow of eighteen-inch wide ribbon which finishes off the national costume. Only a few, and those the younger, wore the red or green skirt, the tight bodice and the apron; cloth in country Alsace is still expensive and scarce. Instead, they had brought forth their cherished black silk dresses, fitted usually over wasp-waist corsets of the 1880 period. Their ornaments, as bracelets, necklaces and rings, were of old, hammered gold, most original and beautiful. Dressed for the party they disposed themselves on their luncheon baskets under the station lights and waited.

Through the crowd, busily at work, threaded men in the green-braided uniform of German station employees. The German railroad personnel, it appears, has been left behind intact. Two priests in long black soutanes and shovel hats smiled upon our French and American uniforms, and addressed us. They were going to Strasburg for the reception to the persecuted. That day the President of the Republic was to receive all who had suffered by fine and imprisonment for their loyalty to France.

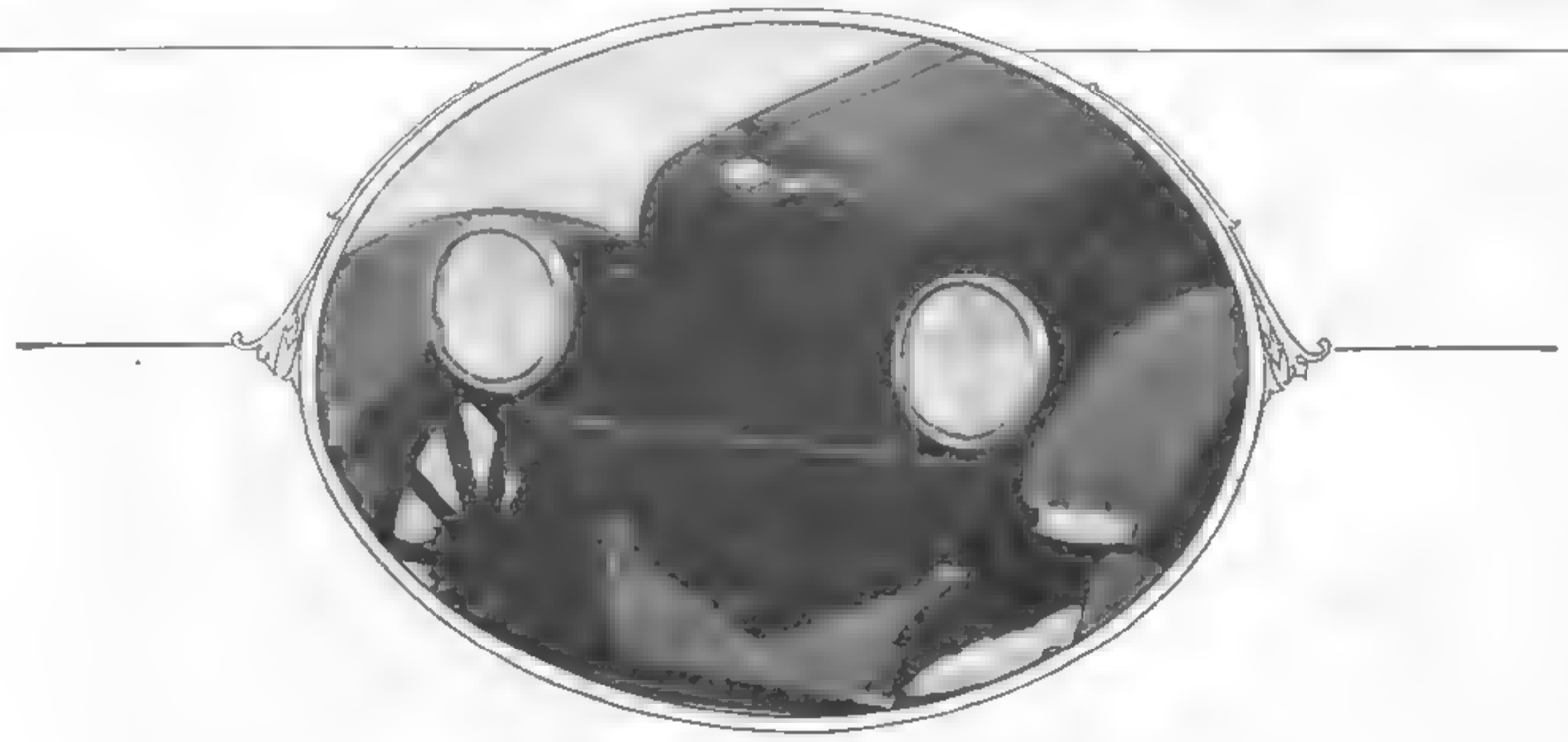
"My offense," said one of them, "was saying in a sermon that the sufferings of the early saints of the church could be sympathetically understood by the people of Alsace. For that they gave me three months in prison."

When we approached the subject of the Germans in Alsace they expressed a stand-pat view which I was to hear often in the next week.

"It is simple," they said. "Put them all out. Liquidate their property, give them the receipts, and send them over the border. It is the only way; it is also just."

From dawn to sunrise, from sunrise to breakfast time, we were running past country carts, carryalls, pedestrian groups, dressed in national costume, carrying flags

(Continued on Page 49)



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A National Friendship

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We are conscious of this friendship every hour of the working day. Some of it is expressed in an obvious form—the persistent demand for our product. But much the greater volume is subtle and quite beyond our power of exact definition. None the less it is an active force, and through it the Paige plants have doubled, trebled and quadrupled their productive capacity.

After all is said and done, the true test of any manufactured product is its ability to make and keep friends. Spectacular sales effort may create a temporary illusion of success for even an inferior commodity. But the good sense and discernment of the American public will always prevail.

With unerring judgment it separates the wheat from the chaff—accepts the really worthy product—and rejects the imposter. It places its friendship only on a basis of Respect and Confidence.

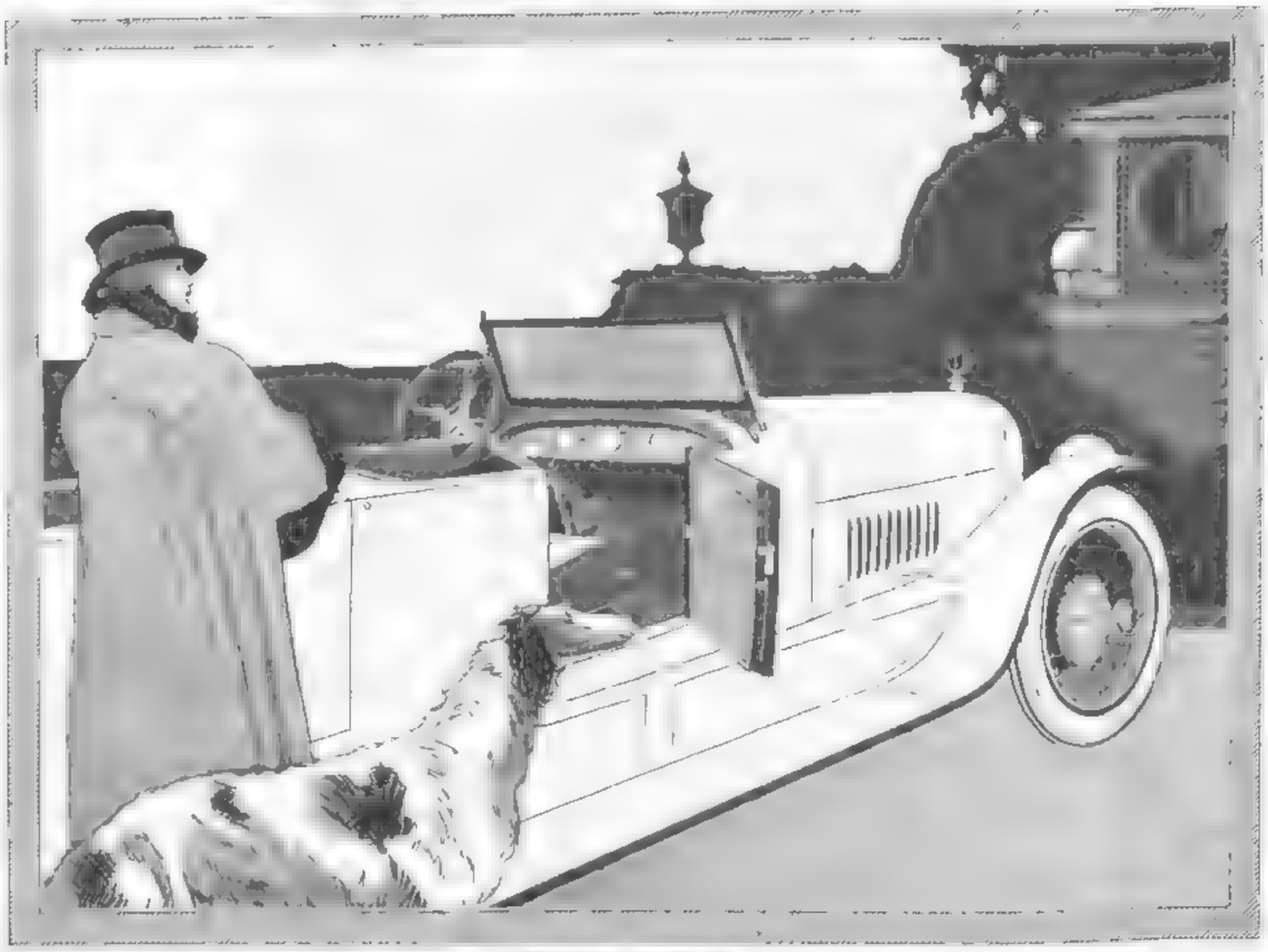
And now—upon the threshold of a glorious new year—we pledge ourselves to foster and cherish this friendship which has been bestowed upon us.

So long as Paige cars are built, we shall jealously guard the quality of every ounce of material that goes into their construction.

So long as Paige cars are sold, we shall be sensible of our obligation to the American people and accept our full measure of responsibility.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

JORDAN



The Jordan Sport Marine

The Origin of the Jordan Idea

EDWARD S. JORDAN stood one day at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, New York, watching the motor cars go by.

Nearly every car appeared to be in mourning, finished in darker shades of black and blue. Only a few were attired in striking shades of fashionable hues.

He turned to look at the crowd of well-dressed people passing by. Nearly every man and woman was dressed to express an individual taste. Only those of the mass seemed commonplace.

He imagined those in distinctive garb living in distinctive homes where charm is added by an expression of individual taste.

That day Jordan lunched at the Engineers' Club, and learned of the wonderful work done by the Society of Automotive Engineers toward the standardization of the finest motor car units built in the world.

Then it was he decided to build the Jordan—a car of finished mechanical excellence, equipped with a series of custom style bodies to be sold by dealers of established integrity to people who know what they want and appreciate distinctive individuality.

This is the Jordan idea, and it went over from the start.

Jordan style leadership was immediately established with the Jordan Luxury car, followed by the first medium price four-passenger Sport Model. Then came the Sport Marine, the first completely equipped stock car. The Suburban Seven, the first car of its capacity without the unsightly body bulge—then the Brougham, the new five-passenger enclosed type.

The Sport Limousine, the Town Car and the Town Sedan followed one another—each asked for in greater numbers than it could be produced.

Each Jordan style leader has built a stronger reputation, a greater good-will and a broader future for the Jordan.

The simplicity and correctness of the Jordan idea has won the public. It became the foundation of the whole Jordan organization and explains its conspicuous success.

THE JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

(Continued from Page 46)

and cheering our uniforms, all making toward that tall red tower, coming out of the sunrise, which was Strasburg Cathedral.

As we pulled up opposite the station to find a cup of coffee and to get the mud off our faces, at least, we saw that the city was jammed, packed. We were all in uniform or semiuniform, and by now we all looked like Old Bill in a Bairnsfather cartoon. This statement will give point to the embarrassing adventure that followed.

The day before at Metz when, without any official passes but with a moral right to be present, we wormed our way into several of the official ceremonials, Glarner, who is a born Frenchman, took out of his bag of tricks a marvelous device. He would walk up to a guard, a secret-service man or a sentry and, assuming a fine, dramatic, official French manner, he would say:

"*Ces messieurs sont avec moi!*" These gentlemen are with me.

Undoubtedly an American sentry so accosted would have responded: "Yes, and who the blazes and then some are you?"

But not the French sentry. This magic formula always brought down restraining hands and menacing bayonets; always they said, with a puzzled air of apology for having failed to recognize him: "*Passez, messieurs!*"

Now in the stilly watches of the night, while dancing to warm our feet as the chauffeurs repaired lights, we had laid out our plan of campaign. The crowd in Strasburg we knew would be much greater than in Metz. Merely getting from place to place through the crowds—even though "*ces messieurs sont avec moi*" always worked—would lose us much valuable time. Why not, using the magic formula once for all, get one of our cars inconspicuously placed at the rear of the procession? On the inside, from that time forth, we could arrange ourselves quietly by the tribune at reviews and under the rostrum at the speeches, and get it all.

Our French officers having finished their coffee started out to find us quarters. We mounted the car with the dented mud guard and started. At the barrier Glarner dismounted, approached the captain of the infantry company on guard and pronounced his formula. I still have in my mind's eye a picture of his superb authoritative dignity as he beckoned us in, while the wondering eyes of two saluting infantrymen speculated on who this celebrity might be. We drove quietly across the station plaza, parked our car with the others, and edged over to the group of French journalists waiting by the marquee. Glarner, however, lingered behind, to perfect arrangements with the military police. Then came Poincaré, Clemenceau, Foch, Pershing, Haig—the whole company—to a reception like that at Metz, save for the tears of the official party. A man can have such an emotion only once in a lifetime.

Right in the Procession

Poincaré and Clemenceau settled down in their carriage, which was the signal for the rest of us to hurry to the automobiles. We were watching the official party and the flower bank of Alsatian girls about them; and it was not until we with the rest of the machines had got fairly under way that the horror of our situation came full upon me.

Either Glarner had done his work of impressing the police too well or someone had made a mistake. In a procession of perhaps forty-five carriages and automobiles we were exactly the eleventh. Behind us crazy caricatures of the American Army there rode among others the special committees of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, M. André Tardieu and his French high commission, the whole diplomatic corps, including Mr. Sharp, our Ambassador, a director of the Red Cross, two American major generals and one lieutenant general. And this on an occasion in French history which can never be repeated, and in a world where precedent is a religion!

Then I heard Gibbons say:

"What would I give for a limousine!"

And I caught the point. In front, behind the escort of plumed cuirassiers, rode Poincaré and Clemenceau in an open carriage. Behind them were Pershing, Foch, Haig and their Italian confrère in another open carriage. Then, until the procession came back to us, not a single other open car.

By now we had left the square and entered the files guarding the first street. "*Vive l'Amérique!*" surged from curb to curb, from housetop to housetop and back again. And I got the situation in its full dreadfulness. Ahead rode General Pershing in American uniform; but he was dividing honors with a French field marshal, a British field marshal, and an Italian general. We were unadulterated American, the only open automobile, in fact, which showed the American uniform.

"*Vive l'Amérique!*" "*Vive Wilson!*" "*Vive les Etats-Unis!*" "*Nos libérateurs!*"—it rolled up and down the street. American flags were waved in our faces from across the shoulders of the soldiers. Single flowers, then whole bouquets, came soaring like trench mortar bombs across the heads of the infantry. "God bless America!" rose in a woman's voice during an interval of the cheering, and started it up again. There were streaming eyes and quivering faces everywhere. It was glorious beyond words, it was touching beyond expression—and it was horrible!

"I feel like a four-flusher!" burst out Wheeler.

"Don't worry, old man—you are!" said Gibbons, returning salutes with the dignity of a major general while his face blushed purple.

Glarner, sitting beside the chauffeur and as embarrassed as anyone, was carrying it off with the true French spirit of josh. He turned back toward Wheeler, who was attired in a civilian suit, a slouch hat, and an American officer's trench coat.

"Say, old man, you don't match the picture," he said. "Take that hat off and you'll look, from the street, like a major general."

Days later, in a midnight confidence, Wheeler told me that all his life he had hated above all things four-flushing and pretension. He had no love for public applause—or thought he hadn't up to that moment—and had gloried in being a retiring newspaper man and magazine editor, keeping out of the limelight.

Explanations and Regrets

"But," said Wheeler, "you never know your own depths of depravity until you're tested. God forgive me, I took off my hat!"

It lasted until the procession stopped at the city hall, when we were able to get out of line and to find General Pershing's aid, with explanations. However, later in the day Gibbons had speech with Clemenceau.

"I noticed you American boys were making the most of it!" remarked the Tiger sardonically.

Nevertheless, the view of Strasburg during her great moment was almost worth the shame of this adventure in involuntary four-flushing. If you have seen, during the war, the Hansi drawings and cartoons, you know what Strasburg looks like; he has not overdrawn. We were traveling all the way through narrow, winding streets, past houses of gray stone whose roofs peaked up at such a sharp angle that they seemed sometimes to be higher from the eaves up than from the eaves down. These roofs, all tiled, were shot with mysterious little dormer windows.

Here and there a building surviving from the good days of Gothic building rose among its more sober modern neighbors. Usually its upper stories overhung its lower, and almost always its sashes and the frames of its bow windows were heavily carved. In every window of these buildings, even to the dormers, were people, people, people. Behind the solid files of infantrymen guarding the line of march were more people, packed tight from file to wall. As the head of the procession appeared the handkerchiefs began to flutter. Once, coming out into a public square, we faced a solid row of tall four and five story houses. Every window in this wall was aflutter with white handkerchiefs between the eternal flags; and it produced the effect somehow of an enormous "grand transformation scene" on the stage.

Nor was the crowd itself somber in coloring, as most modern crowds are. The background was not black or gray; it was mostly blue from the uniforms of French auxiliary troops or red from the skirts of the girls in native costume. The black of frock coats or best silk dresses, the brown of American, British and Belgian uniforms merely splashed this mosaic of high color. To the ear came such lusty cheering as I had not heard since I left home; for the French and Italians are not cheering people;

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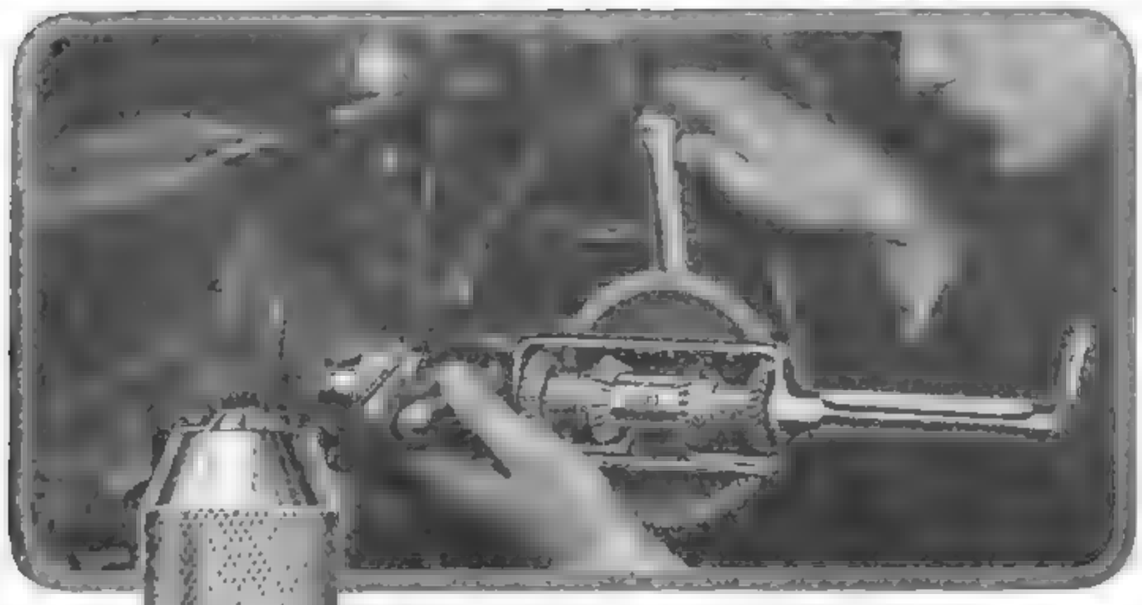

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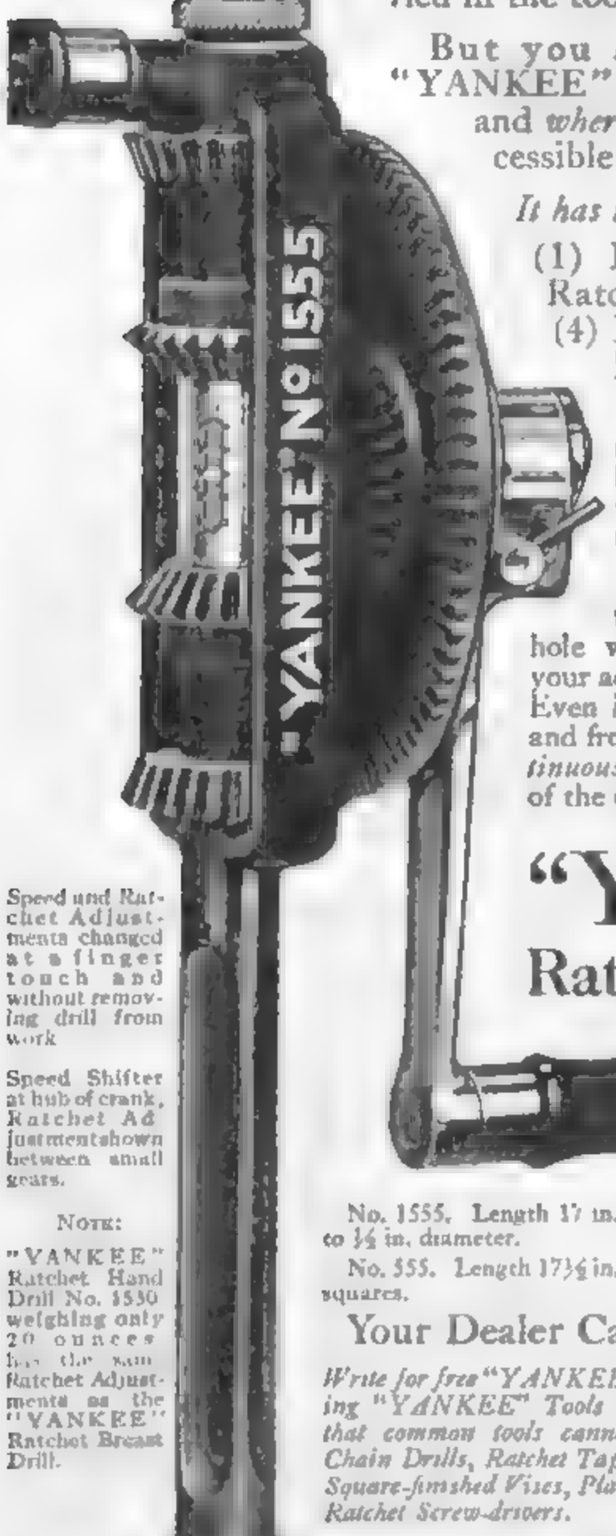
Holes can't be drilled in advance and carried in the tool box like other "spares."

But you *can* drill holes with the "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill, when and *where* wanted, even in places inaccessible to other tools.

It has two speeds and five adjustments:
(1) Plain Drill; (2) Left-hand Ratchet; (3) Right-hand Ratchet; (4) DOUBLE Ratchet; (5) Gears locked for changing drills.

Now suppose you must drill for a new attachment; drill out a broken bolt, or drill for some other repair where there is not sufficient space to turn the crank of a common drill.

Don't waste an hour tearing down the job, but go right in after that hole with a "YANKEE," first setting your adjustment for "DOUBLE Ratchet." Even if you can only move the crank to and fro an inch, the drill turns forward *continuously*, cutting the same as if a full turn of the crank could be made.



Speed and Ratchet Adjustments changed at a finger touch and without removing drill from work

Speed Shifter at hub of crank, Ratchet Adjustments shown between small gears.

NOTE:
"YANKEE" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530 weighing only 20 ounces has the same Ratchet Adjustments as the "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill.

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Price $8.75

No. 1555. Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ½ in. diameter.

No. 555. Length 17⅜ in. Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.

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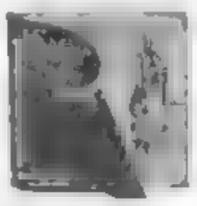


Write for free "YANKEE" Tool Book, illustrating "YANKEE" Tools in action doing work that common tools cannot do; Bench Drills, Chain Drills, Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Removable Square-finished Vises, Plain, Ratchet and Spiral-Ratchet Screw-drivers.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

their "vives!" "évvivas!" and "bravos!" are weak beside our "hip-hip-hurrah!" Strasburg was yelling—simply yelling. But the yell was shot through with that same undercurrent of sobs that I had heard at Metz; for Strasburg was also weeping.

I perceived in time, as we halted and went on, halted and went on, that I was witnessing something more than enthusiasm. A few times during a wandering life it has been given me to see on human faces the expression of that rare emotion which we call ecstasy. Once it was a negro boy waiting his turn to be baptized. Once it was a Spanish woman coming from making on her knees the pilgrimage up the Scala Santa at Rome. Once it was a dying soldier at Verdun. But everywhere through these crowds I caught that expression, as of a soul melting and running out through the flesh.

Once the procession stopped while president, premier and field marshals dismounted to salute the statue of Kléber, lieutenant of Napoleon. About the statue was grouped a committee of men who fought for France in 1870—bent, withered, gnarled old fellows in frock coats and rusty top hats. Suddenly, and without any formal signal, their quavering voices burst out with the Marseillaise. From their expressions they might have been converts singing the hymns of the newly saved at a revival. What Alsace was experiencing, I saw, was more than a political transformation. It was something akin to a religious experience.

The ceremonies and celebrations of that day were too many for description here. Poincaré and Clemenceau spoke from the balcony of the city hall to a crowd which responded at every eloquent French period with that same religious fervor. When the speaking was done, I remember, a pretty young Alsatian girl managed to scramble up the edge of the tribune, that she might kiss Clemenceau, French-fashion, on both cheeks.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said as he helped her down again, "were I twenty years old instead of eighty I should not let you go so soon!"

The persecuted came—thousands on thousands who had been in jail for love of France—to be received by the president and the premier. There was a review; there was a dance that night, in native costume—colorful and gay as no other dance before it.

Stupid Lies Still Told

There was a procession of civilian societies in the afternoon; and that deserves a word of description. Most of us know, from pictures at least, the Alsatian feminine costume—great black bow on the head, black bodice, red or green skirt, according to whether the wearer be Catholic or Protestant, embroidered little apron with pockets. That is the general costume. What I did not know before was that many little towns and districts have their own special gala dress. These have one characteristic in common—they use all the color that the feminine imagination can compass. The girls of one canton, as they marched by with a free, untrammeled stride, like that of a boy, wore delicate mauve caps fitting tight to the head, from which radiated the aureole of a gauzy brim. Others wore no hats; but their hair was dressed at the back in a long Grecian knot; and in and out through the strands ran gaudy brocaded ribbons. These wore over their shoulders fringed shawls, like those of Spanish women, but much more complex in pattern. The women of one canton looked like the old fashion plates of 1840—poke bonnets and shawls—but always in high colors.

A riot of noise down the street preceded the arrival of the conscripts. These boys, impressed against their collective will into the German 1920 class and in training for soldiers of the Kaiser when the armistice came, were just out of barracks, which meant to them just out of jail. Over the hats and caps of their civilian clothes they had built up banks of artificial flowers; they looked, from the neck up, like Chinese actors about to perform a king part. They did not march like the others, these boys. They frolicked and danced. As a matter of fact, the 1920 recruits, with their youthful spirits and their rebound from the hated discipline of the German noncom, were a problem of the early armistice period and hastened by several days the French occupation. They it was who pulled down the statues of Wilhelm the Damned and his ancestors, and used their fallen noses for footscrapers. They it was who smashed the windows of the cafés most frequented by German officers. Physical violence had not yet begun; but that, in the state of the Alsatian mind, might have been only a matter of time. The French Army took no chances and sent the advance guard to the border by forced marches.

A message from the Nauen wireless, the great staple of German propaganda, was published when I was in Alsace. Delivered of Kaiserism though he may be the German propagandist keeps his old habit of stupid, blind lying. This article attributed the welcome of the French in Alsace partly to the desire of cringing souls to curry favor with the victor, and partly to "gifts of cigarettes and wine." Cigarettes were to be had quite plentifully in Alsace. They were German cigarettes, of which somehow full stocks seem to have been left behind. Wine was more abundant, and could be bought more cheaply at the cafés than in Paris or Nancy or Belfort; but it was the white Rhine wine of the country. Also, since my return to Paris I have heard the pessimists say:

"Oh, yes, but of course it's only human to make a fuss over the winner."

Indeed, I have been wondering if some of the agents who have entered France disguised as refugees are not consciously and concertedly spreading a whispering propaganda of unfaith. Once such a propaganda is started, people who are quite opposed to its objects will carry it along; Mister Faintheart will whisper and Mistress Gossip prattle, both playing unconsciously the enemy game. To them I only say—visit Alsace.

The Joy of Liberated Alsace

I admit that he who speaks dogmatically of a foreign country after a short visit is usually a fool, but I declare also that there are some situations so apparent that one gets them on first view. If one woman throws herself at your feet, red-eyed, trembling, in a passion of tears, you will say at once that she is experiencing grief. Still, she may be a supreme actress; there is room for a slight doubt. If, however, thirty or forty women behave so, all doubt is removed; there are not so many supreme actresses in the world. It would have been possible to stage a show like the performance in Strasburg, with flags, with receptions, with costumes, with a professional claque cheering in chorus. But ecstasy, that rarest of human emotions, and especially immense crowds in ecstasy—you could not stage-manage that. I feel—I know that I have seen into the heart of native Alsace, and that is for France as the heart of the lover is for his beloved.

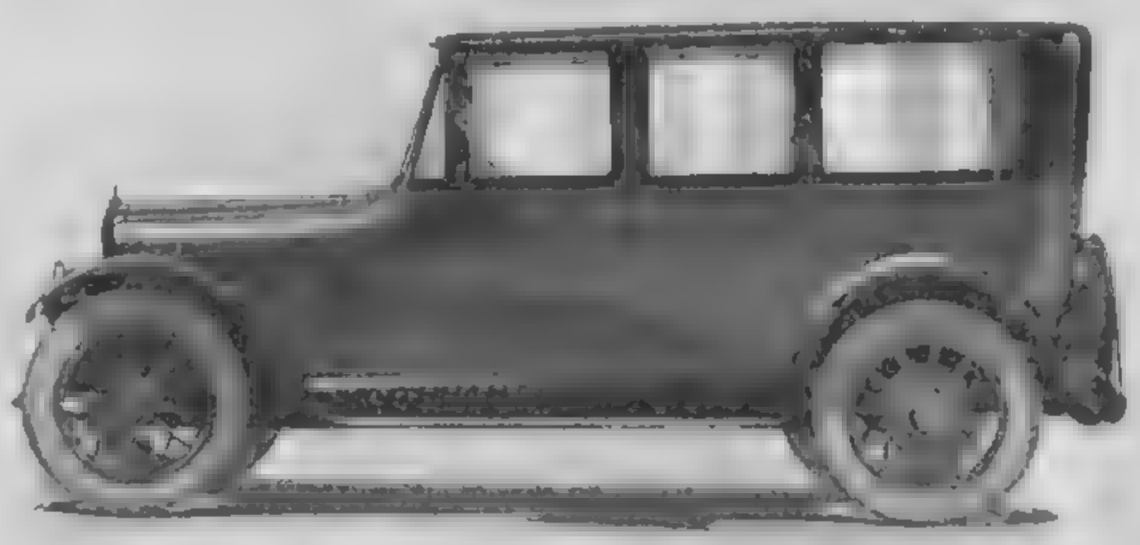
I add here and in advance that I only confirmed this impression during five days more of hard travel when, cutting loose from the presidential party, we wandered at will through all the greater towns and many of the smaller villages, everywhere picking up acquaintances and talking things over. Here the ecstasy had passed, but, to use still the religious comparison, the peace remained; there was a sober workaday gladness in the substantial burghers with whom we talked across café tables; in the peasant men and women with whom we chatted across fences; in the boys and girls, who knew no life hitherto but a German life, to whom we gave rides along the roads.

Though the day of celebration had passed they were still breaking out into the Marseillaise. Indeed, I returned almost tired of that stirring old battle hymn of liberty; and I remember that on the last night, dozing during a late automobile drive, I found that the motor was singing to me "*Allons, enfants de la patrie*" over and over again. The very babies were singing the hymn forbidden for forty-seven years under penalty of fine and imprisonment, and their sure acquaintance with the words showed that they had not learned them yesterday! Soldiers and Alsatian girls, strolling arm round waist in that pose which must be prescribed by the drill regulations of all armies, were singing it in snatches. At Colmar two balls were going on—one for the quality of the town and the other for the populace. I entered the quality ball just as the music of a waltz had died out. Before they left the floor the dancers quite spontaneously burst into the Marseillaise and sang it through three

(Continued on Page 52)

Willys Knight

SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR



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The college year was well under way and Duff's time was pretty well occupied. But a letter to us, a spare time campaign carefully planned, and within thirty days he secured enough new and renewal subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN to give him—

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Let us tell you all about it.

Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 50)

stanzas. A little later, when we were watching the big popular dance, the same thing happened. They behaved toward it as a lover behaves toward the pleasing operation of kissing his girl. They seemed to have it always in mind, and to do it on the slightest excuse.

Next day we saw another side of transition in Alsace. Four or five miles beyond Strasburg—running really up to the suburbs—is the Rhine; and beyond the Rhine is Germany. A great bridge now spans the political gulf, and a half mile or so this side of the bridge entrance stands the new Watch on the Rhine, consisting of a regiment of cold, businesslike French infantrymen who guard the banks, and of a set of wooden bars across the road. None passes in either direction without a special order from the headquarters of the ——th Army. In one direction there pass all day the carpetbagger Germans, transplanted in old years to Alsace by imperial inducements or orders. Sometimes they go voluntarily, preferring a German word to a French. Sometimes they go quite involuntarily; in that case they are either troublesome officials of the old régime or agitators who have shot off their mouths in such a manner that their presence would be a temptation for disorder. A tramway runs across the bridge to the German barrier on the opposite bank.

The Mutiny at Wilhelmshaven

As we watched, a car passed us, loaded down with baggage—but no passengers. The owners of the baggage, as we presently saw, were a group of people who stood sullenly by the barricade, looking neither to right nor left. They were soberly, even dowdily dressed, and they wore no national colors in buttonhole or bodice, as did the rest of Alsace in this period. They included four or five stolid, middle-aged women, some silent children, an old man, and a passable young fellow with the inexpressive yet sharp face of modern German scholarship and with a *Schläger* cut across cheek and nose. Two or three city cabs arrived presently; the proud cabmen who drove them, it appeared, had special licenses to carry people over the Rhine Bridge. They piled in without a word, a look, a seeming display of emotion, showed their passes to the sentry, and left behind them forever the land of their adoption.

Scarcely had this contingent passed when others began to arrive in cab and automobile or on foot. A handcart with a big dog plodding between the wheels furnishing auxiliary power creaked about the corner. Its owners were two boys of perhaps fourteen and seventeen—small, chunky, stolid. The older wore a German uniform, and his left sleeve flopped empty. We asked him in German if he lost his arm in the war. "Yah—Hartmansweilerkopf," he answered; then, as he saw the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes which we wore, he refused to speak further.

Up the road came a group wearing the French colors—mostly women. They were chattering, gay, expectant; they were waiting, it appeared, for a convoy of returning French prisoners expected early that afternoon. Except for them this new Watch on the Rhine was one of the most somber spots on this distressed earth.

Wandering through Alsace as we did one gets a good conversation and a good story at every turn. In Colmar, for example, we were accosted in a café by a young man who spoke very good United States English—he had, it appeared, traveled many times to New York and St. Louis, selling his father's Rhine wines. At the moment he seemed fairly foolish with joy.

"We're going to have a private dance tonight!" he said, "and you must come along. Girls! I haven't talked to a regular girl for four years. I'm going to dance all night. Cut out everything and come along. Want a drink? No, you don't order Rhine wine. I won't buy anything but champagne! Not to-night!"

This, it seemed, was his second day of liberty in four years. For the first year of the war he was in jail, nearly starving, because he refused to serve with the German Army. Then they took him, with a squad of other Alsatian objectors, to the Russian Front, where he did menial service at the rear. Once in an emergency they put a gun into his hands, shoved him into the front trenches and ordered him to shoot.

"I did," he said. "I aimed at the nearest fixed star and let 'er go!"

When the armistice came he started to beat his way across Germany; and in East Prussia he found seventy-five French prisoners abandoned and starving. Wearing German uniform, writing perfect German, he impersonated a German noncom in charge of a prison convoy and forged the papers which got them both food and transportation. At the Berlin railroad station they found the revolution going full blast, and they gave themselves the luxury of singing the Marseillaise for two hours. When at last they reached the border he stripped off his German uniform, kicked it into the Rhine, put on a spare French uniform which they had brought along, and led his party proudly home to freedom.

His brother joined us after a time. He, too, was just back; and he, too, was foolish with joy. He had been placed at Wilhelmshaven in the auxiliary service of the fleet. The Germans, it appeared, took no chances with native Alsatians on the Western Front. He confirmed the details already published of the revolt in the ports and its causes. Fifty per cent of the submarines which left that port disappeared into the blackness of mystery. Once a squadron of twenty-five went forth, and only seven came back. Unable to get volunteers any longer for this horrible service the commanders began to order men aboard; and orders to submarine service seemed to the German seaman like a death warrant. Presently the authorities began to strip parts from the older surface craft in order to fit out more submarines. The navy personnel noted that; the rumor ran that they would all go on submarines before long. The navy grew sullen.

"We were twenty-five thousand Alsatians at Wilhelmshaven, either in the fleet or the auxiliaries," he said, "and we understood each other perfectly. When we saw a chance for a mutiny we all got in and helped along."

The seamen began a quiet sabotage, so damaging parts of machinery and guns that they would break under the slightest strain, letting breeches grow rusty, neglecting to oil the engines. Then, on November second, came the order to put to sea and have it out with the British fleet. Even had the personnel wanted to fight they would have hesitated; for the men knew better than the Admiralty at Berlin the real state of things on the ships.

"Many of them would not even have reached the battle line under forced draft," he said.

"The Bolsheviks and Socialists started the revolution by beginning to abandon ships and shooting any officer who tried to stop them.

"We killed forty or fifty officers that day. One of them had been sending Alsatians to jail for saying that Germany couldn't win the war. He died early."

As soon as the seamen came ashore the Alsatians joined them—and the old Germany was finished.

The Heart of Alsace

But one's eye of the mind will hold longest the picture of little Ribeauville in the wooded range of the Vosges. It has been called "the heart of Alsace"; and in appearance it is the quintessence of Alsatian picturesqueness. One would say on first glance that there isn't a modern building in the whole place. The houses, with their square bow windows, their carved fronts, their innumerable little statuettes of saints or of joyful human beings—have all the medieval overhang, the second story jutting out beyond the first, and the third above the second, so that from a window of the third story a housewife may hold intimate gossip in whispers with her neighbor just across the narrow street. The town was swathed, wrapped, swaddled in flags and bunting. With its architecture, with the flags above, with the women in their red skirts and embroidered aprons below—for it was still keeping holiday—Ribeauville looked like a Christmas tree.

When we sat down to luncheon at the town hall with the mayor and the commandant I asked how it happened that in the cloth shortage Ribeauville could find so much bunting.

"Getting flags to express our feelings has been a problem in all Alsace," said the mayor. "The Germans took away most of the cloth. If you only knew it, the flags in most of the towns are made of dyed bed sheets and napkins; and you've probably noticed the American flags!"

I had. Unorthodox as to the number of stripes, the stars were mostly gilt papers, pasted onto the cloth and usually in process of peeling off.

"But we," he continued, "were lucky. We've a paper mill up there in the woods, and the Germans two years ago turned it into an *ersatz* factory—paper cloth. Just as soon as they left we put the factory to making flags of all the Allied nations. We've even shipped thirteen thousand Tricolors to the surrounding villages. Our bunting, every meter of it, is of paper cloth!"

The mayor as he spoke looked like one who has been through a long illness; and so did all the rest of Ribeauville. The town is in the Vosges; and across their summit ran the line. For some reason that no one quite understands, the Germans spent two or three million francs and much labor in shutting off that part of Alsace from the rest with a guarded, electrified, barbed-wire barricade. "If it was to keep out spies they were fools," said the mayor, "for the spies all lived inside the barricade!"

Latent Loyalty

Within that area food was always scarce. The mayor, rising, took from a cupboard something that resembled a loaf of bread, broke it by hammering it against the stove, and presented me with a piece, saying: "Our allowance was two hundred grams"—less than half a pound—"of this each day!" That fragment lies before me as I write. It looks like cake which has refused to rise—a bride's failure. Throw a piece of it at a man and you could be arrested for assault with a deadly weapon. "On the day when the French Army came," said the mayor, "the soldiers gave all their bread to the children. You should have seen them eat! It was like Christmas."

All the way back from Ribeauville to Mulhouse, to Massevaux, and finally to the France which has always been free, we were passing caravans of country and village people going home after four years. Early in the war the Germans, quite understanding the heart of Alsace, it would appear, cleaned the inhabitants out of the Vosges zone of operations. Now the lines were open and they were going back. Refugees, that dull, supreme horror of war! From Louvain to Udine during four years I had seen them stream down the roads—silent, plodding, their faces stolid masks, as though their misery were too deep for any expression.

Here at last were happy refugees. The returning empty camions of the French Army of Occupation spilled over with them and we having room in our two machines always kept the seats and even the steps full. So we assisted home many an old lady, her wardrobe packed in a basket; several mothers with their broods; and two young but very weary men in German uniform. Always they looked surprised when a French officer with a row of service medals stopped an automobile and asked them to ride. This would not have been possible, as the lieutenant explained to them, two months before, because there was a rule in the war regulations against carrying civilians in military cars; but it was as good as peace now!

However, when we dropped at ruined Altkirch our last passenger, an old black bombazine lady in a bonnet with violets, of the period of 1880, she made us a few remarks as she curtsied her thanks.

"It is true what monsieur the officer says about peace," she said, "but in peace or war no German officer ever gave civilians a ride!"

I repeat—no one, soldier or civilian, who has seen Alsace since the deliverance doubts where her heart lies. For twenty years or more such men as Hansi, Abbé Wetterlé and Daniel Blumenthal have been telling the half-convinced French that things were not what they seemed in the lost provinces. "Visit Colmar or Schlettstadt or Mulhouse," they said in effect, "and you will see on the surface no enthusiasm for France even though you are a Frenchman. Stay six months, and you will begin to see it. But you would stay twenty years before you got down to the heart of the matter and found that their loyalty to France was their governing motive.

"Surrounded by informers, their prosperity dependent upon their appearance of complaisance, they dare not show what they feel. You may come straight from Paris, you may have a perfect Parisian accent,

(Concluded on Page 55)

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Try Our Angelus Marshmallows — "One Taste Invites Another"

(Concluded from Page 52)

but still you may be an informer. Wait until France takes back Alsace, and you shall see!"

France has taken back Alsace, and she has seen. Everywhere French officers and privates expressed to me their surprise at the ecstasy with which Alsace received them.

The situation in the lost provinces is curious and at first sight paradoxical. From the accounts of Americans, and Frenchmen who have settled among the Lorrainers since the armistice it seems that Lorraine is less enthusiastic, on the surface at least, than Alsace. Let me not be misunderstood here. I do not even insinuate that Lorraine is not prevailingly French at heart. But owing to the expansion of the iron basin Germany has made her greatest concentration of carpetbaggers about Metz. Again, the Lorrainer, even about Nancy, which has always remained French, is a cagy and repressed person, comparing to the average Frenchman as a Cape Cod Yankee to a Westerner, an Aberdeen Scotchman to a Dublin Irishman. He finds it hard to show his feelings.

Judged by history and ethnology this should not be so. When Germany stole Lorraine in 1870 that province was French, body and bone. The people, it is true, had a strong streak of Teutonic blood, but so do all the people of the north, even those of Lille, Verdun and Rheims. French was their speech and French their manners. What Germany wanted in Lorraine was the iron basin; and to justify the theft she had only the might-makes-right theory and a shadowy old dynastic claim. Not a man, woman or child born in Lorraine before 1871 wanted German rule.

With Alsace it was different—except for the unanimous smothered rage of the inhabitants when Germany took them. Racially they are akin to the peoples of the German Confederacy. The stock is Teutonic, dashed with some Celtic blood—but probably not much. They spoke, and speak to this day, a German dialect. They did not become a part of the French nation until Louis XIV took them over during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Within a century they were real members of the French state; but it took the revolution to raise their Gallicism to fanaticism. Next to Paris, Strasburg was the greatest revolutionary city. From it came the Marseillaise. In the Napoleonic Wars Alsace played a most glorious part. Yet through it all the Alsatians kept their language and their customs; and tolerant France did nothing to change them. Brittany, in the west of France, furnishes an analogy. The Bretons are pure Celts, with no mixture of Frankish or Latin blood, and they speak among themselves a variety of Gaelic; yet anyone who has ever seen their Marine Fusileers in action need inquire no further to learn that Brittany is French.

The cause for this passion of French patriotism, which has survived in Alsace a generation and a half of persecution, persuasion and virtual bribery, remains a little obscure, even to the French.

"Returning to Lorraine was like returning to your sister," said a French colonel; "but Alsace—it was returning to your sweetheart."

Lorraine, so to speak, was born French; Alsace was converted, and carried the zeal of conversion.

I spoke of this puzzle when I returned to Paris, to the wisest old friend I have and the best American I know. He is all the more American because he himself is a convert. Born in Europe, of a blood far from the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic strain, he settled among us and was naturalized because he saw in the American ideal his own ideal. And he, better than most outsiders, knows Alsace.

"Ah," he said, "you only half understand. Of course they love France. Everyone does who takes the time to get acquainted with her. But that isn't all. They discovered democracy with France; they fought and bled and died with France for democracy in the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, were a apostate with France during the Restoration, were working back with her, to their real beliefs under Napoleon III—and then Germany robbed them of their share in the Third Republic. Perhaps they don't know it themselves; but what they see marching behind the Tricolor is democracy—their faith. They're behaving as they are because they're our kind of people, coming back to their own."

This, perhaps, explains it. The Alsatians are mountain people, and out of the peaks comes freedom. Just a step along the range lies Switzerland; and the Alsatians are more nearly akin to the majority faction of the Swiss than ever they were to the Germans. Now the Swiss, as everyone knows, were the dawn-bringers of the freedom of peoples, and maintain the sturdiest little democracy in this world.

Yet for all this France will have on her hands an Alsatian problem during the years of readjustment. The sober workaday side of recovered Alsace, and the prospects for this remarriage, now that the feast room is swept and the guests have gone, I will describe in another article.

SO THIS IS GERMANY!

(Continued from Page 4)

trees; clean towns whose architecture was faintly reminiscent of home; old tumbledown villages of the manure-pile type, whose stone houses reeked of age and the days when swashbuckler adventurers roamed the highways, taking with the strong hand. It is a marvelous land, a strange blending of the medieval with up-to-the-minute standards.

And it seemed untouched by war. That hit us hardest. For all a visitor can discern in footing it through the Rhineland provinces there might never have been a world conflict.

We missed the familiar sight of cattle, however. The farmers were working a few cows to the plow and to wagons, and we passed a score of oxen in three days, but there were no herds. Flocks of sheep grazed the pasture lands; there was grunting in the villages; but on the whole livestock seemed very scarce. The Germans did not appear to possess so many horses for civilian use as had the French. We were told that both horses and cattle had been requisitioned for military needs.

At first we saw very few men of military age. The only males were elders or small boys. But after the first two days—after the Germans perceived that American occupation carried with it no threat to their security or the peaceful pursuit of their occupations—the men began to appear. This raised a suspicion that they had been keeping in the background so as not to provoke trouble until assured of how the victorious invaders would conduct themselves. That left considerable responsibility upon their womenfolk and old men, but it was the prudent course.

As I said before, this portion of Germany looked untouched by the war. Yet an army of two hundred and fifty thousand had retreated along these same roads only a few days before. They had retired in excellent order and with fine discipline. Whatever reports were sent out to the contrary, we know absolutely that the boche military machine worked with precision to the last.

They, the vanquished, went along these roads ahead of us, the soldiers, decorated with bunting and green boughs, heads up and singing. The townspeople turned out to give them a welcome fit for heroes. Flags flaunted; they marched under arches; bands played; it was a genuine triumph. And on their heels, a few days later, followed the Americans — victors — without fluster, without bravado or exultation, going soberly to their duty of occupying the Rhine bridgeheads.

Except for patches of waste paper and an occasional tin can we should never have known that a big army had preceded us. Those and several broken-down trucks, and three big guns that could not be hauled farther and were left beside the road, constituted the only traces until Coblenz was reached. The German discipline was first-class. Some of our men saw the rearguard of Hindenburg's forces moving along the opposite river bank. They marched as to a festival, singing and hurrahing, and every group was bedecked. Their parting assurances to Coblenz just before crossing the Rhine were: "The war's over. *Ja!* But we will come back. It may be five—ten—twenty years; but we will come back."

The contrast between this seemingly strong, unscathed Germany and the devastated regions of France was so bewildering that it left our men dazed. What if the Germans had been forced to endure four years of struggle on their own territory? What sort of people were they, anyhow?

"Look what the South did!" exclaimed an officer from Virginia. "Long after they knew the situation was hopeless—long after their country was ruined and they had nothing to eat and nothing to fight with, they kept on. But these people—why, they quit cold as soon as the tide turned."

That is the impression of Germany this man's army has received. The military outlook was hopeless and they lacked some of the sinews of war, so they behaved like shrewd traders and cut their losses. Figured in cold blood it was the sensible thing to do; but it hasn't improved American opinion of their fortitude.

"I was in Berlin in 1914, the night war was declared," asserted a captain of the Fifth Field Artillery, "and I paraded round with those shouting mobs for twelve hours. They were war-mad then. And yesterday an ex-officer from Prussia hurriedly lit a match for my cigarette when he saw me groping for a light. Pshaw! I'd have more respect for them if they tried to drop a piano out of a window on top of my bean."

Often and often the boys had talked in their dugouts, in the trenches and in billets back in the rest areas of what they would do to Germany and the German people if ever the Allies beat the boches. That was when Heinie was giving us the worst of it, when his artillery and machine guns were particularly active and his avions came over nightly to drop bombs. And what the doughboys threatened to do was a plenty.

However, the American soldier in a fight and the American soldier after the fight is over are two different beings. Perhaps no troops on the Western Front were more pitiless in battle; in the crisis they fought with a savage earnestness that neither asked nor gave quarter. But they have proved to be the most generous victors in history.

The Third Army have entered Germany absolutely devoid of hate for their beaten enemy. They would hate him again should trouble start, but they don't intend to wreak any spite on his women and children and families and property now that he is down. It isn't in the American nature to hate women and children; nor can Americans hate a helpless foe. Hate has its springs in fear or envy, and neither of those sentiments enters into the soldiers' feelings toward Germany.

It is an amazing situation. Our Allies cannot understand our behavior at all. Here is the Third Army, composed of those divisions which have steadily borne the brunt of the fighting this year and which might be expected to burn with a desire to avenge their enormous losses and inflict on the boches some of the misery the boches inflicted on the world—here is that army behaving with toleration and a strict regard for the security and property of civilians.

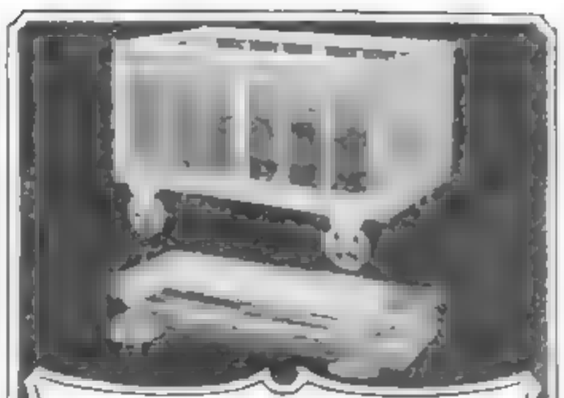
This will enrage a lot of shouters at home, without doubt. They would treat 'em rough and give the dirty boches a taste of their own medicine. But if the men who did the fighting are content to behave in this fashion I cannot see that the hysterical element has ground for complaint. And the doughboy is quite content to leave hating to those who like that sort of thing.

My idea of a victorious army of occupation was probably that of the average civilian—triumphal entries; the whole sidewalk; wild nights of revelry; ear-splitting whoops in the dark streets; taking ruthlessly whatever struck the soldiery's fancy; and in every occupied town a few of the conquerors lying cold in the dawn, with sightless eyes staring at the sky. I know that is the picture a lot of our men had formed of what would happen in Germany. Time and again doughboys have said to me: "I aim to wear my ol' tin hat all the time and never look up."

The reality has been wholly different. It could hardly be more peaceful or more orderly were the army moving from Massachusetts into New York State for maneuvers.

Never shall we forget our first night in Germany. The doughboys wandered round the towns a while, taking a few drinks of Moselle wine and watered beer, and then went quietly to bed. Not a yell,

(Continued on Page 57)



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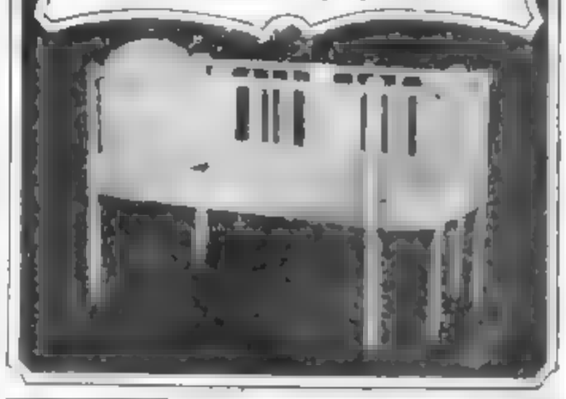

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Billie Burke *in* "The Make-Believe Wife"
Lina Cavalier *in* The Two Brides
Marguerite Clark *in* Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
Ethel Clayton *in* "Mabel's Husband"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* Hard Boiled
Pauline Frederick *in* "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Boots"
Lila Lee *in* The Secret Garden
Vivian Martin *in* "You Never Saw Such a Girl"
Shirley Mason *in* The Winning Girl
*Charles Ray *in* "The Girl Dodger"
Wallace Reid *in* The Dub
Bryant Washburn *in* "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"Little Women" A Wm. A. Brady Production
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan *in* "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production Don't Change Your Husband
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "His Parisian Wife"
D. W. Griffith's Production "A Romance of Happy Valley"
*William S. Hart *in* Breed of Men
Mary Pickford *in* Johanna Enlists
Fred Stone *in* Under the Top
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Kat and Stitch Tailors" "East Lynne With Variations"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "One Every Minute"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* Paramount-Drew Comedies

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

(Continued from Page 55)

not so much as a Bronx-cocktail whoop. Some of us wandered into a café. American soldiers were sitting in one room, shaking dice for the drinks; in another, a bunch of elderly Germans were holding some kind of meeting and listening to a speech from one of their number. Presently three boches, ex-soldiers, entered and bowed to the company. They sat down, ordered some beer, and then one of them took his place at the piano. A couple of nice-looking girls appeared, hardly more than fourteen years of age. They danced in the middle of the floor with the two other German ex-soldiers, for the entertainment of the invaders.

Going along the streets one could hear our men amusing themselves in billets:

"Ford them dice, buddy! Ford them dice!"

"How you mean—ford these here dice?"

"Shake, rattle and roll!"

And in another place somebody was twanging a mandolin, and the boys were crooning songs of the dear homeland.

Division headquarters was in a handsome P. C., the home of a wealthy doctor. After the general and his staff had dined that night the mess cooks went down into the basement and taught three freight-car maids how to do the fox trot and the one-step, to the music of a guitar played by a wop orderly from the East Side. In return the lumbering domestics put on a German dance very similar to the swaying of a big bear with a pole.

We went along the roads. The sentry squads were crouched over little fires, and invariably we found German girls hovering in the vicinity. Sentries were patrolling in pairs with fixed bayonets, but they neither stopped nor interfered with the civilians, who were about.

A Flabbergasted Army

While a group of American officers were taking dinner in the Hotel Porta Nigra, in Treves—or Trier, as the boches call it—there strolled in a German general in full uniform and blazing with decorations. He bowed to the entire room, with perfect poise, then went to a table. In a moment he espied an American captain whom he recognized; he rose and shook him by the hand.

"We have been waiting for you," he said in English; and the American joined him and two members of his family at dinner.

The incident provoked some hot criticism from those who witnessed it, for the army had strict orders against fraternization.

But what is fraternization? Does it apply to skirts? The doughboy contends that it doesn't. If it did the order would be almost impossible of enforcement. For what can a poor soldier do when a pretty girl smiles at him and airs her command of English with a soft "Good night"?

The German reception of our troops has been so extraordinary that the army is flabbergasted. What does it mean? They seem to be even friendly. They are polite, punctiliously anxious to meet our wishes; everywhere troops are quartered the inhabitants treat them kindly.

But it is unthinkable that they should not hate and cherish resentment against a nation which they consider cost them the war. They could not forget their dead in a space of days. Consequently the high command has arrived at the conclusion that the German attitude is all part of a definite policy of conciliation—that in America they see their only hope of obtaining less harsh terms at the peace table—that they are anxious to win Americans from their Allies and sow dissension. If that theory be correct, and if these people are merely obeying orders—are merely shaping their conduct to conform to Hindenburg's proclamation to treat the invaders courteously—are merely following the advice of their local leaders and burgomasters—then Germany is still as one man in patient obedience and discipline. That kind of Germany throws a doubt on any real upheaval, any widespread republicanism.

Yet you cannot sense any smoldering hostility behind their attitude. When American forces entered Mexico the people stared quietly at the soldiers going by, but the very air tingled with suppressed hate. One felt that only a spark was needed to start a conflagration. I have yet to find an individual in our army who can sense that feeling here.

When the Third Army crossed the Moselle the inhabitants of the border towns either kept indoors or looked the other way. Those who were in the streets gazed lethargically at the long khaki-clad columns. And at first they were frightened. There is no doubt about that. With a party of officers I visited sixty villages, at least, a day ahead of our troops.

But within twelve hours German fears seem to have been dissipated. Apparently the news of our peaceful entry and the exemplary conduct of the American troops flew over the country. Also the German children carried the tidings. No man on earth gets on with children like the American soldier. They just naturally gravitate to him, and he gives them candy, and tries to talk their lingo, and teaches them slang, and fills them with food until their little tummies bulge like a football. The result is that the road lies open to the hearts of the parents, and the whole family take him in as one of themselves.

Often a cook has been stopped from feeding so many children. If left to their own devices some of our cooks and kitchen police would feed half the population; and rations have been none too plentiful. Indeed, some days they did not get up at all, and whole companies were subsisting on reserve rations or getting along on one meal a day.

Well, the kiddies carried the news. And within no time at all the Americans were at home in every town. Once out of the manure area and into the larger centers the soldiers slept in beds and not on the floors of haymows or next to the cow. They had clean sheets—oh, boy; and the inhabitants boiled coffee for them and gave them meals. This man's army was soon sittin' pretty.

"Thank God, we're out of them smells!" was the general cry.

At Hetzerath an officer was billeted in the house of a widow who had four sons in the German Army. One was killed; another wounded last July; a third was a prisoner in France, and the mother expressed a conviction that he would never come back, for she had heard that all prisoners would be kept in France to rehabilitate the devastated regions. She cooked a meal for the American, put a hot-water bottle in his bed because he was suffering from a cold, and inquired "Is your mother alive?"

He replied in the affirmative, mentioning that he was an only son.

"I am very glad," she said earnestly; "very glad that you are going back to her."

I wandered into a billet where half a dozen doughboys were quartered. There was a bout on with eight-ounce gloves. One of the principals was a husky New Englander; his opponent a broad-backed German woman, with the arms and hands and ankles of a stevedore. He would tap her on the nose, and she would sail into him with her arms flailing and then massage his face with the gloves.

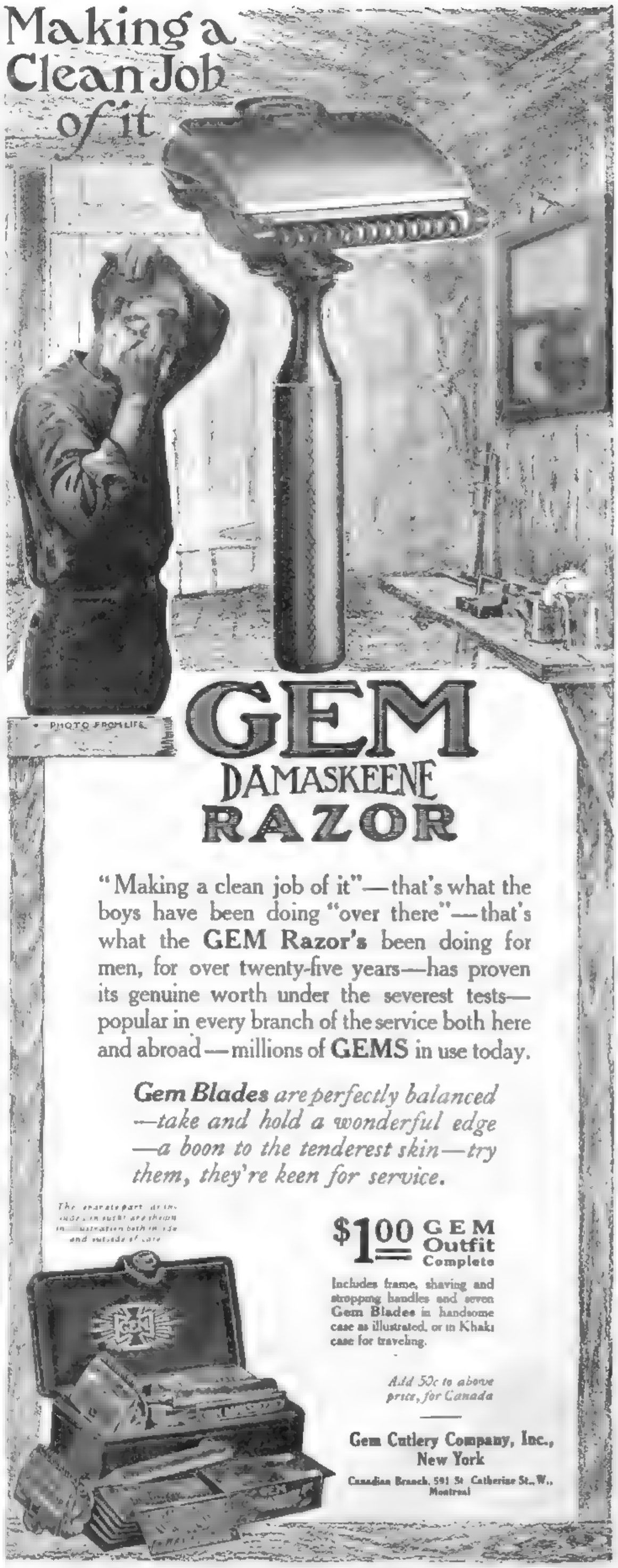
From Francs into Marks

The Germans did not raise their prices on food or other things. That was probably in obedience to a decree issued by the American command, but even in those remote places where the decree hadn't been published the citizens failed to take advantage of the opportunity for overcharging, and it made a hit with the soldiers. In lots of cafés the waitresses refused tips after serving drinks; but this we construed as a symptom of pride. However, the boys wish they could encounter more of that type of hostility.

The only matter on which the troops have been stung is exchange. Of course the Army paid them in francs; they'll probably pay them in marks about the time the troops return to France en route home. Now, the mark used to be worth more than the franc and the obstinate boches entertained the notion that it had its old value. Consequently they would accept French currency only at the rate of twenty francs for sixteen marks. Our troops turned loose hundreds of thousands of dollars at this rate. Then a French decree put the mark where it belonged, and now you can get twenty-eight of them for a twenty-franc note.

The civilians appear to accept the imposed rates cheerfully. In numerous instances where they tendered less than the proper rate they paid the difference to our men with alacrity when informed of the exchange figure.

A wealthy merchant of Coblenz was arrested for giving our soldiers change at the rate of a hundred and thirty marks for a hundred francs and then going to the banks


Making a Clean Job of it
PHOTO FROM LIFE
GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR
"Making a clean job of it"—that's what the boys have been doing "over there"—that's what the GEM Razor's been doing for men, for over twenty-five years—has proven its genuine worth under the severest tests—popular in every branch of the service both here and abroad—millions of GEMS in use today.
Gem Blades are perfectly balanced—take and hold a wonderful edge—a boon to the tenderest skin—try them, they're keen for service.
$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete
Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles and seven Gem Blades in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.
Add 50c to above price, for Canada
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Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

A new kind of universal joint

It transmits power without jolts and jars

THE power that drives your car will also wear it out.

Out of sight, underneath the body of your car, is a long shaft that runs from the power unit to the rear axle. Along this bridge runs the whole driving force of your engine.

At one, or perhaps both ends, is a joint that allows this shaft to adapt itself to the inequalities of the road. This is the universal joint.

Until recently, engineers have tolerated a standard design of universal joint made entirely of metal. Although apparently correct in mechanical design, this type of universal joint invariably wears and becomes loose after a few thousand miles of running.

When these constantly spinning parts of unyielding metal become worn, the power of the engine is transmitted to the rear axle in jerks and jars. This results in a continual racking of the car from end to end. Likewise is delivered to the engine every road shock encountered by the rear wheels.

Metal universals are inaccessible and difficult to lubricate. A lack of lubrication intensifies the shocks, noise and back lash, so destructive to the entire chassis.

New principle in universal joint design

Not until the Thermoid Hardy Universal Joint was designed had engineers found a way to get around these difficulties. Today manufacturers of 47 leading cars have made this new flexible universal joint standard equipment on their cars. They have made this change to add to the length of life and service of their cars.

This new universal joint is constructed with a flexible disc which acts as a cushion. It protects the entire chassis against the destructive jolts of sudden starting, and the continual succession of road shocks.

It has no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces, and consequently requires no lubrication. It cannot wear down and become noisy like the metal joint.

Ask to see the universal joint of the car you buy

While its wide-spread acceptance by leading engineers has been particularly emphasized during the last two seasons, it has been thoroughly tested for years, both in shop and service. Many Thermoid Hardy Universal Joints have run over 60,000 miles each without reaching their limit of endurance and wear.

An interesting, understandable book on "Universal Joints, Their Use and Misuse," has been prepared to give motorists a more complete idea of what this joint will do. Send for your free copy today.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, N. J.

Sole American Manufacturers

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit Los Angeles Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston London Paris Turin

THERMOID-HARDY UNIVERSAL JOINT

Makers of "Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining" and "Thermoid Cerolide Compound Casings"

and obtaining a hundred and forty-two. He was locked up for two days. The example was sufficient.

At this writing new regulations in regard to cafés and restaurants are going into effect. No hard stuff can be sold any more, either to the troops or to civilians. Furthermore, instead of keeping open all day and until late at night drinking places can sell only between the hours of eleven A. M. and two P. M., and from five to seven in the evening. Nothing but light wines and beer is permitted. This takes away from the gayety of nations, but will doubtless contribute to averting trouble.

Un petit moment! Let us take a squint at the food situation while we are about it.

It would be manifestly improper to judge of the state of Germany's food supply by only a portion of the country, and that portion one of the richest. However, from what this army has seen it will hear reports of privation and want with its tongue in its cheek. *Mais oui.* Every wail of that description will fall on deaf ears.

For there has been plenty of food wherever we have gone. The bread has been dark and rather soggy, but not a whit more so than Boston brown bread. The boches were rationed on meat and sugar and potatoes and nearly everything else—but what belligerent was not? And the people certainly look well fed. They tell us that food of every description could always be had in excess of the ration for a little money.

Learning to Know Americans

They explained that all the cattle had been requisitioned; but I bought at Schweich for an officers' mess eleven pounds of good beef for ten marks—and the mark is worth less than fourteen cents now. We had an excellently cooked dinner at the best hotel in Treves, consisting of potato soup, thick juicy steak, potatoes, cabbage, pie, *Schmierkäse* and coffee for six marks—less than ninety cents in American money.

A druggist in Schweich informed me that they had not suffered during the war. Each family had to cut down on certain kinds of food, and toasted barley was issued as a substitute for coffee, but never did they feel the pinch of hunger. Since the armistice the reserve stocks of coffee, hoarded for military use, have been released.

"In the large cities and the industrial centers it was different," he declared. "There they went hungry."

No matter where we went it was the same—no lack of the necessaries of life. Always the food shortage was farther on or somewhere else. I have grown dubious of that "somewhere else," because none of us has ever been able to locate the place in Europe. We heard in America grim tales of starving France, and on getting over there found out that we could obtain a square meal cheaply anywhere in France. Consequently they will have to show this army before it credits the famine tales. So much bunk is fed the public in the form of propaganda that the soldiers have learned to believe what they see with their own eyes, and not what is handed out to them.

Wittlich is a prosperous town of about seven thousand, with clean streets and fine homes and a handsome casino. My landlady there was the wife of an officer in the boche army ahead of us. She kept the front door locked all the time, so that whenever any of our party entered during the day we had to ring. Finally I asked her why—she spoke English.

"With the American troops in town? Oh, yes!"

"But they will not harm you. You can leave that door wide open day and night, and not a man will enter. You can go about the streets, and not a man will stop you or try to speak to you."

She listened incredulously. "But we have heard from our soldiers how savage the Americans are."

"Madam," I said, "they only treat 'em rough in battle. Everywhere else the American soldier is *très gentil, très aimable.* You have nothing to fear."

"Ah!" she exclaimed in intense relief. "Just like the Germans."

"No—not like the Germans!"

After that she left her door open, and when we departed she assured us that she intended writing hubby all about the amazing behavior of the American troops.

The system of billeting has been very satisfactory. An officer goes ahead of each unit with a detachment—for no parties of less than eight men are allowed to enter an unoccupied town—and interviews the burgomaster. From him he obtains a list of all the hotels and houses in town with accommodation for troops, the number of rooms, and every available billeting space. Then he and his assistants look them over and make the assignments.

Generally the burgomaster has evinced eagerness to oblige. The lists have been ready and every facility afforded. Occasionally, however, one has tried to protect his friends or acquaintances, but he never got very far. The Americans have firmly demanded the accommodation they needed.

One billeting officer was offered thirty rooms when he required a hundred and twenty. He announced what his requirements were, but the burgomaster was obdurate; so he gave a hitch to his automatic—and it was enough. He got a hundred and twenty rooms.

The French do not stand for any trifling. Two liaison officers strolled into their billet, only to be met with protests from the proprietor against their occupation.

"We will stay here," one announced calmly; "and you will serve us with hot coffee at ten o'clock to-night. Do you understand? Your troops burned my house in France—so I will occupy your best room. And coffee at ten, sharp!"

A Prussian officer raised passionate objection to any American's occupying his home. Was he not an officer? It was an insult! He worked himself into a fine rage over the slight to his dignity. That billeting officer thereupon filled his house with field artillerymen; two of them slept in the boche's own bed. I hope they kept their shoes on. Next morning he was very obsequious—almost ready to salute the cook.

One or two instances of overzeal were corrected. A woman complained that the Americans had taken over her entire hotel of fourteen rooms, leaving one room for herself and three members of the family. She did not appear to resent that, but they had also ordered her to remove all the provisions and articles out of a storeroom to make place for an office. The incident was investigated. Not only was she excused from vacating the storeroom but the major in charge assigned her two rooms for herself and family. She fell on her knees and tried to kiss his hand.

A Smart-Aleck Burgomaster

The burgomasters throughout the American territory had been warned in advance to collect all firearms from the civilian inhabitants. They had placarded the towns and villages, but we saw plenty of shotguns in possession of men along the roads. They were out for hares. So a more drastic decree was issued—that all explosives and firearms except those in the hands of public employees required to be armed should be taken up by December fifteenth.

In pursuance of this order shops selling firearms were visited and the stocks taken over by the Americans and placed under guard. The burgomasters also turned in considerable quantities. No trouble was experienced. The civilians surrendered their weapons without demur. One burgomaster tried to be slyly facetious and turned in a number of toy pistols and daggers, but that is about what might be expected of a squarehead in the way of humor, and he was quietly ignored.

It is patent that the boches have set out to cultivate the Americans. They have punctiliously observed toward us every condition of the armistice. A pontoon bridge existed at Treis when their retreating troops moved out. It was taken down. On the arrival of our forces there the matter was reported to the German command.

Back came a gang of Heinies one night and flung a new pontoon bridge across the Moselle between eight o'clock and three next morning. They worked by the lights of trucks, a detachment of American M. P.'s watching them.

This desire to propitiate crops out in all their conversation and in their newspapers. They persistently draw comparisons between the mildness of American occupation and that of our Allies; they keep harping upon their relief that American troops are in their area, instead of English or French. It is all done designedly, with a fixed purpose. They have expectations of being fed by the United States; but there is another motive also—to split the Allies.

The Coblenzer Zeitung, of December seventh, drew a sharp distinction between the Allied Armies and those of the United

(Continued on Page 61)

As Distinctive as the White Triangle

Note the Way in Which Hudson Super-Six Owners Accelerate Their Cars

Is there any feeling quite as exhilarating to the motorist as that which comes to the driver of a car that is master of acceleration?

Watch the cars at the crossing when the signal "Go" is given.

The second or third from the line is a Super-Six. It has taken the lead half way in the next block. That is such a common performance that owners of other cars do not often dispute Super-Six right of way.

$2,200 f.o.b. Detroit for the 7-Passenger Phaeton

Such satisfaction is distinctive to Hudson.

But Hudson owners do not limit their praise to its superior acceleration. They tell how it grows in their affections because of its dependability. They enjoy its freedom and power.

Such confidence adds much to one's automobile satisfaction.

No one rides merely to enjoy the scenery. The thrill that comes with dominance over inertia is one of its pleasures. It is like the exhilaration of youth.

A Quality Not Revealed By the Specifications

More worth-while records than any other car has ever shown, give proof of Super-Six speed, acceleration and endurance. Official records mention the Super-Six again and again as holding the best time for this or that notable stock car event.

But these things can not convey the feeling that one experiences when he is master of such a car. No word will express it.

Drive your Super-Six in a way that will give you its greatest motoring enjoyment. You can lead any procession of cars. You can dominate any road.

Production Limited Until June

Super-Six production will not be normal before June.

Just now factory output is concentrated on closed cars.

No open car models will be produced until that schedule, for which there is an immediate over-demand, is filled.

If you want a Super-Six phaeton—either four or seven passenger type—you may be able to find one at your dealer's. Some have a few in stock. When they are gone, all must wait until production is resumed.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

ARMCO IRON

For Safe, Sound, and Profitable Building Construction

TO tear down is the business of war; to build up is the business of peace. Razed and ravaged Europe must be restored, and great and busy America must continue to grow and expand. It is absurd to think that the next decade will see otherwise than a colossal building boom in every part of the world.

With the world demanding construction of a permanent nature, metal will be used for building as never before. We expect every available pound of our product, Armco (American Ingot) Iron, to be used for such purposes as fast as we can supply it. In every phase of its manufacture, Armco Iron is subjected to scientific and never-ending care and inspection. It combines *purity, evenness, density* and other qualities that make for durability.

Building Uses for Armco Iron

In every kind of building, new or altered, residential, industrial, public, or office, Armco Iron can be most profitably employed for all exposed metal parts such as roofing, coping, pent houses, skylights, water tanks, ventilators, window frames and sashes, and for such purposes as metal lath where durability is a factor even though the metal is not directly exposed.

Every architect, builder and property owner or investor who is interested in safe, sound, and profitable building construction, should write us for information specifically applied to his building problems.

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

The American Rolling Mill Co., Dept. 936, Middletown, Ohio

(Continued from Page 58)

States. It was probably done under orders. In one column the paper published dispatches from Düsseldorf, Cologne, Ludwigshafen and other points describing the harsh terms inflicted upon the civilian population by the Belgians, English and French. One item told of how the assistant chief of the commission that has to do with turning over the railroads was stopped by Belgian soldiers, beaten up and despoiled of his insignia of rank, though provided with a pass from the Armistice Commission. Then in a paragraph immediately below it the Coblenzer Zeitung said:

"BERLIN, Dec. 6—A representative of the Foreign Office, just returned from Trier, reports that the advance of the American troops is being carried out without any disturbance to the civilian population. The opinions of all German circles—shopkeepers, hotel keepers, landowners, the man in the street—is unanimous in recognizing the American conduct as faultless. Everything goes on in its accustomed way. The American columns take the greatest precautions not to interfere with civilian traffic. No proclamations have been issued which place any restrictions whatsoever on the population."

That is true enough. Civilian life is proceeding normally in the territory held by our troops. Trains are running on schedule. Barges and tugs and passenger boats ply up and down the rivers as though there had never been a war. I saw three crews of oarsmen rowing on the Rhine to-day, nattily rigged out in sweaters and knee pants as though taking part in a regatta. The shops are all open and doing a thriving trade. Their stocks appear to be about the same as what would be found in places of similar size at home, and the goods look fresh and well made. Windows are being dressed for the Christmas trade. They are putting up fir trees along the banks of the Rhine for the celebration.

Trying to Curry Favor

The newspapers are being published without a hitch; the cinemas run wide open; they have opera nightly in Coblenz, from seven o'clock to half past nine. All the restaurants and cafés are doing a brisk business, and their orchestras play American airs, from Over There and ragtime to The Stars and Stripes Forever. We may expect to hear the Star-Spangled Banner next.

Imagine what American towns would be like with an enemy army in possession. Would our respectable men and women frequent the restaurants where the invaders ate and drank? Would they rub elbows with the conquerors? Would they make friendly advances? These people do. And we cannot understand. We can only wonder. If it is done under orders—and we suspect it is—the Germans are still under an iron discipline, or obedience is second nature with them.

I can picture an army of occupation in a Kansas or Missouri or Ohio or Texas town—in any American community. Sniping from round the corners; kettles of hot water from the upper windows; a bureau or two, a bed and the family piano; absolute ostracism of the enemy whenever civilians and they met in public; fights and sudden brawls, and the dark corners of streets giving up the dead each morn. But here it threatened to become a family party. Things are a lot easier for the Third Army in consequence, but we don't admire the boches any the more for it.

The newspaper editors and theater managers were summoned before the army authorities—the Americans have also organized a civil government under the Judge-Advocate-General's Department—and told that they would be allowed to conduct their businesses without interference so long as they observed the rules. These rules laid down that nothing should be printed or shown or played which reflected or even commented upon the Allied governments or peoples or forces—which sought to draw distinctions or insidiously sowed dissension. All articles and items and pictures of a propaganda character were also banned. The assembled publishers and theater proprietors expressed their thanks, bowed low and departed. And they are running full blast, under American supervision.

Every German talks about our treatment of civilians—how we have no curfew law, how we refrain from making civilians take their hats off to officers. It would appear that in other areas the civilian inhabitants have to keep indoors between nine at night and six in the morning, and are also obliged to salute the officers of the armies of occupation. The Americans don't do that. As for enforcing a salute from civilians, that is straight against American training and ideas of democracy.

The boches have spread reports among our men of harshness on the part of our Allies which are grossly untrue. Some wonderful tales have gone the rounds; investigation has exploded them. Even the enemy complaints with some basis are trivial. They are lucky to escape so lightly. We often wonder what they would be doing to us or the French and British if the situation were reversed.

It is amusing to hear the same note in all their conversation. The boches repeat the same identical ideas like parrots—how they had the French and British beaten and then our swelling numbers turned the tide—how relieved they are that Americans happen to occupy this area—how we have been deceived and plucked by our Allies—and beware the Japanese, gentlemen! *Ja!* Beware the yellow race. Boche officers, when taken prisoners, used to talk in that fashion. I have heard it in Mexico too. It all emanates from the same source, but these people chorus it like a choir.

Too Much Fraternizing

No hostile acts on the part of the Germans have been reported. Some women yelled *"Schweinhunde!"* at a headquarters troop one morning, but nobody heeded them. And once as a general's car went by a boy of about five years ran out into the street to wave the German flag. Everybody grinned at him.

On the other hand, there has been altogether too much fraternizing. It is against American nature to remain aloof or haughty. Once a fight is over they are always perfectly ready to meet the vanquished on an amicable footing. So we have seen our soldiers sitting in cafés with girls, and sometimes with boche men; there have been many little parties; frequently our truck drivers have given Heinies in uniform a lift from one village to another.

The French have taken alarm over this situation. They descry in it an attempt on the part of the enemy to curry favor with the Americans to the prejudice of the French and British. They would have us keep the Germans at a distance.

It is unfortunate that the portions of France that our soldiers saw were those hard hit by invasion, whereas this undamaged area is one of the most fertile in Germany; for the boys draw unjust comparisons. What they do not take into account is the fact that the boche treatment of our troops is dictated by fear and a desire to propitiate.

They overlook another matter, too—this is a sort of picnic, devoid of tension, whereas all their experiences in France were influenced by the strain of war.

The soldiers began mixing round so freely and talked so openly about the fine reception they were receiving in Germany that prompt steps had to be taken to check the tendency. To-day an order was issued forbidding the officers and men of the Third Army even to talk with women in public, and the M. P.'s are having their hands full seeing that the order is obeyed. The commanding general of the First Division found it necessary to send out the following:

"You are not in friendly territory. Its inhabitants are your enemies. You are not in a state of peace; hostilities are merely suspended. . . . The enemy population about us is composed not only of people who have not had an active part in the war but of discharged officers and soldiers, perhaps of officers and soldiers not yet discharged. The families have lost sons, brothers and fathers. They have suffered discomfort and privation. They supported an unjust war.

"They resent their losses. They have been taught to hate. There is no reason conceivable for their being truly friendly to us. By appearing friendly they may study our character, discover our weaknesses, establish profitable connections, become possessed of information of military importance. There is no real friendliness. There is only its appearance for calculated profit.

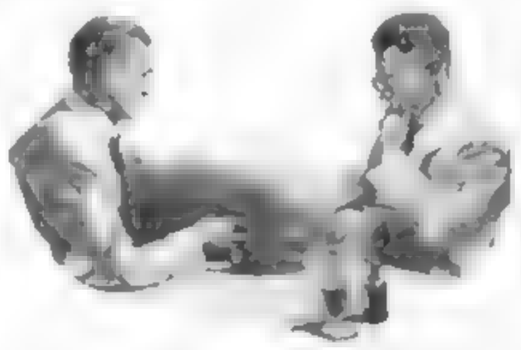
"The officers and soldiers from these people burned, wrecked, looted, raped,

How Scientists Bake Beans

Doctors Said the Dish Was Unfit

Doctors said that old-style baking left Pork and Beans unfit. They were underbaked—very hard to digest. And everybody knew that.

Also, the dish was not dainty. Some beans were crisped, some mushy. The skins were tough. The sauce was seldom zestful.



Then Science Took It Up

Then scientists in the Van Camp kitchens took up the study of this dish. They are culinary experts, college trained in scientific cookery.

They set out to create for us a perfect Pork and Bean dish.

Worked Four Years

They worked four years on this single dish, and spent at least $100,000. The result is Van Camp's Pork and Beans as millions now enjoy them. The beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because hard water makes skins tough.

They are baked by live steam under pressure—baked for hours at 245 degrees. They are thus made easy to digest. Yet the beans are not crisped, not broken. They come out whole and mealy.

Tested 856 Sauces

In perfecting the sauce these experts tested 856 recipes, until they attained the utmost in tang and zest and flavor. And they bake that sauce with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares it.

Now At Your Call

As a result, you now have at your call an ideal Pork and Bean dish. It will give this food a new place in your diet.

Ask your grocer for it. Compare it with the beans you know. If you find it better—and better for you—keep a supply on hand.

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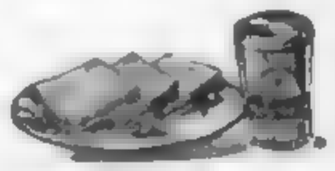

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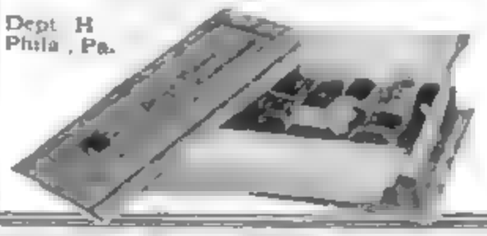

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
870 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

enslaved, murdered, drowned, destroyed, treacherously called *'Kamerad!'* Their government violated every humane principle of international law, whined about legitimate hostile acts against itself. Its victims were women and children and civilian men on land and at sea, as well as soldiers and sailors. The German Government and its army were cruel, savage, lustful. Robbery, pillage, treachery, torture, bribery, calculated and malevolent brutality were their instruments. . . .

"A people from whom such an army came cannot possibly in a month have become our friends. They are our enemies. We are theirs.

"We are among a hostile, warlike people, trained in military life—skillful, quick and bitter in criticism, hating the United States because of its decisive part in their defeat, servile and ingratiating in the hope of benefits—curious, inquisitive, selfish, brutal at heart.

"Let us by our military bearing, appearance, courtesy and conduct show that we are the best soldiers in Europe. Let us by our dignity, calmness, aloofness, justice and severity prove true to the memory of our fallen comrades. Let us by our straight living, good habits, pride, courage and self-reliance give reason for a just estimate of our countrymen. Let us by self-discipline, by supervision and by performance of the duties of command—prepare ourselves for a resumption of war, for a continuance of the suspension of hostilities or for that peace which has been the purpose of the war."

We had been warned that the population of Treves might prove hostile, but the citizens gazed apathetically at our troops. The more prosperous studiously avoided looking at them in public and turned aside to gaze into shop windows; but in every large house the Americans passed you could see window curtains drawn back cautiously for a peep. As for the proletariat, they lined the curbs and stared like cattle. What they were thinking heaven only knows—we would give a lot to find out.

A Long-Lost Sister

Quite a few of the women smiled; many of the men doffed their hats or nodded. The Heinies in uniform clicked their heels together, jerked back their heads with a force sufficient to dislocate their necks and gave our officers snappy salutes.

As a battalion of machine gunners passed through a street in Treves there came a scream from the sidewalk. Next instant a soldier left the ranks, to be pounced upon and wildly embraced by a woman. She was his sister, whom he had not seen in thirteen years. She cried over him and patted him with soft little pats, and asked a flood of questions. Two minutes, and he broke away. Without so much as a glance back he fell into place and went tramp, tramp, tramp with the column toward the Rhine.

That sort of thing has been of frequent occurrence. Scores of our soldiers have discovered relatives in this area; thousands of our men speak the language. A newspaper correspondent advertised in a Coblenz paper that civilians could get into touch with relatives in America through him. A hundred and fifty waited upon him next day.

This portion of Germany is extremely religious. Every hill and crossroad and street bend has its shrine or cross. We asked a priest at Treis what he thought of the war. He railed bitterly against the Prussians; blamed everything on them. They were not Germans, he declared. They had never been anything but barbarians. At a time in history when the church was rearing some of its grandest cathedrals—as late as the fourteenth century—these Prussians had been offering human sacrifices to pagan gods, he said.

I am persuaded that the mass of the German people did not succumb to the propaganda which painted Americans as savages—they had too many relatives in the United States to swallow that—but they did unquestionably believe that we came into the war out of mercenary motives.

A twelve-year-old boy was examined at Hetzerath. "You Americans," he said boldly, "entered the war so that you would not lose the money you loaned to the Allies."

"Where did you learn that?" he was asked.

"In school."

And who started the war? Why was it started? Who was to blame? Why had they submitted to Prussian despotism? They had only shrugs and vague answers. What did they think of the Kaiser and how should he be punished? More shrugs—the Kaiser was not to blame, they said. He was forced into the war against his will. The whole trouble was due to the military leaders. On only one point were they all agreed.

"Who do you think is going to pay for the war?"

"Oh, Rothschild is to pay for it."

Throughout the march to Germany the Americans were passing released prisoners daily—English and French principally. Many of the French wore the antiquated red breeches and quaint coats their infantry were provided with at the start of the war. The prisoners trudged along the roads in small bands, carrying their effects done up in bundles.

Hundreds of demobilized German soldiers also filtered through our army, en route to their homes. They were not molested or interfered with in any way. But orders came suddenly to turn back all Russian prisoners; they were being unloaded on us by the Germans in thousands, so that the Americans would have to feed them. All were promptly returned.

It struck us as odd that so many boches should roam about in uniform in the presence of victors.

"If I was beat I wouldn't go paradin' round," remarked a doughboy.

Perhaps they have no other clothes, being demobilized soldiers. Most of the small boys are also clad in uniforms, cut down from papa's or big brother Fritz's.

After December fifteenth no adult was permitted to appear in German uniform within the area of occupation unless on duty and provided with a written permit from the American authorities. No assemblages for political discussions are allowed and it has been decreed that all articles put out for sale shall be disposed of to the Americans at the same prices as to the Germans.

I met a doughboy who has been with troops at the Front ever since we had a Front. He was as glum as an oyster; his morale was mighty low.

"What's on your mind?"

"Oh, I want to go home. When will we get home?"

"Pretty soon—perhaps."

He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Do you know, I'd give my right arm to march to the Rhine with my company, but if the choice was put up to me right now whether I'd go home or go to the Rhine—well, me for Wisconsin."

Not a man in the Third Army but wants to go home. They are longing to get back. They feel that America has accomplished what it set out to do and that the sooner the army returns to the United States the better.

The more thoughtful among them have reasons other than personal. They can foresee snares and pitfalls and tortuous ways ahead. Already the difficulties are piling up; already problems are arising which may easily place us in a false position. They fear that the United States may become mixed up in the wrangles and jealousies and hates that dominate all national affairs in Europe. The people are fed on it from the cradle. They learn to fear and distrust and prepare against neighboring nations. That is the direct result of propaganda from the top—endless propaganda—centuries of it.

Washington Was Right

In Europe racial prejudices are a stone wall to progress. Every war leaves bitterness and wounds which lead finally to another. It is a vicious circle, without any end in sight. From a purely American standpoint George Washington was right about "no entangling alliances." The officers in our Army are unanimous in declaring that the less we mix up in international affairs on this side of the water the better off we shall be. We haven't the same purposes, we haven't the same aspirations, we haven't even the same ideals. Though of the same blood as the older races we are yet a vastly different breed.

"And the quicker this Army is jerked out and we get back to our knitting the better. We fought for one thing—our safety. It is idle to talk of having entered the war to succor any nation. Germany drove us in. A boche triumph would have threatened our security and our institutions. So we went to war and we won. Now let's get back."

"Say, do you know who's the biggest boob on earth?" demanded a soldier of his bunkie.

"Sure I do. But who else? Shoot."

"The Kaiser," was the answer. "He had all this, and went and lost it."

They kept clean and shaved and soldierly. Wagons and carts and trucks were washed each day; the harness shone. The American Army has learned a lot in a year.

To watch the American columns advancing along the roads into Germany would give you a new sense of the manhood and the might of the United States. There is nothing that conveys such an impression of power as a marching column, and every road leading toward the Rhine has been swarming with our troops.

The hikes were long and hard, the chow was often irregular; the shoes either hurt or were badly worn; but the doughboys kept up to the mark. One battalion did forty kilometers in a day without dropping a man. About the finest human specimen on top of earth is this same American soldier—rough and ready, grumbling, never giving up; always able to laugh, even at his own plight; a holy terror in a fight; ruthless to an enemy capable of resistance; generous to a fault to a beaten foe; hating nobody, fearing none; with guts enough to storm hades, and the gentleness to win a child.

At long last they reached the Rhine. Boppard was the first of the river towns we saw—a flourishing, spruce, up-to-date little city, with a handsome modern summer hotel facing the river, and rows of lindens along the boulevard.

Marching to the Rhine

Close to it we came upon a stray soldier—and orders were that stragglers should go in couples, that no man should be left alone in a hostile country. This man was neat as a pin. His salute had a snap to it.

"What organization are you from?" demanded an officer.

"Forty-second Division, sir. Lost 'em a week ago in Luxemburg and have been trying to catch up ever since."

Now, the Forty-second Division was fully fifty miles behind, and of course the doughboy was A. W. O. L. He was going to be among the first to reach the Rhine, even if he risked a court.

The troops reached the river and marched along its bank. Large boats were plying up and down. They gazed at the river in silence. There was no cheering, no apparent enthusiasm.

When dismissed, bunches of them strolled down to the edge of the water. A soldier belonging to the Twenty-sixth Infantry gazed long and earnestly at the famous stream.

"So this is the Rhine, hey?" he exclaimed. "Well, I promised my old dad back in St. Jo that I'd do it." And then and there he imitated the mad King Charles VI of France, what time the English fleet had him bottled up.

That afternoon a formal retreat was held in Boppard. The battalions of the regiment occupying the town lined up on the boulevard facing the river—the boulevard with the lindens. And there Old Glory was unfurled. The band struck up the national anthem; a crash of hands against rifles; and the regiment presented arms. In such fashion did the Stars and Stripes reach the Rhine.

Where the Rhine and Moselle meet at Coblenz stands one of the heroic statues of the world. It is a colossal figure of the Emperor Wilhelm I on horseback, placed on a huge base and surrounded by what looks like half the Stadium at Harvard. The figure towers seventy-one feet into the air.

It is the very embodiment of force, of brute might. Nothing could better typify the German idea than this monster, monstrous bronze figure of the Kaiser's grandfather, there at the junction of Germany's great rivers. Supreme arrogance shows in the pose, as he sits on horseback with a baton in his fist. On the base is the inscription: "Never will the kingdom be destroyed as long as we are united and loyal."

Our troops entered Coblenz the other day, and I was there when a doughboy arrived at the base of the statue. He was carrying his pack, and he was very tired; so down he sat at the foot of the pedestal to mop his brow and rest. He gazed down the Rhine a few minutes and across the beautiful valley. Finally he glanced up at the bewhiskered monarch in all his brazen pomp.

"Well, ol'-timer," he said good-naturedly, "you sure played hell when you raised your boy to be a soldier."

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Dried Fruits

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Thus have we rid our tires of variable workmanship. And thus have we ended variables in mileage. The result is that every Miller is a long-distance runner—not only a few, such as some call their "lucky" ones. Our Uniform System admits no "second bests."

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"I Am Penalized If Ever One Comes Back!"

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 19

or see such people! I shall talk with your father to-night!"

"It is merely analyzing them," the girl persisted. "Don't worry, mother; I'm not at all contaminated. Besides, I intend to do such work always. And now I want to tell you about clothes. I need so very few and of such a different sort from Sally that I prefer to take my money and buy them in New York. Then I can get just what I want—a mannish tweed suit and starched waists and smocks for Sunday high teas."

"Have you been going to church?"

"Have you?"

Densie flushed.

"I'm ashamed to say not regularly. Sunday seems to be the one day in which to get caught up with odds and ends—not right, I know, and I intend it shall be different. But you, dearie, ought to go—why, even Sally does."

"Because she has good hats and decent-looking feet," Harriet retorted; "but for myself, I shall never go."

"You mean you do not believe in God!"

Densie stood up in her excitement.

"I believe in a Force—but not the cut-and-dried theology that you taught me. I believe the Deity is kindly, but not omnipotent—and I am not interested in religion half so much as in other things. If I were I dare say I might formulate a certain creed or set of ethics—the pagan philosophies interest me far more."

Densie was silent from horrified disapproval. Finally she said, "And how are you to reach the poor unless you tell them of the Greatest Poor Man of all, born in a manger?"

"There are plenty who will do that and be very happy—the sort who nag the Deity for pleasant weather on the day of church lawn fêtes and fuss over the souls of the unwashed, tying blue ribbons on them, I dare say."

"Your flippancy is not pleasing, Harriet."

"It is honesty. We must be honest, mother. I cannot tell some pleasing little untruth just because it would make you happy."

"What sort of women teach you—and men—and what sort of girls do you know?"

"A very decent sort," she answered in clipped modern fashion; "nice old things—and they've been bully to me."

"And in this great charity work of yours, who is to give old men and old women hot soups and flannels, and comfort children and take care of foundlings? Someone has to do that, Harriet, and we were always taught that to give of oneself was the greatest charity of all."

"I don't know about that side of the work. We were talking of clothes and I was saying that one good suit was all I needed ——"

"But these high teas?" Densie was not to be put off. "Where are they and what do you do at them?"

"A lot of us get together and talk over knotty problems; we row a good deal, I admit, but it's corking fun. We don't have much tea because nearly everyone smokes and drinks black coffee—tea is rather in the discard."

"Smoke! Do you know what your father would say to this?"

"Daddy won't say anything—he's no right. He smokes. Besides, everyone has the right to develop along her own peculiar bent."

"Charity workers smoking! Is that a good example to set a street child?"

Harriet laughed. "They don't go about coloring a meerschaum, mummy. You see you can't understand. These women are advanced, liberated women, and they are true to themselves, scorning any conventions."

"Is smoking any worse than eating too much candy, the way Sally does?"

Densie came very close to her oldest child as she asked fearfully, "Have—have you ever smoked?"

"A little. Don't like it—that's the only reason I don't. Did you say the underwear I brought home was on its last round? Well, I'll buy new in New York. You can give it to Sally."

Densie felt as if the door had been pushed shut and locked and she stood without, unwelcomed. For the remainder of the vacation she did not try to approach her daughter with any save trivial detail. Nor did she tell her husband about the high teas. Something about Harriet warned her that interference would breed open and lasting rebellion.

VIII

WITH Harriet's departure for her second year in New York and Kenneth's return from his holiday, Densie took up her club work for the winter, only to be halted by a new and perplexing problem.

The opening of the high school was on a Tuesday. Arrayed in some fluffy dress Sally had pranced out of the house in high spirit. She had just passed her sixteenth birthday—and Harriet her eighteenth—and she had but one more year before graduation.

"How was school?" Densie had asked at the dinner table

"All right," Sally said vaguely; then she began to ask her father nonsensical questions.

"And what studies will you have?" Densie continued patiently.

"Oh—awful old stuff! Don't remind me of it. Daddy, may I go to the billiard tournament with you? Lots of girls go with their fathers."

"But I shall play in it—how can I take you?"

Sally looked at her mother. She was thinking how shabby Densie would seem in the fashionable hotel parlor. So she said, "I could be with Mrs. Sullivan, for she is going too."

"John," Densie protested.

"Well, mummy, what's the harm if she likes? I guess I can keep an eye on Sally and win the cup besides," he answered indulgently, because he liked to have Sally about; she was so attractive that in a certain sense she took the place of having an attractive wife.

Densie dropped the subject. And after the tournament—at which John did win the cup and Sally carried it about in high glee, every member of the club telling John that his daughter was a winner as well—the secret about high school was disclosed. Sally had not even registered at high school. One of her former teachers had asked Maude Hatton and Lucy Parks about her, and the spinsters coming over for their Sunday night supper were all anxiety lest Sally was ill and they had not been told.

Densie was nonplused. Sally had gone out for the evening. She disliked the old friends, they gave her the fidgets, so she would not be back in time to make any explanation in their presence. John worried down his supper, the news alarming him. It was unlike Sally, and he resented the fact of her deception's coming through the "old girls" who so utterly bored him. It seemed to John that Densie could have found a way of dropping them, as she had many of the old things.

He took them home, a tedious bit of chivalry which he was still "led into," as he used to declare, and listened to their ladylike chirpings about Sally's "naughtiness" and "what could the child be doing?" They had been chirping unpleasant little things all evening. Even Densie admitted that as east is east and west is west, so old is old and new is new; and when they stared in horror at a ballet-girl calendar Sally was making for her father's office, and said that the black-walnut chairs in the kitchen were better than the reed ones on the porch, and that being on the farm had saved Kenneth's health—he was growing like a potato sprout in the flat; and they wondered if Densie wanted any pieces for a quilt; they would not only give her some, but come over to help make it—Densie felt as if one half of her was living among ghosts and the other half among flesh-and-blood persons who disagreed with everything she did or said.

The only modern thing they told her was when Lucy Parks was helping Maude Hatton readjust her rusty black cape—Densie remembered that cape from the days of Kenneth's babyhood.

"I don't believe you've had a new dress in an age, Densie," she said, looking over her spectacles. "Come, come, that won't do! Don't let Miss Harriet run off with all your books and Miss Sally with all your finery. You're young too."

After they left and Densie was waiting for John's return so they could discuss Sally's strange action, she began to think of the trim fall suits the club members had displayed and lovely felt hats with white wings or shining buckles. She had been unconscious of her own appearance. It had never seemed to matter. She had been so busy with her home and with trying to understand her family and provide for their needs and to become intellectually rejuvenated herself that the mere need of clothes had not entered her bewildered little brain.

She rose and opened the wardrobe door to look at her gowns. They were all of excellent material, but homemade and remade and dyed and cut over—and her hat was bought the year Kenneth started kindergarten, and then at a cheap store because John had had a bad loss. She had one pair of white-kid gloves, but her others were silk and mended and yellowed. She had not become initiated into the mysteries of smart corseting—her stays were lax, old-style things, explanation of her aging figure; and she wore shoes built for comfort and not style, Sally said. In fact, Densie was hopelessly shabby. She wondered how much clothes made the woman, if they made the man, as John had declared. She wondered how she would look dressed as the president of the Forum was at a previous reception—in a rosy lilac silk like a wild dove's breast, caught here and there with silvery lace and a collar of pearls and a hat aigretted to the last inch of the brim. She had worn her old black silk with a tatting collar, but it had not mattered, since she had washed the silverware and had been busy serving out portions of salad and ice cream. She wore a big apron, she remembered, so that no one had seen her gown.

Then she reproached herself for wandering from the important topic of Sally's truancy. She was not yet poised—her mind was still a single-compartment affair in which she jumbled up everything regardless of coherence or imperativeness.

John returned, walking in with a gloomy air and saying sharply: "So you've brought your daughter up to lie?"

He really did not mean the words just as they sounded, but Densie's chin quivered.

"How have you brought your daughter up?" she demanded.

"I haven't had time—it has been your job. It's a fine thing if a man has to hear through two tattling old women that his daughter has been skipping school and never saying why. I would not have believed it of Sally."

"Nor I."

"It might as well be in the newspaper—that pair will chortle over it the rest of their days. They don't like me, Densie, because I haven't flowing mudguard whiskers and a waistcoat like Sam Hippler's and I don't sit and bewail the automobile menace, and so on, and so forth. Well, I suppose Sally has some sort of a story cooked up for us. The little idiot—she must have known it could not go on very long before it would be found out!"

"Let us wait and see what she has to say," pleaded Densie.

"If you hadn't been so occupied with clubs all last year"—John tossed off his coat and picked up a house jacket—"you might have seen what was happening to Sally."

"I did not neglect my house," she began. "I must have some outside interest. Your interests are outside your home. You belong to clubs—drinking clubs," she added.

"That is for business. It is expected of me."

"It is for business with me too. My housework demands an antidote; I am shabby and a drudge even now—but I'm doing my best to rise above it."

"Oh, are you discontented?" he asked sharply.

"Only with myself. I feel I have not made a success of marriage. I seem to have lost the closeness with all of you ——"

John looked at her intently. Something cast a blur over the tired little woman, and in her place he saw the old lovely Densie in her going-away gown of dove-colored broadcloth, the fussy hat, the white chenille face veil. He was a young bridegroom again flushed with rosy dreams!

He put his arms round her. "Never mind, Densie, I love you," he told her, to her amazement; "but nowadays we don't have time for lovemaking as Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert used to have." He kissed her more tenderly than he had for months.

"John, growing old together ought to be the best of all. Let us find time for it," she begged.

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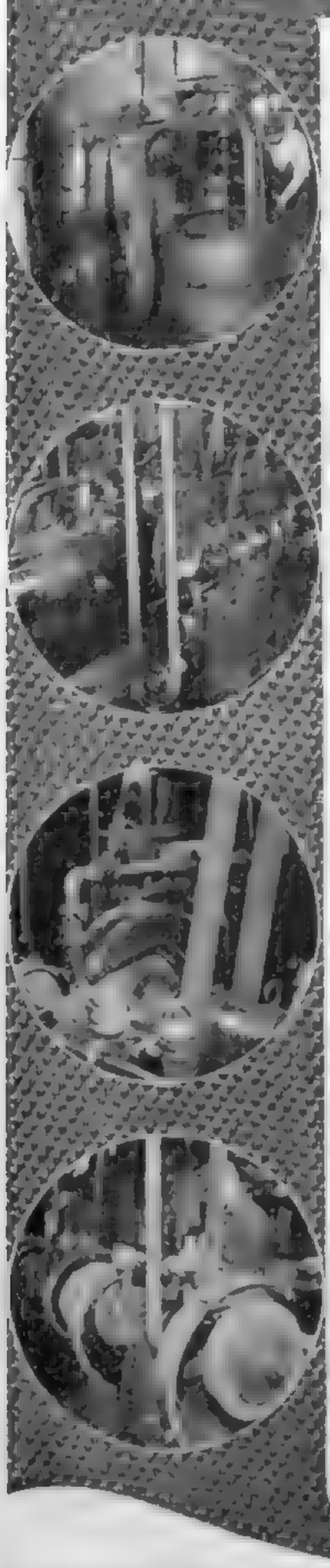

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He was about to answer when Sally bounded in the door, her party cape slipping off her plump pink shoulders and her white-lace frock making her seem like a figurine escaped from a drawing-room cabinet.

"Why, daddy—kissing mummy—you old barbarians! Well? What have you to say for yourselves—eh?" She shook a finger at them.

John spoke first. "Why have you not told us you were not going to school?" His voice was excited and overloud.

Densie tried to be more gentle: "If you were ill, Sally, you should have told me."

"She has not been ill—look at her!" Her father pointed an accusing finger.

"I was going to tell you," answered Sally easily, not at all alarmed, "but I hadn't found an opportune time—when you were both home and both in a good humor! Ho-hum, what's to pay whether I go to high school or not?" She swung airily into the bedroom to throw off her wraps and return. "All it means, father, is that I want to take painting lessons and devote my whole time to it. I can't go to school and paint too—can I?" She smiled her prettiest.

"Why did you deceive us?"

"I didn't—exactly. I've been going to a studio on Elm Street. I'm competing for a prize. The prize is ten free lessons from Miss Boechat. I had to work very hard too. I just wanted to wait to tell you until I had won the prize. Is that so terrible? You let Harriet go to New York to study what she wished—I'm sure I ought to have the same right."

"Harriet graduated with the highest honors ——"

"I haven't that sort of brains. I want to paint pretty useless things," Sally said honestly, "and drum a little on the piano and make oodles of clothes and hats and just stay at home. Daddy, say I don't have to go back to school—I just can't! I'm almost sure to win the prize; and if I do I think I have the right to stop school and study art."

John hesitated, looking sideways at Densie.

"But Sally, dear, an artist has a very hard life unless he has great commercial ability as well. Even geniuses starve ——"

"Oh, this is just until I am married." Sally dimpled prettily. "I shan't be on your hands long. I want to have something to do between now and twenty. At twenty I'm sure to have a lovely, lovely husband!"

John smiled in spite of himself. "Have you any idea who he is to be, my dear?"

"Oh, no, that's the fun—I want to be surprised."

Densie shook her head. "I think someone named Sally Plummer ought to make herself go back to school, graduate properly and then we shall see."

"Come, Sally, a new bonnet if you do," offered her father.

Sally shook her head. "No, no, no!" she said with a flash of temper. "I tell you I will not study books any more! I cannot sit still and listen to homely old teachers tell about things dead and gone for years. I can't sing the silly little songs like a child, and drill like a fireman, and then debate on some awful subject that you have to learn how to pronounce. I'm growing up—I'm older than Harriet was—in my thoughts. I won't be a child at school. I want to learn how to earn my own living—just until I'm twenty."

Without any warning she threw herself across the divan and began to sob.

"You tend to her."

John disappeared through the first doorway.

Densie knelt beside Sally, to catch murmurs about no school—married at twenty—hate books—love art—won't—won't—run away—be chorus girl—yes, she could—someone told her so—oh, someone—must she publish a list of her friends?—won't—won't—won't!

After the hysteria was expended Densie helped her to bed. Then the tragic side of neurotic youth was uppermost. It should have caused Densie to smile, but she took it seriously. She had never been a victim to such nerves as Sally's.

For Sally in her little white gown, the red-gold hair in thick plaits, stood dramatically in the doorway and said that she would take her life if they forced her to go back to school; they would find her dead the day they tried to send her, and if they sent her to a convent she would starve herself to death—ending with an altogether unheard-of and unnecessary oath to the effect that she would keep this pledge.

Densie was horrified. She thought with quick relief of steady, sane Harriet, as cold as a snow-capped mountain, but as reliable. This tempestuous beautiful child, slightly mad because her own will was crossed, was far more baffling than her sister.

"Sally darling, are you ill? Come here, let me feel your forehead."

"Will you promise?" demanded Sally sullenly.

"Don't make me promise now—wait until to-morrow."

At which Sally began the crying all over again, and after another nerve-racking hour Densie had weakly promised that Sally need not go back to school, but might continue her painting until she married the "lovely husband" at twenty.

When she told John he seemed relieved it was no worse.

"You never used to have such scenes. What ailed the child?" he asked Densie.

"No, children are different nowadays. They must do what they want to do. I am disappointed at her not finishing school; it isn't proper. I should not have forced her beyond that, but high school was to be expected of all our children."

"Well, we've Harriet for a bluestocking and Sally for a butterfly—so we must be satisfied. With Sally's face she'll have plenty of chances to marry, and I've no doubt the little villain will win the painting prize."

"What do you think Kenneth will be?"

"I couldn't say. A ladies' hatter, from the way he seems afraid to fight the boys," John answered shortly.

He had never become friends with his son. Instinctively the boy stayed away from him. If his father found him absorbed with a story or fondling some stray dog or trying to cut fanciful patterns from colored papers he sent him roughly outdoors—to "find out how to be a boy," he would insist. He wanted him to be manly, as he called it. He disliked the bookish habit, the hours spent by himself in some queer play. He even disliked his physical appearance, though he would hardly admit this to himself. "A pretty young lady," he called him to Densie, who winced under the criticism.

Only Densie and her son knew the happiness they found in each other. She even took him to club meetings, where he would sit, grave as an owl, watching his mother's slightest gesture or listening eagerly when her sweet little voice answered "Present" at roll call. Evenings when they were alone they read stories or made up even better stories which ended entirely to their peace of mind; they indulged in simple games or drew cartoons, and Densie would play on the piano—something she never dared do before the others. When she had, Harriet would leave the room, John would demand something lively, and Sally openly ridicule until she could gain possession of the pianoforte and dash off into ragtime. But Kenneth loved hymn tunes and the old melodies, and they would sing, these two, when their spirits were completely restored from family pressure, and then Densie would be prevailed upon to make taffy or white-honey candy, and the evening would end in riotous dissipation. But this was never told the others; they understood that it was wiser not, since nothing blights pleasure so much as ridicule.

■

THE next morning Sally, rather white-faced and hollow-eyed after her brain storm, listened to Densie's gentle admonition about her studying art; and also to the fact that her mother would not be home at noon and she must get a cold lunch for Kenneth and herself—one of the clubs was having a luncheon.

"I am glad you and father appreciate my viewpoint," Sally said stiffly as Densie finished. "When I am married I shall repay you for all my expenses!"

Densie repressed a smile.

Sally set about the morning's work, with the result that Kenneth came home to an empty house at noon, foraged bravely for his lunch, leaving a sticky trail of maple sirup across the kitchen floor. It was not Sally's intention to slack. But she had had a fascinating morning at the studio. Miss Boechat liked Sally because she was bright and pretty, and she had told the girl untruths as to her possibilities. She knew Sally's father was a reliable business man, and steady pupils were scarce. So at the

(Continued on Page 69)

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conclusion of the morning she announced that Sally Plummer had won the prize of ten painting lessons, and Sally, gazing fondly at her foolish little picture of two miniature deer in a huge park overhung with fat green trees, told herself with a solemn seriousness that art was to be her lifework as statistics were Harriet's, and that the future bridegroom must be a world-famous artist who would bow before her superior talent and beg her hand in wedlock.

She told Miss Boechat her father would allow her to study regularly, at which Miss Boechat kissed her rapturously and said she was going to make her father prouder than he ever imagined. By this time it was noon and Sally regretfully tore herself away from the fascinating semi-Bohemian studio where Miss Boechat worked and lived. She was a mysterious Miss Boechat, who had seen much sadness, she told Sally. She was addicted to perfumes and cosmetics, and dressed in an old-rose mandarin coat that made Sally's eyes sparkle with approval. There were seven men who wished to marry her, she also confided to her prize pupil; and Sally had listened eagerly to the stories concerning each, and Miss Boechat's stern refusal to give up her art. It was a wonderful way to live, Sally believed, in a big studio with a fireplace and tapestries and rugs and all manner of pictures, busts and modeling clay. Behind a gorgeous green-silk screen was an eternally unmade cot bed, some disreputable cooking materials and a line of Miss Boechat's washing. This was her "home"—but no one ever saw that or the piles of dust that she methodically swept under the cot bed and left there until she had a general cleaning. Sally planned to have a similar studio and live like Miss Boechat and wear just such a rose mandarin coat and black-satin skirt and have her hair piled high on her head and crowned by a carved comb. Life would be very beautiful then—with studio teas for admiring patrons, and her pupils adoring her and bringing her flowers and trinkets, and seven strong serious-minded men of fame and wealth all begging for her hand.

She wandered along in this reverie until she unexpectedly met Dean Laddbarry, who was taking a post-graduate course at the high school.

"Why, Sally," he said happily; "if this isn't luck! For heaven's sake, where have you been? If you hadn't told me I must not come I'd have been over ages ago. Where are you bound for?" He tucked her arm through his with a possessive air.

Sally demurred. "Take me to luncheon, Dean," she said with the air of a woman of the world. "I've something important to tell you."

Dean halted. "Wait till I see how much I've got on me. You know I'm saving up, Sally, and those last flowers you wanted came pretty high ——"

"How horrid to stand and count money!" Sally stamped her foot. "Most of the men I know"—she had in imagination adopted the seven suitors of Miss Boechat—"have rolls of money, just rolls of it! And they never consider the price of anything—if I wish it."

"Maybe they don't, but I have to," he answered with the curtness of nineteen years. "Here's a dollar and a half—can you eat on that?"

"In some tea room; I wanted to do one of the hotels."

Sally tossed her head and walked on, Dean following.

"With whom did you ever go to a hotel?" he demanded. "I bet your mother didn't know. Sally Plummer, you're only a kid, and you better stay away from them. I know what I'm talking about too."

"I go to hotels with my friends," Sally insisted, imagination becoming reality. "Here is this Sisters Three place—shall we try it?"

"Will your mother mind—shall we phone?"

"She isn't home and Ken can get something for himself."

So they turned into a tea room and sought a secluded table. Sally was really ashamed of Dean's clothes, the everyday blue-serge clothes of a nineteen-year-old boy who was going to amount to something. The careless way that the blue tie was worn, the soft gray shirt, the dusty felt hat, the lack of gloves and the tramping boots—all told their story. Dean's ambition was to own something big and out of doors where he could expend his endless energy yet use his brains as well. He was planning to go to the oil country in Wyoming as soon as it was possible.

"Well, what about it, Sally?" He smiled at her, thinking she was the most beautiful girl that had ever existed.

"I'm going to study art, Dean. I've won a prize at Miss Boechat's school and father says I needn't go back to high school. Isn't that wonderful? I shall study abroad and live there for some time," she supplemented.

"Aren't you going to graduate?"

"How silly to waste the time! You see I have a great deal of talent—and I simply have to paint. Miss Boechat said it was born in me."

"Oh, well, when are you figuring on going abroad?"

"In a year or so." Sally was delighted with Dean's discomfiture.

"You couldn't go alone, Sally, you're so young."

"But an art student is different. I may marry a foreigner and never return. I think it might be more congenial. American women have to do such a lot of housework—even nice men like father don't spare their wives. Look at poor mummy; she used to be beautiful and have pretty clothes and everything—when she was at The Evergreens. Then she married father and she has worked ever since. I don't want to be like mummy."

"Your mother has done her part," said Dean soberly before attacking a sandwich.

"I'm going to choose a different part. Of course, if I marry a foreigner I'll never see you again—but I wish you all the success in the world."

"You better make that good-by a little later."

"Fate is a queer force—we may not see each other much longer!"

Dean's eyebrows drew together in a straight line. "If you knew how much I liked you," he said forcibly; "but I think you do—and when I make my share of money you're going to marry me."

Sally giggled excitedly. "Silly boy—as if I would! Why, Dean dear, I want an artist for a husband; someone who understands."

Dean's common sense came to the rescue: "We neither one ought to be talking about such things. I want to tell you that you are making a whale of a mistake by stopping school and letting that woman get you all excited about art. It may be so and it may not be so. I know you're bright, Sally, and all that—but you can't tell yet. If you were to stay with your mother and learn the things she knows it might be a lot better later on."

"Don't you speak to me for a week!" Sally retorted. "Why, I never heard of any gentleman's telling a lady any such things!"

"I'm not a gentleman and you are not a lady." He reached his tanned hand across the table. "I always liked you and you liked me—way deep—but you just won't admit it. 'Fess up—you do like me?"

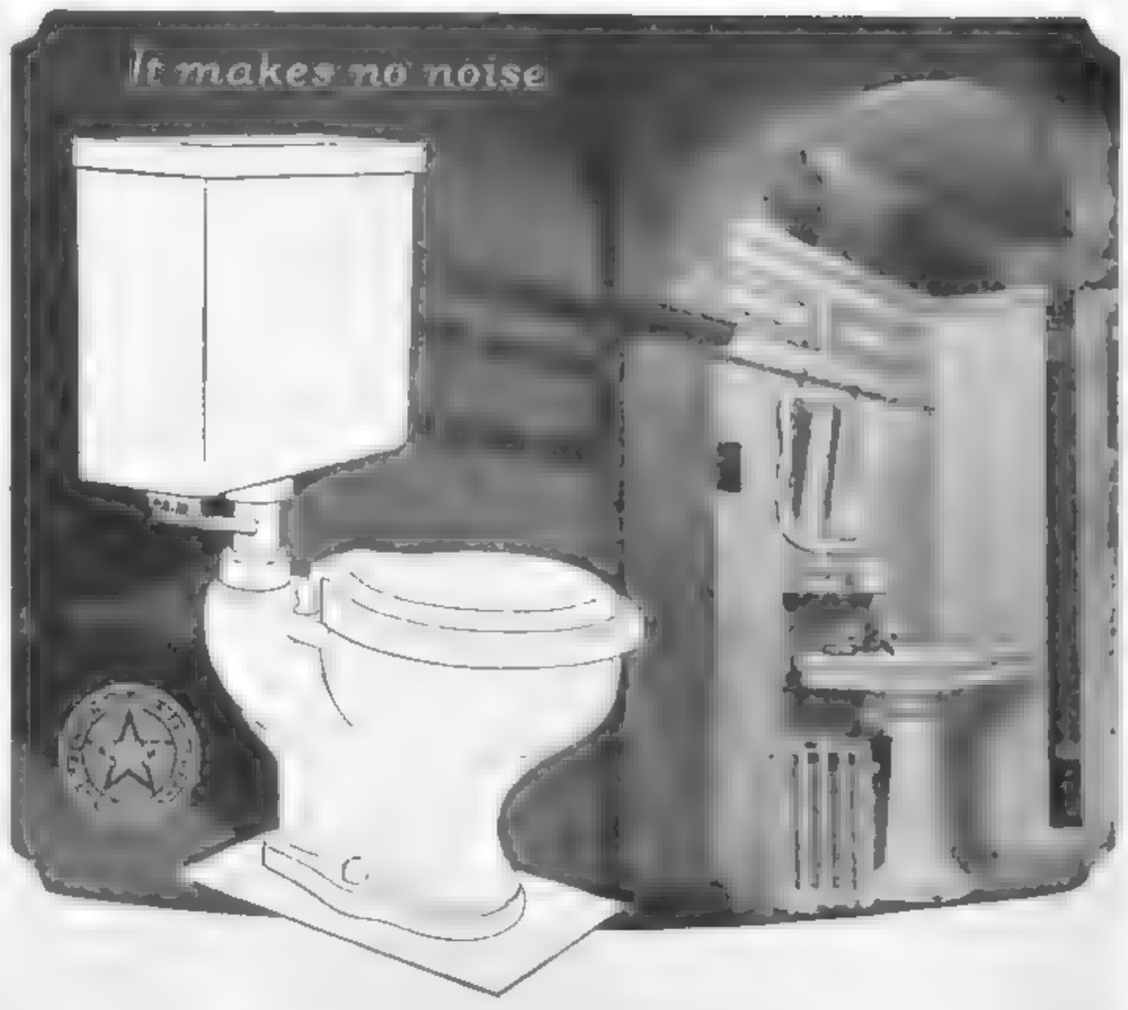
"I did until you insulted me," she said icily, and despite his protests she refused to relent and let him escort her home. He left her on the corner and went his way, minus his money and his peace of mind. It seemed to him that her plans must all be checked, and he wondered if her mother would not take a firm hand in the so doing.

Returning from the club luncheon Densie met Dean, so he walked home with Sally's mother if not with Sally. Densie was tired and she had a large bundle; she had lent half her silverware to adorn the table and had washed all the dishes. It occurred to her that some of the women with machines might have offered to take her home; it was the least they could do after devouring her salad dressing and eating her cake! It was slowly impressing itself on Densie that even nice people will use you if they can, and that she had not emancipated herself from the drudgery. She smiled with relief as Dean shouldered the bundle.

He told her about meeting Sally and what she had said. Densie frowned.

"I should have been there to get Kenneth's lunch—but I thought Sally would go home, as she was told. Don't pay any attention to her, Dean. She is just living in a fairy tale all her own. I cannot force her to go to school; her father says she was born to be a butterfly. I was engaged when I was seventeen."

"She says she wants to marry a foreigner," grieved Dean in boy fashion. It was a strange relief to tell his sorrows to the mother of the girl he adored.



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"Little goose! Wait a few years. Don't give up hope! Get your ranch or your gold mine and plug away. You'll win Sally over the crowned heads of Europe." Densie laughed up at the tall boy, who was staring moodily into the distance.

"Won't you come in?" she asked as they reached the flat.

"Sally said I couldn't—for a week," he answered stoically.

"Oh, these children!" Densie patted him on the shoulder and came up the steps, noticing that Mrs. Sullivan had not cleaned as was her turn to do, and that she, Densie, must do so before the place was an utter disgrace. This turn-and-turn-about arrangement in flats is not always satisfactory. It had been Densie who had mopped the porch faithfully and seen to the lawn and various other details while Mrs. Sullivan had seen to her summer wardrobe and the whiteness of her hands.

That winter and spring Sally's lessons with Miss Boechat were far-reaching in their effects. It was not long before she was taking design and modeling work as well. This meant she must be away all day and that she lunched downtown. Sometimes it was with her father or with Miss Boechat, and other times, unknown to Densie, it was with art students, older men and women, sophisticated idlers, who told her many new and startling things. Sally changed during the spring of 1903 into a more beautiful Sally than before, but utterly useless save for her "art"—coming home unwillingly at night to dawdle about, making a pretense of doing housework, but flying in relief to her room to rig up some irresistible costume out of odds and ends.

There was no denying her knack for so doing or in dressing her hair a dozen different ways or dreaming wild possibilities—those unhealthy dreams of adolescent girlhood—always concerning impossible triumphs and achievements, in which she was the beloved heroine and victor of all the world; married happily and adored; and then having unhappiness steal in, some interesting tragedy in which she played a noble and spectacular part; then a period of renunciation, during which she should paint some great masterpiece—a Madonna, very likely, and it would be purchased by a nobleman. He would seek out the artist, woo her ardently, marry her, take her off in a whirl of excitement to his castle —— And on and on these day dreams would extend, with Sally always playing the talented, beautiful, flawless woman who ruled by a smile or a nod of her red-gold head.

In her imagination she clothed herself in ermine, sables, velvet, brocaded satins, jewels worth a king's ransom; she drove imported French motors, she became a racing champion, a champion mountain climber, a champion swimmer—everything that the world did Sally did and excelled in doing, according to her dreams. She even evolved a set of fictitious characters with whom she lived and who dulled the realities of the crowded modern little flat, the silent brother-child, the tired mother trying to become free of care, and a handsome father who was seldom home! As Harriet put her soul into her work so Sally put hers into dreams. It was not an uncommon experience; youth must always pass through a period of exaggeration in some form, and better that it was in dreams safe within her home than in the world without.

These imaginary characters were interesting. They consisted of an extremely rich old grandfather who adored her and showered her with luxury; a young handsome man, Jack, who wished to marry her—but he was poor! Then there was a wealthy elderly gentleman, Mr. Bryan Montague, a despised suitor but a persistent one, who sent her ten pounds of chocolates and a few dozen orchids, in which black-pearl trifles were concealed, two or three times each week! Besides these Sally had conceived of a haughty duchess spending the winter on the Riviera—they were all on the Riviera in fact—and her son, Duke de Chaumont, an artistic genius, cousin to all the royal families in Europe! After very thrilling escapades with each, and her tender heart pitying poor Jack and being gentle but firm with Mr. Montague, her duke says he will play pirate and capture her, and so they are married only to fall into the hands of real pirates while on their wedding journey, and Sally, the fair young duchess now, being dragged off to a Turkish harem and besieged by the handsome young sultan to rule over the land—her wonderful poise and bravery—her outwitting him, her escape—and so on.

It was little wonder Sally refused to darn her stockings or to eat enough breakfast and would not wear proper winter clothing, to Densie's anxiety, but went forth clad in shimmery chiffon waists showing her full white neck, and dancing pumps with white spats to attract attention, a gold-lace hat, suitable for best, Densie considered, and white-chamois gloves scented with triple wild rose.

Densie did not suspect this day dreaming, but she disapproved of Sally's frittering away time and strength, her endless beaus—older men than Densie liked, who seemed ill at ease in the flat, but who Sally declared were perfectly ripping at the various studio dances.

Once Densie plucked up courage to go to Miss Boechat and ask if she did not think Sally merely had a great liking for art and the rather indolent life it incurred rather than sufficient talent to persevere unto the heights. She disapproved of Miss Boechat, whom she found in a bizarre, sophisticated negligee—the sort that is not quite nice for an unmarried woman to possess—and smoking a cigarette.

Scenting the loss of a pupil Miss Boechat was vehement in superlative praise. Sally was a budding genius, a beautiful creature; kindly allow her to develop as she would. Miss Boechat adored her as her own child—and she felt that Sally was not quite happy in her home; too conventional, perhaps?

All the time her hard bright eyes stared at Densie's shabby bonnet and mended glove tips; and Densie, discomfited by the arrival of some pupils, went away realizing that she could not interfere with Sally's life any more than she could with Harriet's career.

She spent a happy evening with Kenneth—Sally was at a dance—playing dominoes and popping corn and talking about "when mummy is old and Kenneth is grown up and he buys her a little country house and comes to see her!" They, too, were day dreaming.

Harriet's letters grew more brief and her printed accounts of her work more numerous. She was doing remarkably well, and when the vacation came she stayed on in New York as assistant secretary to one of the principals, thereby earning her way and saving her father, who rejoiced at the good fortune.

Densie did not miss Harriet—it was a numbed emotion she had for her. Besides, she was so sure of Harriet in certain ways. She was not sure about Sally; she heard rumors that Sally went to hotels with men, and to dances where she had strange partners; and she concealed these rumors from her husband because she knew he would only splutter and blame her, naturally; and it would increase Sally's obstinacy.

She had never become neighborly with the Sullivans, and the old friends had stopped coming to see her. She lived so far away from them, and besides, when they came it was often evident they were not wanted. Lucy Parks and Maude Hatton still came Sundays, but Sam Hippler waited for a special invitation, which was as seldom as was decent, John declared.

If she had not had club interests she would have been very lonely; even being fag for the clubs was a change, though it was far from what she had anticipated. She joined an English Reading Club because they served no refreshments and she saw a loophole from cooking and washing dishes. But the reading class devoted half their time to current topics, and Densie was detailed with scissors and paste pot to cut out the things of interest and get them in shape for discussion, and she also was elected corresponding secretary, because she wrote such a "dear little hand," and because no one else wanted the task of addressing numerous envelopes and licking the postage stamps. Kenneth sealed and stamped the envelopes. He was quite happy when Densie would clear off a corner of the old secretary and let him work with her.

And Densie, industriously going through the membership list, would be thinking: "I'll surely be entitled to just study the topics next year—and what was it we were to learn—some anecdote about Queen Anne?" quite oblivious of John's unmended house coat and Sally's disorderly room and the fact that Kenneth must take an iron tonic—and then all of these things would descend upon her suddenly and destroy any intellectual aspirations.

It was in the spring of 1904 that Densie realized the extent of politics in women's

(Continued on Page 72)

A PRACTICAL mother, who realized how hard children are on floors, selected Armstrong's Carpet Inlaid Linoleum for this nursery, and had it laid by the merchant's expert.

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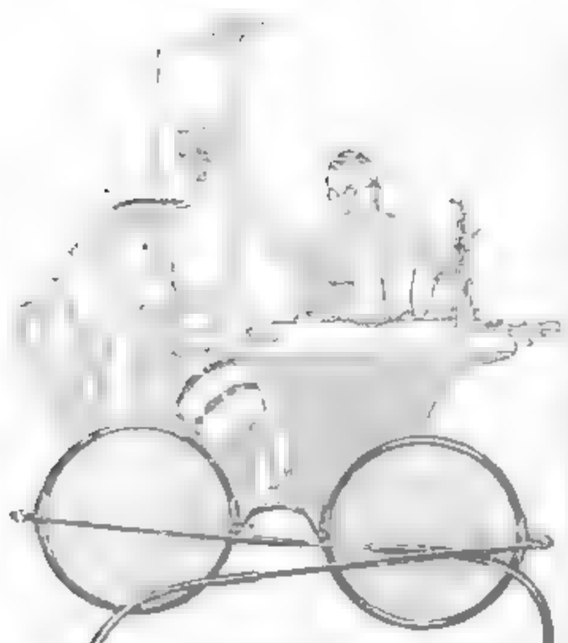

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THIS is the amount that scores of our workers earn each year.

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(Continued from Page 70)

clubs: the fact that when she was sent as delegate to the city federation and entitled to a vote she was suddenly wooed as ardently as if she were Sally convinced her.

A woman unknown to her save through her name, a shining star in the club world, drove up to the flat and insisted on taking her through the parks. Densie hesitated, dismayed at her shabbiness, but the woman, Mrs. Worthington Prescott, insisted, paying her several flowery compliments—mostly about her cooking—and securing Densie's promise to vote for her as vice president.

Mrs. Prescott never recognized her after the meeting and her successful election. Another woman sent her violets and a pretty little note stating her hope of being treasurer and urging her great influence to help matters along; and still another came to call and purred graciously about everything in the flat and said Kenneth had a remarkably well-shaped head and that she hoped he would prove as brilliant as his little mother.

Densie smiled at this last. It seemed to her she would either have to stop housework or else her attempts at club life.

"Have I a soul above a frying pan?" she demanded of herself as she stood over the stove that night.

She began again to debate the unfair division of labor between the average man and woman. She contrasted John's spick-and-span grooming each morning, his leaving the house not to return until night, confident of a good dinner, his splendid free day in the world, meeting new people, minds sharpening minds, ideas arguing with ideas, each gaining a fresh viewpoint, a firmer conviction, a new perspective—she envied him. And if he did not feel inclined to return he need not—he was head of the family, and business was a vast and expansive excuse.

He needed clubs for his business and banquets for his political aims and good clothes and vacations for appearance and mental relaxation, and Densie had always adoringly agreed.

After three years of flat life she began to rebel anew—just as she had done back at the Little House. She saw no goal ahead. Her daughters were both engrossed in their own interests; her husband more and more careless of her, less the husband and more the man of the world. She realized that it took money, position and personality to be a successful club or society woman. Women campaigned as men did—these clubs that Densie had joined were not of good standing; they were called "the pussy-willow variety." They had seemed elegant to Densie—she was fond of old-fashioned adjectives, such as elegant and grand, and she used them, though her family promptly informed her that only shopgirls included them in their vocabularies.

The clubs that would really give Densie mental stimulus and soul massage were far beyond her—as yet. She had only burnt the chops by ruminating at length over the situation.

x

THE Sullivans moved in the spring, and a distressing crew, the Hendersons, came in their stead—three children, the father, mother and an aunt; and they took upon themselves the liberty of running up to Densie to borrow everything that they needed to make life livable!

"They've got the lend-me's," Kenneth said. "Lend me this and lend me that; and by heck, mummy, they've bought the place—the littlest boy told me so! So there's no chance for them to move in a year."

And he sat down rather pensively, though an hour later Densie saw him playing with the children, and she consoled herself by the thought that it might be a good thing for Kenneth.

The noise they made was intolerable, but their influence was worse. Kenneth soon learned to swear in a finished fashion and he defied his mother—the boys downstairs did and "got by with it," and he mocked Sally and became an unmanageable sort of young person.

John was traveling most of the time, so he escaped the discomfort. He thought the newcomers all right and told Densie to pay no attention. If they wanted some eggs—why, give them some eggs, and when she saw the grocery man coming in with eggs for the Hendersons—well, go right downstairs and borrow some eggs in the name of Plummer! That was the man's solution. The woman's was different: If one did not return eggs voluntarily—why, there would never be anything said, but it would rankle; and when one's garden hose, rake, mops, baking powder, butter, gravy ladle and bowl, soup plates, Castile soap and best table cloth were in turn trotted downstairs and not trotted back without a great deal of diplomatic hinting, things became strained and Densie learned what it means to live in a flat with someone who is not affable and who is addicted to the loan-me's.

Mr. Henderson's being the landlord added an extra gloom. The boys pummeled Kenneth and played sneak tricks on him, chawing beef with his white blouse and throwing his hat up on a roof; they deliberately tracked in mud on Densie's side of the vestibule, and called names after Sally when she trotted out to art school dressed in all her finery.

However, Mr. Plummer paid his rent and the Hendersons appreciated the fact, so they managed to agree to disagree, Kenneth bearing the brunt of the enmity. It was not pleasant. They felt as if they had taken rooms temporarily. Densie was unsettled and ill at ease, and when her clubs met for the fall she was lackluster, almost afraid to take part in them. She had a premonition that the Henderson boys would set fire to the house if she left it too much alone.

Sally laughed at her fears. Like her father Sally was seldom home. She had quarreled with Dean; he said she rouged like an actress and men turned to look after her on the street, while Sally, angered to the utmost, told him not to speak to her until she saw fit. Dean was two years older and two years wiser than Sally, and he took her at her word. She missed Dean—he had always been about, no matter what she wanted or when or where. But Dean had made up his mind to show Sally that he could exist without her.

"Of course, he is only Dean," she wrote Harriet, feeling she must have a confidante; the dreams and the dream characters had become a trifle shopworn and monotonous and she had reached that ridiculous stage wherein children feel that their mothers cannot understand them. Harriet was her only available outlet, and Harriet having been away so long had assumed kindly and unreal memories and possibilities. "Still, I do miss him, he was so obliging; and I suppose he is very wonderful to study the way he does and work at the same time. But I am no child, sister dear, and I cannot let my personality be submerged. How I envy you in New York, free to do as you like and study as you wish. I could never study as you do because I'm only Sally and cannot understand those awful problems you say you adore to understand—but some day I am coming to New York as an artist and have a studio and live in smocks and sandals if I like, and poor mummy won't have to fuss about me."

Here Sally inclosed a drawing of her bohemian future with the sink used as a writing desk and her folding bed supposedly a luxurious bit of paneled woodwork to the outsider. "I have done well with my work, but I have no encouragement or sympathy at home. Harriet, I feel we are women now and can talk frankly about our parents. Poor daddy! Mummy is so quiet and tired he finds her a bore and so he stays away. Daddy has quite a time keeping things afloat, and whenever he wishes to discharge Sam Hippler mummy cries and gets out all her old photograph albums. Harry dear, isn't she too absurd?

"Then, I'm sorry for mummy, because she does want to stop housekeeping, and read things and go to her funny little clubs. Kenneth is positively a hoodlum these days; the Henderson boys have taught him terrible things, but maybe it is good for him. I'm sure I don't know. I feel I have my own self to develop properly so as to give the best of myself to the world through the mediumship of my art and I cannot decide the destinies of others."

Reading this over Sally decided it sounded very well, so she closed the letter abruptly lest she make a mistake and enrage her learned sister. She inclosed some sample menu cards which she had made for her father's club, and added naïvely: "These are just 'spot knockers'—I am going in for portrait painting."

Harriet being equally unfamiliar with Sally responded cordially, saying she understood the situation and that Sally must remember, first of all, she was a human being, and she must not stunt her mental growth or her natural abilities. She hoped Sally would come to New York as an artist and thus find herself, and she thought it lamentable that mummy was so helpless.

By the time the letter reached Sally a frivolous mood had overtaken her and she was intent on new frocks and the art of making gold-tinsel slippers by giving white ones several coats of luster paint. Harriet's letter sounded prosy and old-maidish and she crinkled up her little forehead thoughtfully as she debated which she would rather be—a famous artist or the leader of New York society, the latter winning without much of an effort. She called up Dean Laddbarry and told him to come and see her that evening, and when he did she even made candy for him and said she had only been fooling about being mad, thereby readjusting the rose-colored spectacles before his honest gray eyes and making Densie delighted at the prospect of Sally's becoming like other girls.

New Year's, 1905, brought an important event into Densie's life. As usual Harriet had avoided a home vacation. Through quiet ingenuity on her part Densie had been made delegate to a midwinter New York convention of clubs. She mentioned

(Continued on Page 77)

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When buying evaporated milk look for this trade mark

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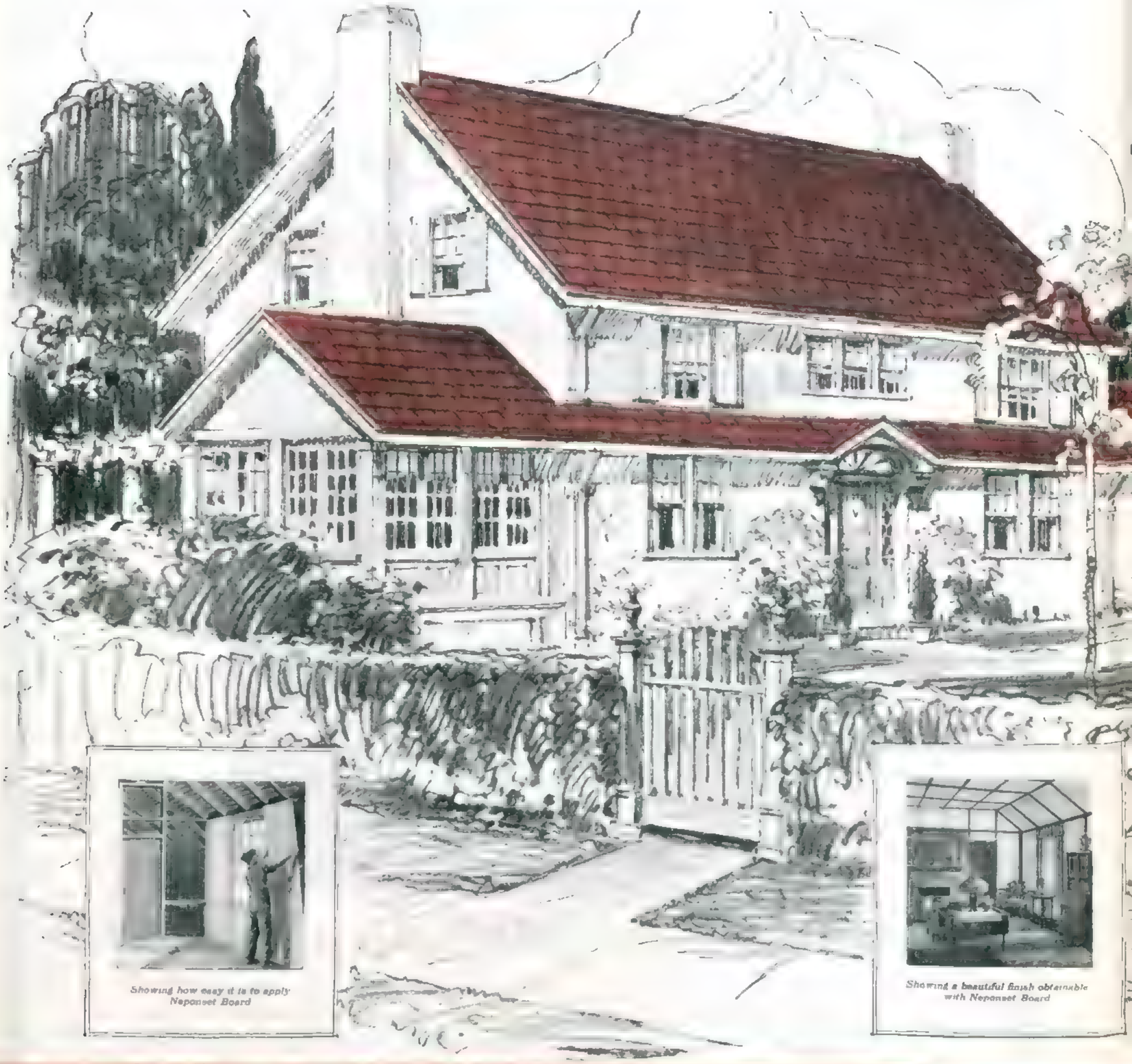

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Neponset Twin Shingles Self-spacing, the only twin shingle. One man can lay them, firesafe, waterproof, a solid piece of heavy felt, waterproofed with time-defying asphalt, heavily surfaced with natural color crushed red or green slate. Application is so simple they can be applied faster than wooden shingles and with less nails.

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Toward a Better Tomorrow

THE rough hand of war shook all the ranks of men out of their old grooves of thought. It brought into close and wholesome contact those who invest their capital in industry and those who invest their labor in industry.

In every factory, every mill, every enterprise in the land, this shoulder-touch of closer sympathy and co-operation has been felt.

Now is the chosen hour, in every business, for management and men to join in putting *their own house* in order. Now is the time for both to apply the sane and fundamental principle of the square deal—with just profit to all concerned.

The interests of the investor of money and the investor of labor are identical. The realization of this fact assures the dawn of a Better Tomorrow.

* * *

BELIEVING that American industry is going courageously toward its greater destiny, we wish to state the basis for our own faith.

Four years ago in our house publication, "The Hydraulic Press," we went on record with all of our own people as follows: "We are rapidly coming to the time when the phrase 'Capital and Labor' will be forgotten. All those connected with a business will be banded together for one purpose—the success of that business, because *each one* connected with it will be getting that part of the success to which he is entitled."

The working out of this principle in our case has not always been easy. We have made our mistakes. We know that we have a long way yet to go.

We can, however, report these practical benefits—a quality and economy of production we had not known before, a growing measure of profit, and, last but not least, a feeling of mutual content running far beyond our hopes.

This is the second of a series of articles in this publication. On March 22 will appear "The House in Order."

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 72)

this to John with the added wish that he attend.

"You always say you ought to go to New York more, and you have not been there once since Harriet went to school. Let us combine interests and go for a week. It is not right to have Harriet a stranger, and Sally is old enough to run the house and look after Kenneth. I was married when I was nineteen."

John debated the matter; it did not altogether suit him. He would want to do things Densie would disapprove of doing, and though Harriet was an inducement he began to think up excuses why he should remain home.

"But we haven't been on a trip together since Aunt Sally died. Before that I could leave the children with her. We went to Washington and to Pittsburgh and that fishing trip up in Canada—don't you remember? I'd like to see how it feels to go traveling with my husband."

She spoke lightly, but her lips trembled.

"Oh, if that's the case"—John good-naturedly laid aside his paper—"I suppose it's all settled. That's a fact, Densie, we haven't been anywhere together, have we?"

"And I haven't been to church in four months," she finished her confession. "We are getting to be backsliders."

"Let's turn over a new leaf, join some social clubs, do good theaters this winter. Hang it all, we're not old! I'm sure I'm not. And with the children nearly grown and Kenneth such a lamb there's no reason to be tied down."

"I haven't noticed that you are," she said demurely.

"Business would have gone to the wall if I had stayed by the fire like an old man," he objected testily. "I've tried to make you understand ——"

"Oh, I did, John, truly. It is just that all at once I wanted to go away some place else besides this city and this flat, to have someone else cook my meals and think about locking the door at night. It has been a long time since I have had a vacation. You see, my expenses are paid, and that makes it quite easy for you."

"What does this fearless delegate have to do? Stand on a soap box on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street and exhort wives to leave home and husband and study the nature of the heathen?"

He was laughing at her seriousness.

"No, it isn't religious—you never seemed interested before, so I never explained it. This one club is organized to keep abreast with the times, study current topics. You men don't realize how tied we American women are who do housework and bear and rear the family, at the same time being expected to be comrades to our husbands and intelligent hostesses for our husbands' friends! Take myself, for example—I'm as hungry as a beggar to learn about the world outside my four walls."

"Um—do you go in for suffrage and that sort of thing?" He was a trifle disapproving.

"I have never joined the suffrage club, but I shall—when I have some more money. Clubs are not joined so easily as you think. You have the old-time notion of missionary sewing circles, where everyone came to gossip and eat doughnuts and drink coffee, and that was all there was to it. Some of the richest women in the city are club women, they fight for office as you have fought. Clothes, position, money, brains are all valuable assets, but I think brains win out ultimately.

"We bring lecturers and singers from New York to brush us up, and we study as advanced things as we can find." Her face was flushed with eagerness.

"I don't know whether it's a good thing." John debated masterfully. "It takes up time and you can't seem content with anything else. I don't mean you, Densie, but I've heard husbands talk about it. If you had a great deal of money, would you bother with it?"

"If I had a great deal of money," said this small rebel, "I would never wash another dish or darn a pair of stockings, cook another dinner or mop another floor. I would be as idle as the rose-leaf princess that I used to tell the children about for a bedtime story. I hate it!"

She stood up before her husband and crossed her arms defiantly.

"Why—Densie!" His world tottered about his ears.

"Why—John," she retorted, "you don't suppose I want to stay a little nobody, do you? I've tried to put all of you first and I shall keep on trying, only deep inside something says to me, as it is saying to thousands of American women, 'Be yourself first of all!' And I have to keep that very carefully stifled."

"What has made you feel this way? Women never used to." He leaned forward anxiously, and as she looked at him her little face melted into a motherly smile.

"I don't know, John, dear. Don't worry—I shan't elope and be found disguised in men's clothes."

"I thought your clubs were only a pastime. You really take them seriously, Densie. Tell me why."

"Because you and I were born at the end of a certain era—American Victorian—call it what you like—but it was a distinct era with certain beliefs and limitations and admirable qualities; and it has ended. Therefore, you and I, as many, many people of to-day, are dragged into the new era. I have no name for it as yet, but it ought to be a stimulating, splendid name, and it must be a more permanent era than the one just passed. We of the old régime must either be labeled hopeless by the younger generation and be passed by, left to live with memories; or else we must forge ahead despite the handicaps of our early environment and be one with this new generation and its platform. You have done so, in a sense, because you are a man and have a man's rights—the rights that this past era unfairly gave to man and not to woman. You have stayed in the world and caught up with the march, you have not had the petty, humiliating, endless tasks that fall to no one else but a woman—a woman with a family. Oh, I don't mind the doing them, for I was taught it was a sacred mission—but they leave their mark when you try to keep step with the present-day trend of affairs. John, it is so much harder to be born at the end of one era than at the beginning of another—as our children were. Some time this era will change too—in a hundred years or so—and with it will come another epoch. This strange frankness about all matters; this analytical, scientific, cynical viewpoint toward the old matters of faith and religion; this blunt, impolite method of brooking no interference with one's wishes and breaking away from home ties as our daughter has done; this curious, irreverent method of hasty living from day to day in the easiest, the most showy, the most extravagant fashion—it, too, will pass.

"And yet we must be fair—we of the older régime see only the faults of the new, even as they do ours; and there are strong virtues and benefits in each! I wonder if these modernists have not flattered themselves that they are progressive when they are really destructive. Has that ever occurred to you? John, some time something will teach America to pray again with a child's faith and to conserve her resources and her energies, and if we of the older period are left that long on earth we may help her in her task. For with all the excess of sentimentality and slowness of action and narrowness of viewpoint of our era, we did learn to pray and to work and to save!"

She paused, embarrassed at her outburst. John was looking at her almost awesomely. But it is true that no man ever really loves a clever woman. He admires her and likes to take her in to dinner and declare she is the ideal girl for his chum to marry—but for himself some stupidly sweet little thing who can make flaky pie crust and wear ruffled white-muslin dresses is more to his heart's delight. Such a woman had Densie been, and now in her quiet, kindly manner she had told him a great truth. One always knows when a truth has been voiced even though he struggle to deny it. Densie had been born at the end of an era and thrust into a strange and confusing period of which she disapproved, yet tried to imitate and follow. It echoed again to his ears that something might come to sweep aside America's gigantic cobwebs of extravagance and useless spending, fill her churches and crush her youthful conceit.

It seemed prophetic. The thought annoyed him. It reminded him he was getting along. Densie was forty-one. He was forty-three. B-r-r!

"You've been reading too much stuff," he said brusquely. "I think you better go buy a pretty dress and we'll do New York."

He tried to feel enthusiastic about it, but it was a failure. He wondered if she would go to endless club meetings and drag him to lukewarm banquets and he would have to be surrounded by strong-minded women who were marching on to freedom—wherever that might be!

"I will buy a new dress; my things are too ancient to be seen. Sally has always had the right of way when it comes to clothes."

And he was thankful that she had sidetracked the more serious question. When Sally learned of the trip she was aggrieved that she was not to go. It was so unheard-of for mummy to have a holiday; but after a little she had coaxed her parents to let her have a party and to buy a new muff. She was quite resigned by the time they were ready to go; after all, mummy would want her to be in bed by nine and daddy would be cross because mummy fussed, and she would not have had a good time. She would wait and save the money to go alone to visit Harriet. Who knew—if unhampered by an anxious mummy and a handsome daddy she might meet the great love of her life!

Densie bought smoky pearl-gray satin to make the dress herself, which she did, and robbed it of any style, though the material was excellent. It looked a trifle queer, she admitted as she tried it on. Still it was a new dress and she was an old married woman at whom no one would be apt to look. She got new boots and a black hat which Sally selected. Her old things must do for traveling. She found time to make Harriet some goodies and to cook and bake for Sally and Kenneth so as to last them well into the week.

They went down to the metropolis by night, arriving in the morning. John insisted on driving to the best hotel of which he knew, though Densie timidly protested it seemed a rather huge price to pay for a room and bath, and then all their meals extra. But John paid no attention to her murmurings.

She looked awesomely at the uniformed maids and liveried, patronizing bell boys, who viewed her superciliously. She felt strangely out of place in the modern bedroom, the cañonlike streets yawning below and the roar of the city in her ears.

After breakfast they started out to find Harriet—it was to be a complete surprise. It was Saturday morning, and according to Harriet's schedule she had no classes. They took a cab because John did not want to bother to find the way, and it was such fun to lean back and watch the city swirl about them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"A Lot of Us Get Together and Talk Over Knotty Problems; We Row a Good Deal, I Admit, But It's Corking Fun"

Un-retouched photograph of 34 x 5 Goodyear Solid Tire which is one of an original set of Goodyears that has given 40,000 miles of service and is still running on a 2 ton truck owned by The Baltimore Chair & Furniture Company, Baltimore, Maryland

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

A 40,000-Mile Set of Tires

"DESPITE running for 3 years and covering 40,000 miles, the original set of four Goodyear S-V Solid Tires is still doing good work on one of our 1-ton trucks. They are economy tires."—Charles W. London, for The Baltimore Chair & Furniture Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

AFTER three years of continuous service under conditions frequently unfavorable, a set of four Goodyear Solid Truck Tires is still running on a 1-ton truck owned by The Baltimore Chair & Furniture Company, manufacturers and renters of furniture since 1906.

These tenacious tires have traveled 40,000 miles. And yet not one of them has worn down sufficiently to require immediate replacement.

They cost $149.70. Consequently, it is clear that they have served at the astoundingly low figure of less than a tenth of a cent per tire mile.

During the entire three-year period their endurance has been tested by continuous service over all sorts of routes in and around Baltimore. The battering they have received regularly from bad pavements has been increased by the top-swaying of the capacity loads of furniture which they have helped to carry.

Again and again these veteran Goodyear Solid Tires have had to submit to the attacks of dangerous litter in railroad yards and alleys, but their treads still remain thick with rubber.

This record, like others already published, serves to show that these tires not only deliver exceptional individual mileages but also unusual general average mileages. The scores for sets in city service often range from 15,000 to 25,000 miles and sometimes even past the 40,000 mark given here.

Indeed, officials of the aforementioned company state that they are now using Goodyear S-V Solid Tires on their two other trucks. They add that these additional Goodyears are demonstrating the same kind of wearing qualities noted in the first set.

They, therefore, had a very sound reason for specifying Goodyear Solid Tires on a fourth truck which they purchased recently.

The experience of this company is simply another indication that the widespread adoption of Goodyear Solid Truck Tires is based on nothing less than their decisive economy.

Users of these tires have the added advantage of prompt, thorough and safe service from a system of hundreds of Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations well distributed over the country.

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Branches Everywhere *Write for booklet, "The Man at the Desk"*

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

THE PROBLEM OF LOCATION—By J. R. Sprague

THE proprietor of a retail crockery and glassware store in an important Western city sighed for more worlds to conquer. He had an established profitable business, but it was located on one of the quieter streets, three blocks away from the actual retail center of the city.

Sometimes of an afternoon this crockery merchant would walk down into the busy department-store section, looking round at the handsomely trimmed show windows, the crowded sidewalks, the closely parked line of automobiles at the curb; and he would reflect discontentedly that in his quiet location there was no chance for an ambitious man. He felt that if he could just move his store to one of the busy downtown corners he would double or treble his business.

At last his opportunity came. A location was offered him on one of the best corners in the city, in the same block with two leading department stores, half a square from the city's newest and finest hotel and directly across the street from the principal theater. Fully two-thirds of the people who went downtown on any given day would pass the door at some time during their trip.

The crockery man rented the location. The rent, to be sure, was a thousand dollars a month instead of the two hundred and fifty he had paid in the quieter section; but he rightly figured that the extra rent would not matter if his volume of business increased accordingly. He spent considerable money in remodeling his new quarters, had a big removal sale at the old place, and moved to his stylish location to the accompaniment of full-page advertisements in the newspapers, a formal opening with an orchestra and souvenirs, and a genuine French china dinner set given to the lady who held the lucky number. All the newspapers sent reporters, who wrote up the opening and described the store just as if it had been a private function.

The Transient Trade

But somehow business did not increase in the new location as much as the crockery man felt he had a right to expect. The crowds were on the streets as always, but only an infinitesimal percentage seemed to be interested in hand-painted china, cut glass or artistic pottery. More people came into the store than at the old location, but a far greater percentage of them were lookers rather than buyers.

It came to be impressed upon the crockery merchant that crowds of people on the sidewalks, no matter how well dressed and prosperous looking, do not necessarily mean big business for the storekeepers. And he learned that it is one thing to do business with a well-established clientèle of regular customers and another thing to cater successfully to transient trade.

It takes much greater capital to do business with transient customers. Where the selection is small, a regular patron may trust the reputation of the house and make his purchase without a large number to choose from; but the transient customer is not influenced by any feelings of friendship. He relies on his own judgment only, and he demands a large selection on which to base his judgment.

At the end of his first year in the downtown location the crockery man found that his business showed an increase of about fifteen per cent, while his expenses had increased more than thirty per cent. He began to have trouble in meeting his obligations promptly. Formerly he had discounted all his bills; but now he let them run on to maturity, and even then would often be obliged to close an account with an interest-bearing note. Creditors began to make inquiries at the financial agencies about his affairs, and one or two wholesalers refused to ship goods he had ordered unless payment was made in advance.

There is nothing more discouraging than a retail business going wrong. It is practically impossible to cut down expenses. Rent and clerk hire go on every day; and advertising bills, electric-light bills, freight bills, and all sorts of other bills seem to be brought in every hour. Bank runners present notices of notes about to fall due and creditors make sight drafts accompanied by sharp letters saying that patience has ceased to be a virtue, and unless the draft is paid the account will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. But the proprietor must act before customers quite carefree and buoyant, even though he can see bankruptcy just round the corner and himself branded through life as one who owed money that he did not pay.

The Banker's Advice

It was during the second year that the crockery man's affairs became so desperate that he went to see his banker to ask for a loan to meet his pressing obligations. That official was one of the old-time bankers who had got into the profession after a career of successful retailing, and he knew storekeeping from errand boy to executive.

"No; I won't loan you money to continue where you are," he told the merchant; "but I will give you some good advice for nothing: Get out of that high-priced store and go back to your old location. Tell the public frankly, through the newspapers, that you made a mistake in moving, and invite all your old customers to meet you back at the old place.

"You are finding out," continued the banker, "what a lot of people in the United States have learned during the last twenty years; and that is, crowds of people do not necessarily mean increased business. As an example, look at all the towns throughout the country that have pulled off World's Fairs and similar shows. The local merchants enthusiastically subscribe money to finance their exposition, figuring that they will get it back with interest when the crowds begin to arrive. Sometimes the crowds never come; but even when the attendance is big the merchants are disappointed at the business they do.

"What should be remembered is this: People do not go away on sight-seeing or pleasure trips to buy merchandise. When away from home they spend some money round hotels and restaurants, but they do not choose that time to buy clothes, furniture, wrist watches, fireless cookers or cut-glass water sets. In the first place, they don't want to be bothered with carrying such things home. In the second place, they feel that they ought to spend their money with their home-town merchants, just as you and I do. And in the third place, most of them feel that it is an expensive trip anyhow.

(Continued on Page 83)

DURABLE
DURHAM
HOSIERY
Trade Mark

Hosiery that Wears Longer Than You Expect

Many women have written us that Durable-DURHAM Hosiery has worn better than they expected.

You will have the same experience when you try Durable-DURHAM. It wears longer because every pair is strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Because the materials are better and the workmanship more careful.

Buy this serviceable hosiery for every member of the family and you will save money and avoid darning. Buy it by the box and have a good supply of really satisfactory stockings.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

There are styles for every season of the year, for work, dress or play and the same honest wearing value is woven into every pair. The tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even, and the genuine Durham dyes prevent fading under hardest wearing or washing conditions.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, write to our Sales Department at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.

A free Catalog showing the many Durable-DURHAM styles and colors will be mailed upon request.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
88 Leonard Street, New York

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is not a product of child labor. No person under 14 years is employed. Industrial conditions under supervision of experts trained in U. S. Government courses on employment management. Average working day is 8 hours and 15 minutes.

Three of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery

BIG SISTER
A fine, wide elastic out-size stocking with extra wide elastic top. Medium weight. Made from soft combed lisle finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Balbriggan, black and white
Price 35c pair

MISS NANCY
A light-weight lisle stocking with extra fine silk finish. Special anti-run stitch. Brown, gray, black and white
Price 35c pair

RED RIDING HOOD
A good play and school stocking for children. Medium weight. Soft lisle finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black or white.
Price 30c pair

Setting a Candle to Catch a Thief

OUTSIDE air that filters through the brick-enclosing walls of boilers, costs industrial America many thousands of dollars each year because such leakage "cools" the fire, kills draft and therefore wastes coal to the extent of thousands of tons in the national aggregate.

Yet, just as the detection of such leaks is easy (see note under picture), so is the remedy simple; but it is simple largely through the pioneer work of Johns-Manville in its practical contributions to boiler-furnace improvement.

Through a complete line of products listed below, Johns-Manville can assure plants of new standards of heat saving in the boiler-room; standards that met and satisfied the Government during the coal crisis just past, when tons of fuel were saved and many hours of shut-downs averted—at a consequent increase in factory production.

Seldom has conservation been better served by Johns-Manville than in this branch of its service.

And it can be predicted that the products listed below, and the expert knowledge of their application, will be of as great service to the nation in this present period of post-war readjustment as they were during the war.

Because to the progressive plant, conservation has become permanently a national obligation, as well as a business expedient.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

These Johns-Manville Products save fuel in boiler-rooms:

High Temperature (Refractory) *Cements* for boiler settings
Asbestos Boiler Wall Coating for boiler wall exteriors
Monolithic Baffle Walls—tight, durable, easy to install; prevent short circuiting of hot gases
Asbestos Sheets and Blocks for insulating hot surfaces. *Insulating Cements.*
Heat Insulations for steam and hot water piping.
Steam Traps
Sea Ring Packing—eliminates unnecessary friction between rod or plunger and packing

A WOODEN frame, over which is fastened a square of cardboard having a small aperture at its center, is pressed against a boiler wall and the edges temporarily but completely sealed by some plastic material

It is obvious that any leakage in the part of the boiler wall covered by this frame, will immediately be detected by the inrush of air at the small aperture in the center of the cardboard, consequently, a candle flame, held to this aperture will be sucked inward, thus immediately revealing the fact that there is an infiltration of air through the boiler wall, which means fuel waste. By this method an entire boiler wall can be very quickly tested

This small device was the testing apparatus last year, in hundreds of boiler-rooms, at a time when coal saving was a vital war necessity

Thousands of tons of coal have been saved by preventing boiler wall leakage and by similar corrective measures at and around the boiler furnace.

A complete service in this department of engineering was one of the important contributions made by Johns-Manville during the fuel crisis.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler-walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 80)

"Now let us consider your present location: You are paying a thousand dollars a month rent because the owner of the property has had a man check up the crowds and found that an average of twenty-seven hundred people pass that corner every hour. But let us analyze the crowd: The big hotel round the corner is responsible for a large proportion. But hotel guests are not in a position to buy china dinner sets or hand-painted vases.

"Of course your location looks mighty busy and prosperous on the afternoons when there is a matinée at the theater across the street. But the matinée crowds are thinking how handsome the leading man was, not of buying library lamps or fireless cookers. The same thing applies to the throngs of people coming from the two picture houses in the next block. The office building in your vicinity brings a great many substantial people past your door; but they are mostly men, and the bulk of your trade is with women.

"And so I say, go back to your old location. You can probably dispose of your present lease, because it is just the sort of place for a drug store or confectionery shop or any line that caters distinctly to transient trade. The location may be worth a thousand dollars a month for some lines of business, but not for yours."

The crockery merchant took his banker's advice and made a strategic retreat back to his old location, where he is again doing his easy-going business of former days, discounting all his bills and making money.

This man's experience is typical of hundreds of cases to be found every year throughout the country. There seems to be a feeling among retailers that if a man can only rent the highest-priced location in his town, where the crowds are thickest, his fortune is assured. This idea has been a blessing to owners of business property everywhere. But places of medium size—towns that are just beginning to feel themselves cities—have been affected most.

Rents Getting Steeper

A survey of rental conditions in cities of the hundred-thousand class was recently made. Invariably the figures showed that business rentals have increased by a far greater percentage than population or bank clearings. In such widely separated places as Norfolk, Duluth and San Antonio the average rent of a store in the principal business district a dozen years ago was about a hundred dollars a month.

To-day the same room is bringing its owner from three hundred to four hundred dollars a month.

Some years ago an old-established jewelry concern was doing business in the financial district of a large city. It had been in the same location for more than fifty years and had a remarkable following among the wealthy downtown business men and their families. Three generations of young men had come in—at twenty-one to ask hesitatingly to be shown something suitable as a gift for a young lady; at twenty-five to buy the engagement ring; and at fifty to get the pearl necklace—which is the decisive announcement of success.

The good taste of the concern was so well recognized that it was no unusual thing for a customer to call up and say: "I've just received an invitation to Miss So-and-So's wedding. Won't you please select something nice in silver and send it up there for me? Anything up to five hundred dollars will be all right. Good-by!"

One day a real-estate man came into the jewelry store to make some purchase, and he casually remarked that he knew of a certain corner on a fashionable uptown street which would soon be for lease and which would make an ideal jewelry-store location. The jeweler was interested, for the corner mentioned was considered the most desirable in the city. The price was high, but apparently not too high for the location; and after mature deliberation he decided to make the move.

Three years from that time the jeweler held an auction sale to raise money to satisfy his creditors; and when they had been paid a hundred cents on the dollar he had nothing left. In those three years his capital of more than a quarter of a million dollars had been lost.

Such a disastrous outcome would seem unreasonable if it had not actually happened. The merchant had reasoned that even if he lost a considerable number of his old customers by moving to the uptown location, the transient trade on that street would more than make up the difference.

What the Inquest Showed

His initial mistake lay in assuming that the higher rent would be the only increased cost of doing business. But in the new location it was necessary to have higher-priced salesmen, an expensive delivery car, a doorman in livery, an elaborate electric sign, and all the other trimmings of that extravagant street. And it took thirty thousand dollars of his capital to buy fixtures for the uptown establishment that would be in keeping with the standard set by his competitors. But fixtures, though figuring as assets in the financial statements of a business, are so much tied-up capital.

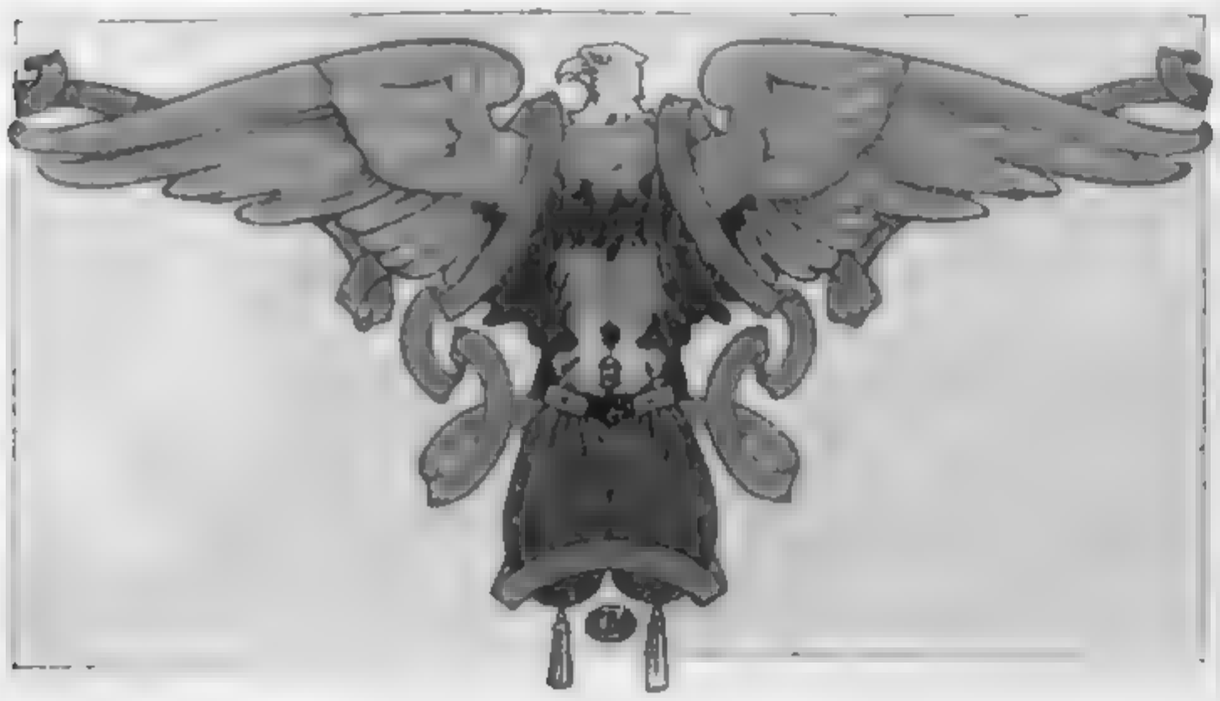
It was, however, the radically changed character of his trade that really caused the merchant's downfall. Instead of the easy-going methods of dealing with old customers, who trusted the firm's judgment both in taste and values offered, each customer had to be shown.

In the old location when a regular patron came in and asked to see something in the way of a platinum bracelet watch he was quite satisfied if the salesman showed him three or four such expensive timepieces, and willing to make his selection from that number. But in the new location when a stranger asked to be shown platinum bracelet watches he expected to see at least fifty of them. And the transient customer seldom bought at the first showing. Not knowing the concern, he would usually want to satisfy himself that the prices were right by looking round in other shops.

Downtown the jeweler's stock of a quarter of a million dollars had been enough to satisfy every requirement of his trade. But after he moved he had to carry twice that amount in order to make a showing to compare with his competitors'.

Business can be dull even on Fifth Avenue. Recently the trade papers carried a story to the effect that on a certain stormy day a well-known Fifth Avenue store, which does an annual business of many hundreds of thousands, had cash receipts of exactly three dollars. When a merchant tries to carry more than a half-million-dollar stock with a quarter-million-dollar capital, he either has to turn his stock over fast or pay a lot of interest. And when

(Concluded on Page 87)



J. M. W. of the Prest-O-Lite Clan

His Engineers Staged This Test

"WHY," said J. M. W. (President of the X---- Auto M'n'f'g Co.) to his engineer, "should a car owner puzzle his brains about the patent insides of this, that, and the other battery?

"Most sensible folks who ride in cars don't know and they don't want to know whether battery plates are made of wrinkled rubber or puckered lead.

"What they do want to know is that they are getting battery service from the best battery made—from a battery that can and actually has won a side-by-side test, designed to demonstrate beyond question which one carries the most power and lives the longest life.

"Such being the case, it is up to you and me to make the test that will settle the question."

Taking the best two of six batteries submitted—Prest-O-Lite and a competitor of equal capacity—the engineer placed both together, with a fine new stiff eight-cylinder engine, in the coldest room of a big cold storage plant.

There he left the whole exhibit, batteries and engine, to chill for seventeen hours in a ten-below-zero temperature.

The two batteries were then hooked up in turn to the engine, which they were asked to spin continuously—to the limit of the battery's strength and power.

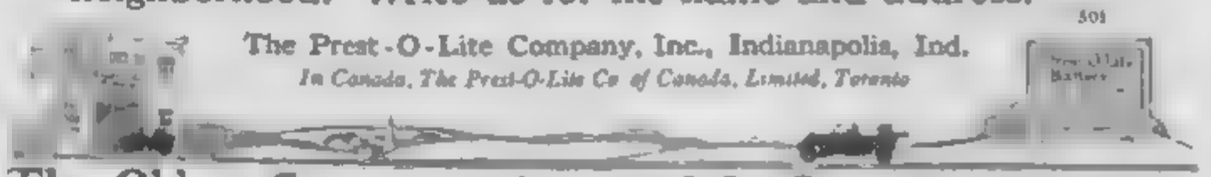
At the finish of eight successive trials—with a rest of from one to three minutes between each—the score for the two batteries read:—

for COMPETITOR	*for* PREST-O-LITE
142 Seconds 75 Revolutions	237 Seconds 132 Revolutions
13 " 5 "	25 " 10 "
7 " 3 "	10 " 4 "
9 " 3 "	15 " 5 "

A victory for the Prest-O-Lite—a clean, decisive victory—in the toughest battery contest which could possibly be staged.

The answer—for you who ride in cars and buy batteries—is self-evident. Join the Prest-O-Lite Clan!—and forget your battery troubles.

There is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station man in your neighborhood. Write us for his name and address.



The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
In Canada, The Prest-O-Lite Co of Canada, Limited, Toronto

The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

The work must go on

Transporting Gargoyle Lubricating Oil in Egypt

KOBE

SHANGHAI

JAVA

THE plows of Egypt are still being pulled by oxen. Able-bodied Hindus are carrying building materials on their backs. Progressive Japan still has jinrickshaws.

But labor grows scarce. Man-work must be diverted to fields where it can best serve. Muscle is fast losing the right to compete blindly with mechanical power.

Egypt is already taking up farm tractors. Motor-trucks must go to India. Japan will replace jinrickshaws with taxicabs.

Wasteful methods are falling by the wayside. The age of machinery will not be denied. The work must go on.

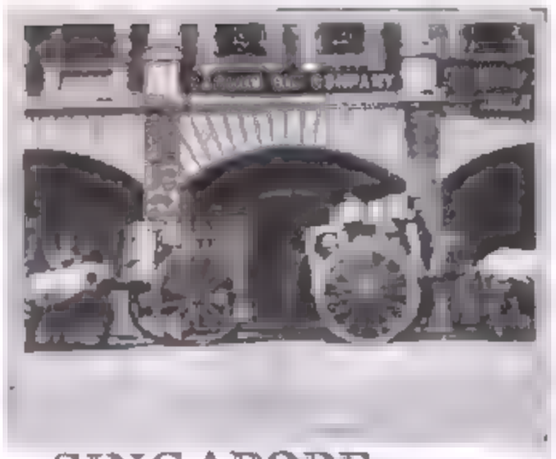
SEOUL

KOBE - JAPAN

CALCUTTA

SOERABAIA

HELIOPOLIS



SINGAPORE

THE age of machinery spreads outward from America. During the ten years ending 1916, nearly $1,150-000,000 worth of American machinery was shipped to all parts of the world.

In America alone, 125 leading manufacturers of power machinery specifically recommend or endorse the use of the Vacuum Oil Company's Gargoyle Lubricants to the purchasers of their equipment.

Vacuum Oil Company Branches and representatives dot the earth. Men serving under the red Gargoyle have taught unskilled Malays how to operate their American engines. Oriental and African misuse of lubricants has been corrected. The more intelligent peoples who lacked mechanical carefulness have become informed.

New inventions often bring new lubricating needs. As these needs arise they will be met by new Gargoyle Lubricants. To safeguard the correct operation of machinery going to all parts of the globe, the Vacuum Oil Company maintains an ever-expanding world organization.

The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Kan., Des Moines

Correct
AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below [illegible] recommended by the [illegible] who have the [illegible] grade for [illegible]

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models	1917 Models	1916 Models	1915 Models	1914 Models
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

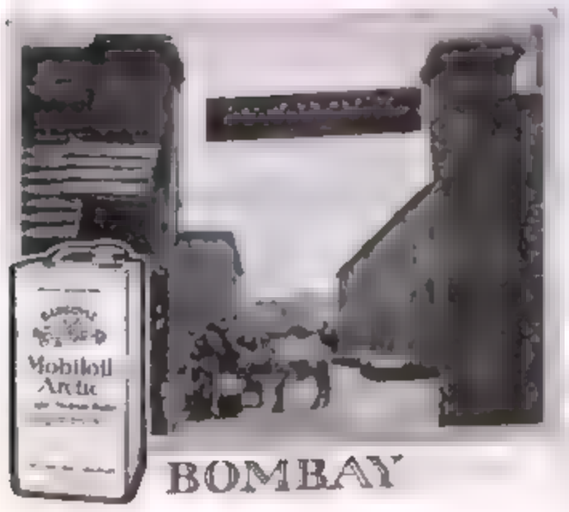
CAIRO

PORTUGAL

MANILA

BANGKOK

WELLINGTON *New Zealand*



BOMBAY

FUNCHAL—MADEIRA

BOMBAY

traction surface

The small eraser on the end of a pencil wears away quickly as compared with an eraser that is broad and flat.

So likewise the tire tread which consists of small projections wears away quickly as compared with the tread which has a broad, flat traction-surface.

In the Michelin Universal three-quarters of the entire tread is traction-surface. You can prove this for yourself by holding a piece of wire screen over a part of the tread and comparing the number of squares that touch the raised portion with the number that cover the portion not raised.

This is one of many reasons why Michelin Tires are unsurpassed for durability.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited, 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world

MICHELIN

(Concluded from Page 83)

he not only loses all cash discounts but pays interest as well he is headed in a dangerous direction.

It may sometimes happen that a high-priced location will scare customers away rather than attract them. A few years ago some capitalists in one of the larger Southern cities put up a two-million-dollar hotel. It was located on the principal business street, and on either side of the main entrance retail stores were built. Being next to the hotel lobby, the owners naturally figured that these stores ought to bring fancy prices.

About this time a young man who had been connected with one of the local clothing stores decided to go into business for himself, and made inquiries with a view of renting one of the hotel locations. The price was six hundred dollars a month, which was a third more than similar stores on the same street rented for; but the agent pointed out that it was worth more money to be right next to the hotel lobby, on account of the transient trade and the prestige of such a location with the townspeople. The young clothing merchant recently related his experiences to the writer.

"I rented the place," he said; "and, though the price worried me a little, I figured that I could make out. I had been connected with the clothing business in town for a number of years and had a great many customers, and I was sure they would be glad to patronize me in my new venture. Then, too, I thought the hotel, with its four hundred rooms, would be a great source of transient business.

"When I got through fitting up the place I surely had a handsome store. I did not intend to make the mistake of putting Eighth-Avenue-looking fixtures into a Fifth-Avenue-priced location. I felt that my new store was a poem in plate glass and fumed oak. The news reporter sent round by one of the newspapers to cover my opening wrote that it was among the handsomest clothing establishments south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"My opening was indeed a grand success. The attendance, in fact, was so good that the souvenirs gave out by the middle of the afternoon, which caused some grumbling; but the orchestra played lively music all day. I gave everyone a ticket that was good for a chance on a ten-dollar suit of clothes, one of my wholesale houses sent a big floral horseshoe, and all my friends came in to wish me good luck. I felt I had a running start, for mine was a model store right in the best location of a large prosperous city; and the only thing lacking for a profitable business was customers."

Customers Hard to Get

"But the customers seemed to be hard to get. I had not expected big business right at the start, realizing that it takes time to work up a paying clientèle; I had counted, however, on making expenses the first six months and after that hoped to increase gradually. But even these moderate ideas did not materialize. In order to make expenses I needed to average twelve hundred dollars in weekly sales, and during the first six months I averaged only about a thousand dollars. Things looked pretty blue.

"I knew there must be something wrong. I was going through all the motions of successful retailing; my advertising copy in the newspapers was bright and snappy, my windows were the most attractive in town, and my stock was kept in the most immaculate manner. I joined the Chamber of Commerce, gladly worked on all committees in order to get my name in the papers, and began regularly to attend all the lodges of which I was a member so as to renew the friendships of potential clothing buyers. It was rough work, but I needed the business.

"One day I thought I discovered the trouble. I was standing just inside my doorway and could hear the conversation of two men who were looking at my window display. One of them had evidently been considering the purchase of a fedora hat, which the window dresser in a fit of inspiration had labeled Nobby! The man who was interested started to move toward the entrance, when his companion said:

"'I wouldn't go in there. These places round a big hotel like this always charge high prices.'

"The man's remark hit me with a bang! My pretty fumed-oak store in its expensive location scared some customers away instead of attracting them! I remembered that when traveling I always had an uneasy feeling I had to pay more for some things round the lobby of a big hotel than the same thing would cost elsewhere; and it might be perfectly natural that people felt the same way about my store."

The Critical Period

"I seemed to be up against the real thing. I had a ten-year lease on my hands at a high rental and was not even breaking even. Unless I could do something to convince the public my merchandise was just as reasonable in price as in any other store the chances were good that the sheriff would soon come into possession of a high-class clothing business.

"For a week I lay awake nights to plan some way out. It would not do much good to advertise in the newspapers that my merchandise was reasonably priced, because at least half a dozen other clothiers were telling the public every day through the newspapers that they were the lowest-priced houses in town. And, besides, the transient customers, whose business I needed, would not be much influenced by local newspaper advertising anyhow.

"It is sometimes possible for a merchant to force business by carrying a tremendous stock and showing greater variety than his competitors; but I did not have the capital for that kind of merchandising. If I had been on a cash basis I might have saved a little money in buying my goods; but unluckily I had to buy on credit.

"At last I thought of nationally advertised merchandise. If I could fill my windows with articles which were known to have a fixed and certain value, would it not prove to the passer-by that my store was no higher-priced than others? If I could do that, then my prominent location and handsome store would count.

"I had financed my enterprise with a few thousand dollars inherited from my father's estate, together with my own savings, and naturally did not have any too much capital. In buying my opening stock I had not gone in for nationally advertised goods for two reasons: In the first place, I had an idea of making my name so strong in the community that people would buy my merchandise without any further recommendation.

"I was quite fond of telling traveling men who spoke of the amount of money their houses were spending on publicity that national advertising meant nothing to me; that I did not intend to pay high rent and give valuable window space to boost the business of some manufacturer up North. I also contended that the high-class merchant was foolish to feature the same article which might be bought at any little store on a side street, instead of building up a demand for his own private brands.

"But there was another reason why I had not considered advertised merchandise, though I had never admitted it to anyone; and that was the fear I might have trouble in getting credit from the great nationally known concerns. They seemed so big and powerful that it appeared almost presumptuous for a man like me, with only a few thousand dollars of capital and a business not self-supporting, to ask for their goods on credit. But I made up my mind it had to be done, and so I got on the train to go after some lines that might help me out of my troubles.

"I was agreeably surprised to find the big fellows just as human as anyone, and anxious to do business. The first concern I went to see was that of a great clothing manufacturer whose advertising is familiar to every magazine reader in the country; and the head of the firm was as cordial as though I had been a buyer for a million-dollar department store.

"'When an outfit becomes as large as ours,' he told me, 'there is always the danger that we shall become merely a machine. One of my biggest jobs nowadays is to see that no stiffness creeps into our dealings with customers. No matter how strong you are, you can't last long when you don't keep your feet on the ground.'"

Some Good Advice

"This was reassuring; but I had quite a bump when the head of the firm turned me over to the credit manager. That official asked me all the usual questions—how much capital I had, how much I owed, what my expenses were, and how much money I averaged taking in each week.

"My answers did not show a very brilliant state of affairs; but he seemed pretty well satisfied until he asked me how much of my business was cash and how much credit, and I had replied that about a third of my sales went on the books. I explained that this was necessary because most of my friends were in the habit of buying on credit at other stores, and I felt I must give them the same accommodation.

"'That is pretty bad,' the credit man observed; 'and I am going to be frank with you. Though your affairs are not prospering now, I believe you have a chance for success. But I can't recommend you to my firm as a good risk when you are selling a third of your merchandise on credit. Right there is where the majority of young retailers fall down.

"'A man will go into business on limited capital, not at all able to carry accounts; but during his first year or two he is so anxious to do business that he puts a lot of people on his books who have no right to be there. All the dead beats of a community take fresh courage when a new man opens up business on Main Street.

"'Perhaps my firm will take a chance on you, but it can't take a chance on all the people you put on your books. Suppose all calculations go wrong and you get into trouble. I go down to your town to see what can be done about it, and find that you owe money to various firms which is past due, and your stock is so depleted that you are taking in very little cash. But when you desperately need money to pay some firm which is threatening to bring suit you find that many of your accounts are worthless; many bid fair to drag out over months before being settled; and the man of prompt pay who told you to come round to his office and get a check any time you needed it is away on his vacation.'"

Advertised Goods Best

"'Of course a man may get into trouble, even though he sells only for cash; but unless his expenses are unreasonably heavy my firm cannot lose very much on him. Business may be so dull that he cannot send us any money; but, in case of a showdown, at least he has the merchandise on his shelves.'

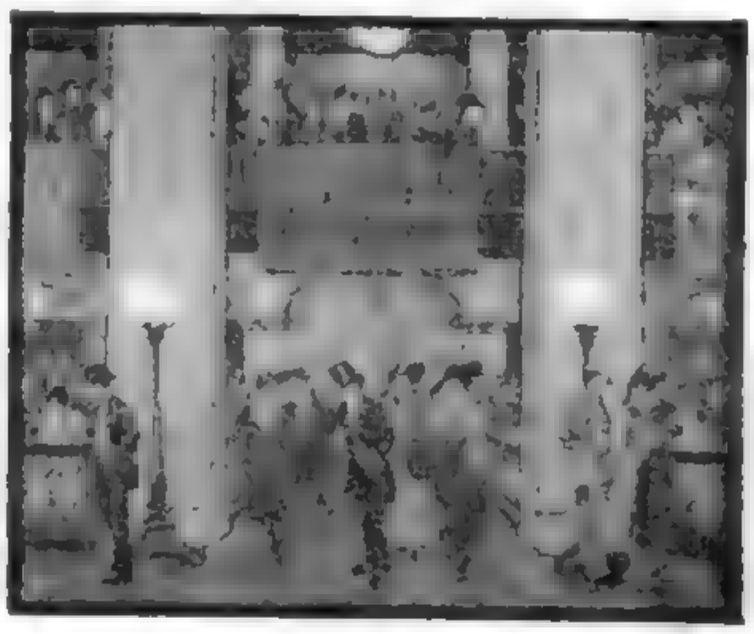
"I got the credit man's viewpoint, and on my promise to sell only for cash in future he extended to me a very liberal line of credit. I was also successful in getting the support of other manufacturers of advertised merchandise; and when I got back home I put on a sale to close out my old lines, telling the public frankly, through the newspapers, the plain facts about my changed policy.

"The plan worked. After closing out all my old private-brand goods there was practically nothing in stock that did not bear the name and price tag of some well-known manufacturer. I especially featured the factory-printed price tags in my window displays. The high-price theory would not stand when everything in sight bore the plainly printed price that was advertised in all the magazines of America.

"The fixed advertised price was a particularly good weapon in the fight for transient business. People away from home are inclined to be suspicious. But when a stranger comes into my store, disposed to regard me as a profiteer—and, anyhow, much higher-priced than the merchants back home—it is a great relief to lay an article on the counter, silently turn up the tag with the factory price printed on it, and at the same time place beside it a full-page advertisement from some magazine.

"No salesmanship is necessary other than being pleasant. There is the article, there is the advertisement, and there is the price. Confidence is established, for the doubting customer has seen the same thing advertised and sold at the same price by the storekeepers in his own home town.

"It was not long before I reached a paying basis; and I have stayed there ever since. By handling only merchandise that had a known fixed value I got the people to the point where they were not afraid of my fumed-oak fixtures and high-priced location."



TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

Your Men Know "W & B"

Drills and Civilization

MAN began his education by making contrivances to serve his needs. To make them hold together he had to have holes. To have holes he needed drills.

Today every industry and every product is based—to some degree—on holes. Whether it is your Watch or the Panama Canal, both exist because of holes—and back of every hole is a Drill.

"W & B" Drills make accurate holes and are obtainable in all types and sizes for all purposes in Carbon and High Speed steel. There is also a complete line of "W & B" Reamers.

Holes cost money. Metals are hard. Work must be precise. The better the Drill and the Reamer the quicker and better the holes, and the less they cost.

Cheap holes lead to profits and progress, and the best Drills and Reamers make the cheapest holes. The employer gets more production and the drill press operator gets more pay.

Established 65 Years

Whitman & Barnes

TWIST DRILLS-REAMERS-WRENCHES-SPECIAL DROP FORGINGS

Twist Drill and Reamer Quality

"W & B" Cuts Hole Costs

DRILL-cheapness means hole-expense. The Drill isn't the only thing. There's labor, and time. Poor Drills make few holes, have to be sharpened often or break easily. Every delay means expense—increased overhead, lost production, more Twist Drills.

Whitman & Barnes is a sixty-five year old name. "W & B" Drills and Reamers have helped to build the Panama Canal, the Grand Central Station, the New York Elevated Railroads, Ships, Trucks, Tractors, Bridges, Engines, Farm Machinery, Automobiles, Locomotives, Steel Cars and all kinds of manufactured products, everywhere.

For a lifetime "W & B" Drills and Reamers have been unsurpassed in hole-making quickness, accuracy and economy. The careful, intelligent, thrifty shops know "W & B" tools by performance. From the small manufacturer to the United States Government, the demand for "W & B" Drills and Reamers has filled our factories with high grade orders.

"W & B" means experience, research, achievement, capacity, fair dealing, promptness, technical accuracy and reasonable prices. Use our experience and reputation by specifying "W & B" Carbon or High Speed Twist Drills and Reamers. Right for all industries.

The Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Co.
General Offices: Akron, O.
Factories: Akron, O., Chicago, Ills., St. Catharines, Ont.

Established 65 Years
Whitman & Barnes
TWIST DRILLS-REAMERS-WRENCHES-SPECIAL DROP FORGINGS

CONTINENTAL MOTORS ★ AMERICA'S STANDARD ★ Powerful as the Nation

This Seal when shown on Continental Motor nameplate has a red circle border.

"This Continental Red Seal Does More Than Guarantee a Good Motor"

When you see a motor with the Continental Red Seal you know that you've found a good motor.

When you see a truck with a Continental Red Seal Motor you can be pretty sure that you've found a good truck.

Good motors marked with the Continental Red Seal are not accidents, but certainties. These motors have been tried out, in hundreds of thousands of trucks and passenger cars, under every conceivable condition of service over a period of sixteen years. Their merit, consequently, is sure, essential, dependable.

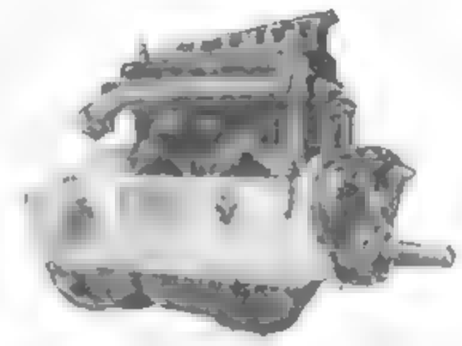
Good trucks embodying the Continental Red Seal Motor are the rule rather than the exception. The several-score manufacturers of trucks and cars that use Continental Motors in their product year after year, thus show their willingness to buy the best obtainable. Their judgment in respect to the other units selected is apt to be equally good. Certainly these manufacturers are among the most stable and most successful in the entire industry.

Make sure that the Continental Red Seal is on the motor in the truck or car you buy.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan — **Factories:** Detroit—Muskegon

Largest exclusive motor manufacturers in the world.



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

"Let's all keep industry humming by working together—employers and employees—in harmonious co-operation.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR,

Wm. B. Wilson, Secretary."

Continental Motors

America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

THE BIRD IN THE HAND

(Continued from Page 16)

scenery, but as territory to be took up and staked off according to the following metes and bounds, to wit, and to be filed in the office of the register of deeds in and for Minnekahta County at two dollars per file by frenzied seekers after mammon; that's the way I look at it. My eyes go below surface indications and down to bedrock, and somewheres between I see location notices.'

"'You've got a pair of right optimistic optics, Uncle Billy,' says Sim. 'You ought to know that we ain't in the mineral belt though.'

"'What's the matter with letting that belt out a few holes?' says Billy. 'Anyway, you rustle me a pack horse, a fry pan, a pick and shovel and give me a week's leave of absence. It won't hurt nothing, even if it don't help, in which case you can extend the leave indefinite and I'll keep on a-going and let the outfit be a stand-off to what wages should ought to be a-coming to me if matters and things was otherwise. I reckon I'll cruise around some, whether or no.'

"'I'm right sorry to lose you, Uncle Billy,' says Simmy, 'but I reckon it ain't fair to hold you. I'll let you have my bed roll and I guess I can get that little old pinto pony from Ed Bell to pack. Also you're kindly welcome to this seven dollars and a half that I've got left. I won't need it after I've hung myself.'

"Billy told him not to talk foolish and tried to cheer him up, but he didn't have no good success. Simmy just hunched over like he'd done after he come back from that first buggy ride with Lucia, and went over to Ed Bell's and traded him his pearl-handled gun for the pinto pony. The next morning Billy lit out bright and early, and Simmy had to stay in the office all day. After supper he slicked up and went over to Joe Peabody's, according to custom, and Joe and his wife went out on the porch and let him and Lucia have the setting room as usual—with the door open and the window shades up and the lamp turned up as high as it would go without smoking, according to Lucia's notion of what was proper and becoming.

"'You ain't like yourself this evening, Mr. Broderick,' says Lucia after a while. 'Ain't you well?'

"'Excepting for a headache, which I think is caused by the glare of the light in my eyes, I'm tolerable middling, thank you, ma'am,' says Simmy. 'I don't know but the draft from that door may have something to do with it too,' he says; 'and the chill that I always get when you call me "Mr. Broderick."'

"'Simeon, then,' says Lucia, relenting some. 'Ain't you reely well, Simeon; or are you just a-making sport? I can't never tell, you're so funny.'

"'Whatever I am, I ain't feeling funny this evening,' says Sim. 'With ruin a-staring me in the face and hope of ever being united to the best and loveliest of her sex dashed and double-dashed and exclamation-pointed, my spirits is certainly a considerable depressed. It's this-a-way, Lucia, honey.'

"He went on to tell her the way it was, and she seemed a considerable sorry for him. 'All we can do is wait and be patient though,' she says. 'It ain't like we wasn't both young and couldn't afford to. Ain't there some way ——' She leaned her chin on her hands and studied.

"'Sure there's a way,' says Simmy, breaking in on her meditations. 'If you would slack up a little on them notions you've got about games of chance and skill, sweetness—which notions is certainly right and noble and magnanimous, if you look at it strict and rigid—if, sort of temporary, you could wink them lovely eyes of yourn a spell, why, I've got a daisy hunch that I'd be in elegant shape financially before daylight to-morrow morning. You're too angel-minded and spotless to know what a real hunch is, darling; but I want to say that the kind I've got, it's a sin and a economic waste not to play it to the limit. I've got that seven-fifty that Billy wouldn't take yet, and if you'd try to look at it in the light of an investment—a conservative investment ——'

"'Simeon Broderick,' says Lucia, 'are you talking about gambling after all I've said about it? If I thought you was, and was in earnest, I'd tear your image from my heart and not have nothing more to do with you. If you ain't got no more respect for me and no more aspirations to being well thought of than that, I'm real disappointed in you, that's all. I did think that you had saw the light.'

"'Sho! I was only fooling,' Simmy told her. 'I reckon it's the way you said—you can't tell it on me when I'm indulging in jocoseness,' he says. 'Why, I wouldn't gamble—excepting a Dorcas grab bag or chances on a crazy quilt—not for anything you could mention. No, ma'am, sweetheart! I'll tell you—after this I'll hold up my two fingers crossed when I'm talking playful, and then you won't hurt my feelings by misunderstanding me.'

"'Well,' says Lucia, 'I'm mighty glad that you don't really mean it. I didn't hardly think you could. What I was a-thinking, Simeon, was that I've got nearly a thousand dollars laid up, and you could take up a homestead on Wickiup, and—and ——'

"'Not on your sweet, dear, beautiful, blameless life!' says Simmy firmly. 'I ain't starting no ranch on my girl's money—and my fingers ain't crossed on that. I'd as soon marry a Rosebud squaw for the government rations. That's me. I wouldn't do that no more'n I'd gamble; and anyway ranching is the worst kind of gambling. First off you bet Uncle Sam eighteen dollars against a hundred and sixty acres that you'll stay five years; and then you gamble your seed against the crops and take a chance on hail and another chance on drouth—which is odds of forty to one anywhere in the hills—and if you win it's a life sentence with nothing off for good behavior. No, ma'am, ranching is too speculative for one thing; and for another, nobody ain't going to be able to say that Simmy Broderick got his start by marrying riches. We done settled that, honey.'

"Lucia blushed. 'I know we did,' she says. 'I just thought we—mebbe we might —— What are you doing to that lamp, Simeon?'

"'Shucks! Now I've turned it out,' says Simmy.

"Owing to him not having no matches and not liking to trouble Mrs. Peabody and Joe for quite a while Simmy went home that night some comforted. It didn't last long though, and for the next few days he was plumb unhappy. It was lonesome around the office without Billy to talk to and nothing to do but roll cigarettes and wonder how he was a-going to amass a thousand dollars to lay alongside Lucia's thousand. He was set in his mind that there wouldn't be no nuptials until he was able to see that thousand and mebbe raise it. He had too much self-respect. The only way out of it he could figure was to hold up the stage the next bullion shipment, and he had his doubts whether Lucia would approve of that, though she hadn't never declared herself. The probabilities was that she wouldn't think it respectable, and he aimed to be respectable and do right. Seemed like Iowa had him foul.

"When it got so that his thoughts was too tumultuous he'd stick a notice on the office door and go around to Mike's place and look on. That wasn't nothing more than an aggravation though. He'd see some lucky fool win big on a bobtail flush and think that if it wasn't for Iowa he might just as well have done that himself; or he'd notice wrong discards or calls that ought to have been judicious raises or winning hands laid down, and he'd know just how he would have played them hands to scoop up every dollar in sight. He'd stand for an hour at a time by the roulette table, and when the little ball started a-rolling he'd make believe in his mind that he was placing his chips; and the sums that he won, in his mind, that-away wasn't nothing short of fabulous.

"Then he'd tear himself away and walk down the street to Lucia's millinery and look at the hats in the windows until Lucia shook her head at him, disapproving, and then he'd drag himself back to the office and smoke more cigarettes and wonder if drowning was as easy and painless as it was cracked up to be, and whether Lucia would be faithful to his memory.

"He was studying on that, about the fifth day of his misery, when the door opened and a colored person edged in and asked him how was tricks. Leastaways he thought it was a colored person before he heard him speak, but having visions of Lucia weeping o'er his lonely grave his own eyes was misted up and he didn't reco'nize Billy.

"'How's tricks?' asks Billy again.

"'Well, well!' says Simmy, forcing a grin. 'Joined the Senegambian Serenaders, have you? Sit down, Br'er Dickinson, sah, and bring yo' corporosity to a equilibrium while I requisate yo' conundrum, sah. Well, how is tricks, Mistah Dickinson, sah? You tell me.'

"Billy sat down, and looking very steady and very sober at Simmy he pulled a couple of papers out of his pocket that was all grimed up with black, like he was. 'I want these here documents filed the first thing,' he says. 'They're location notices on one certain tract or parcel of land, lying and being as hereinafter described and containing carboniferous deposits of coal, similar to what I've got on my face and clothes. Struck it in a gulch about three miles west of Beecher Buttes. Simmy, we're rich.'

"'Coal, eh?' says Simmy, kind of disappointed. 'That the best you could do?'

"'I reckon it is,' says Billy. 'Of course it ain't much to find within the borders of this county resources of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice; something that's going to attract capital like flies to the molasses on a baby's mouth, bring emigration that would stagger Castle Garden, turn the humming wheels of industry and locomotives throughout the len'th and breadth of our fair land and run ferry boats and ocean liners o'er the bright blue wave from pole to pole. That ain't nothing. It's just the best I could do, like you said. All the same I'd just merely snicker if anybody offered me a million dollars for that claim of mine right now; and the one I staked for you is just as good.'

"'I'd snicker if anybody offered me a million,' says Simmy. 'Snickering wouldn't hardly express my joyful emotions. Don't look at me that wild-eyed way, Uncle Billy. It makes me nervous. The question to me is: Can we get anybody else to stake claims, do you reckon?'

"Billy got up like he'd been stung. 'My gracious goodness and three hands around!' he says. 'Here I give this impecuniary pollywog the Philadelphia Mint and the United States Treasury and all he can talk about is two-dollar recording fees! Listen, you bat-eyed, under-sized, short-weight tomtit: Do you understand I've took a sack of that coal over to Bob Milligan and he's tried it out in his forge and he says it's the best all-round coal and gives the dandiest welding heat of any coal he ever seen or heard tell of—no slag and a fine ash and we've got enough of it to stoke hell for a thousand years?

"'Listen:· Six months after I take the public into my confidence there's going to be hoists and culm heaps and coke ovens and breakers and sidetracks and main lines and miners' shacks and black smoke from the Beecher Buttes to Blueblanket. I'm telling you!'

"'Good!' says Simmy, brightening up. 'You talk like that when you take the public into your confidence and I don't know but we can get a little remunerative employment in this office after all. But don't let me keep you from getting confidential right away, Uncle Billy—and don't wash your face; leave it the way it is—and if—I mean I'll split the recording fees with you, Uncle Billy.'

"Billy said a few things that had a good welding heat to them and went back to Bob Milligan's blacksmith shop. Simmy put the two location notices on record, just to pass time, and after a while he went to lunch. Ed Bell was the only man at the table at Berry's and he told Simmy that he'd let out six saddle horses and four rigs to a lot of crazy jakes who was going out to the coal fields that Billy Dickinson had discovered out Blueblanket way, and Billy had collected a five-dollar bill from each one of them for locating them.'

"'I guess Billy ain't no crazy jake,' says Simmy.

"Well, the Beecher coal boom started that-away. It wasn't no frenzied rush, but there was twenty-six location notices filed the next day, and from that on business in the register's office was just about tolerable lively. Simmy's hair come out slick again, and every week he counted up the receipts he felt himself getting about a hundred dollars nearer to Lucia. Lucia was mighty pleased to find that Providence was justifying her good opinion of it too; also that Simmy was acquiring habits of industry, owing to him not being able to coax Billy Dickinson back into the office, even for half the fees. Billy was over at his claim most all the time, doing development work and keeping an eye on the distant horizon for Eastern capital. He had come down on his price to half a million and a royalty in the second month, but that didn't signify that he wasn't plumb full of faith. He just didn't want to hog everything. He tried to get Simmy to do some work on the claim that he had staked for him, but Simmy didn't seem to be interested. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' he says. 'Little by little makes a lot; a good thing and a sure thing is two things. Anyway there's no rush about the claim; it won't run away.'

"'It might be jumped,' Billy told him. 'Don't never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; safe bind, safe find; if all your eggs is in one basket you can't have too many irons in the fire, the way I look at it; but you do what you feel like, only don't say I didn't tell you.'

"Simmy told Lucia what Billy had said that night. 'I s'pose I might hire a man to go out there and do enough work to hold it,' he says.

"Lucia asked him how much it would cost, and he told her about a hundred dollars. 'It looks like gambling a hundred dollars,' he says. And Simmy told her that was the reason he hadn't done it. It looked that way to him. 'Poor old Billy!' he says. 'He will take chances. If he'd had a good, Iowa-raised, moral-minded girl to keep him out of the path of destruction when he was younger he might have amounted to something. It sure makes me shudder when I look at him and think what I'd have been if you hadn't have took a hold on me.'

"'It makes me glad and thankful,' says Lucia. 'Just see how lovely it's all a-coming out! I knew it would.'

"'So did I,' says Simmy. 'I'd have bet my last dollar on it. I've been talking to Lafleiche and it looks like it was a cinch that I get the nomination for the legislature. It's going to cost a little money, but I'll be able to make the riffle before the time comes to put up.'

"It wouldn't have been no trouble at all for him to have reached out and knocked on wood, but Lucia's eyes was a-shining so's he couldn't think of nothing else just then; and, just as you might expect, business begun to fall off right from that date. Days went by, and not a location notice filed; then come a little spurt of quit claims, and then they pinched out.

"One morning Simmy was in O. P. Ferguson's store, he heard O. P. turn down a fellow who wanted to trade a good coal claim for a small bill of groceries and it wasn't long after that that Billy Dickinson come into town with a pack on the little pinto and allowed that he was on his way to the northern hills to work a placer that he'd passed up about five years back.

"'I've got my choice between the gold pan and the dishpan,' he told Simmy. 'One thing about placer, if you get anything you get something, and you get it without the aid or consent of Eastern capital and railroads. I never did take no stock in coal. I just discovered it to show I could if I wanted to, but it ain't no occupation for a white man. What do we want with coal anyway, when we've got good pitch pine? Well, Simmy, you loan me twenty-five dollars and I'll forgive you for talking me into all this foolishness and be hitting the trail.'

"Simmy tried to get him to take the half of the location fees, but Billy wouldn't hear to it. All he wanted was twenty-five dollars, and when Simmy gave it to him he lit out. Seems like I heard of him making a strike in the Cœur d'Alene a year or two after that, but it may have been some other Billy Dickinson. Anyway he went, and Simmy knew that when he gave up there wasn't no foundations solid enough to build air castles on.

"About a week after that a Deadwood sport, name of Reed Snumshaw, strayed into Mike Kinahan's place, and when he come out he had Mike's bank roll and a bill of sale for tables and bar fixtures. Simmy felt real sorry for Mike, but, as he told Lucia,

(Continued on Page 94)

NEW PERFECTION

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Delicious Because cooked on the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove—the stove that keeps the kitchen so comfortable, even in the hottest weather, and makes kitchen work so much easier.

that's why more than 3,000,000 housewives use New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves—no soot or odor—abundant heat for *all* cooking purposes.

and this is the secret—

The Long Blue Chimney Burner—approved by 3,000,000 housewives.

This Long Blue Chimney Burner turns every drop of kerosene oil into clean, intense cooking heat and drives it full force, directly against the utensil.

Because it is exactly the right length, it gives you exactly the right heat for every cooking purpose—simmering, searing, roasting, toasting, boiling or baking.

Instantly, you can turn it up to full heat. Just as quickly, the low simmering flame is ready. And the flame always *stays* where you set it, without smoke or odor.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate this fast-cooking flame—

Ask him to show you the wide range of flame adjustment, from low simmering to high searing heat. The flame is visible through mica doors, easy to operate, and absolutely dependable. The burners are made of brass and last for years.

All good dealers sell New Perfection Stoves and Ovens—and New Perfection Ovens bake perfectly.

See your dealer or write for New Perfection Booklet—it's free.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7530 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

OIL COOK STOVES

Look for the Long Blue Chimney

(Continued from Page 91)

it went to show what a young, ambitious, nervy man could do in a few short hours, without friends or influence or money more'n enough to buy a stack of whites. 'I ain't defending this Snumshaw,' he says. 'There ain't no denying but he took hazardous risks, which is immoral, like you say. But just see what he done! He told me that he had a hunch he'd win, but I bet it wasn't no such a hunch as I had that time —— Well, there ain't no use talking about it,' he says, sighing; 'but it sure looks like I won't be among them present when the next legislature convenes and assembles at Bismarck.'

"'Simeon,' says Lucia, 'I can't help thinking that down in your secret heart you've got hankerings for gains got by hazardous risks instead of honest toil and saving and a safe five per cent interest. Now if you want me to keep right on loving you you've got to promise me faithful that you won't never gamble none whatsoever.'

"Simmy promised faithful, and while it was fresh on him a little dried-up, curly-black-whiskered, bandy-legged man with coal dust on his neck come into the office and introduced himself as Mr. Griffith ap Morgan ap Jones.

"'Commonly known as "Aps,"' says the little man. 'I'm a darling and a daisy and a killaloo bird,' he says, mighty boastful. 'Luck's my pup and follows me around,' he says. 'Any man that does me a favor wears diamonds in the near future, and the man that bucks my game is a prey to bitter and unavailing regrets shortly subsequent. I'm cold pizen with no known anecdote, or I'm milk and honey blest—according as you want to take me. I've jumped your coal claim and I propose to work it, and I'd like to have you file the relocation. Short and sweet, that's me.'

"'You're kindly welcome, Mr. Aps,' says Simmy. 'The favor's all the other way, and the recording fee is two dollars, cash money, payable in advance. I'll be glad to make you out a quit claim to make you feel quite safe, if you want to pay the fees for that too, which is two for the document and two for recording—six dollars in all—cash.'

"'That's the point,' says Aps. 'At the present time I happen to be broke. Now just because I like your looks and because you take your loss like a sport, I'm going to give you a half interest in that claim and to all revenues accruing, which will be princely. All I ask of you is to record your deed and relocation and give me an order on the store for what I need to start on. I reckon ten dollars' worth would cover the ground. Don't thank me; you're a man it's a pleasure to obligate.'

"'Mr. Aps, I sure appreciate your generosity,' says Simmy. 'I just naturally can't help thanking you, but just the same I ain't going to take advantage of your kindness. All you need to do is dig up them fees, or fee, and keep your revenues for your own exclusive use and behoof. No more, and no less. As Mr. Macbeth says, there ain't no speculation in my eyes.'

"'You don't understand,' says Aps. 'Coal mining is my strong suit. I was raised to it. I know coal with my eyes shut and my hands tied. I've et coal and drunk coal and slept on coal and wore underwear made out of coal sacks for thirty years. That claim of mine, which was yours, has got a seventeen-foot vein and a sandstone roof, and not a smither of slate or bone in it. The worst I know of it is a three-inch streak of clay, and that's nothing at all. Do you know what all that means? Speculation! I'd be ashamed to talk that way! Don't tell me that you're a cheap skate and that you pass up a gilt-edge proposition like I'm making you. Don't tell me that you are a pussylanimous peanut and ——'

"'I won't,' says Simmy; 'and as a friendly well-wisher I wouldn't advise you to, either. I'm a level-headed, cool-judgmented believer in the bird in the hand. I like to hear them warbling in the bush, but I don't lavish no money on salt to sprinkle their little tail feathers. Also I'm long-suffering—but no longer than is reasonable; and I feel you are wasting valuable time here, Mr. Aps, sir.'

"'I ain't in no rush,' says Aps.

"'I was talking about my time,' says Simmy. 'Would you be so obliging and accommodating as to close the door behind you as you go out?'

"Aps closed the door as requested, but he opened it again and shoved in his head.

"'Don't you never tell me that you're a sport,' he says, and disappears.

"Simmy picked up a paperweight and held it ready for a minute or two; then he laid it down again and groaned. 'No, I ain't no sport,' he says. 'I ain't no sport. I'm what he said.

"'And I bet the bow-legged little cuss knows what he's talking about,' he says. 'No, I won't bet, but —— I've got a hunch that Uncle Billy got cold feet too soon.'

"Along late in the afternoon he was still a-musing when the door opened and Aps come in again, grinning, and threw down the relocation notice. 'Make out your quit claim and file that there,' he says, and with that he pulls out a roll of bills as big as a bolster and skins off a couple of fives. 'I found a party with real sporting blood,' he says, 'and you've missed your chance.'

"'I'm six dollars ahead of the game, the way I figure it,' says Simmy. 'Thank you, sir. Here's your change, and I'll have both documents ready for you in about an hour if you want to take them with you.'

"'I'll so do,' says Aps. 'I'll go defray some of this money that my half-interest partner has put up glad and liberal, and when I'm through I'll be back. You poor, poor sucker!'

"'Shut the door after you, if you'll be so kind and condescending,' says Simmy.

"Aps done so, and then opened it, like before. 'When me and my partner drives apast you in my four-horse barooch, a-spattering mud in your eye, them six dollars will be ashes and wormywood in your mouth,' he says. 'And they told me you was a sport!'

"He was gone before Simmy could grab the paperweight, and he didn't come back until he'd got his trading done and had two or three. Then he offered to shake the dice, first flop, his interest in the mine against Simmy's six dollars. Simmy wouldn't do that, and wouldn't shake when Aps made it ten cents instead of six dollars. Aps said he didn't hardly think he would, but being a dead-game sport himself he'd give him a last chance. 'I'll shake for anything you say,' he says.

"'I'm Cold Pizen With No Known Anecdote, or I'm Milk and Honey Blest—According as You Want to Take Me'"

"'You must be subject to chills,' says Simmy. 'Me, I ain't no aspen leaf. I wish, if you ain't got no further business, that you'd conduct that jag of yours outside—and shut the door behind you if you please, sir.'

"'And you call yourself a sport!' says Aps. But he went; and that time he didn't come back.

"'Well,' Simmy says, 'if it wasn't for Lucia, or—or if Lucia wasn't so dad-blamed—so high-minded and uncompromised, bless her sweet innocent soul! Well, she's worth it—or she comes so dog-gone near being worth it that there's no fun in it. I'm sure a lucky boy to have won that trusting little heart, and I'm a low dog if I don't do the way she wants.'

"But he had to relieve his mind by telling Lucia about it.

"'I ain't regretting that I took your advice and let that claim slide,' he says. 'No, sweetheart; I'm glad, for it sure looked like a gamble. But I feel it in my bones that right there I turned my back on the Vanderbilt gang and took the other trail. And I'm rejoiced clear down to my boots that I didn't let myself be led by that Welsh rabbit into a course that would have been against my conscience, but all the same something whispers to me that he's a-going to make the riffle, and some unprincipled person that staked him is a-going to get rich cheap. But I'm glad it wasn't me. Yes, ma'am, girl, if I've got you that's riches more than I'm deserving of.'

"Right there he got the surprise of his life. Lucia stooped down from her queenly height, and blushing like a suit of winter flannels threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. 'You darling man!' she says. 'Oh Simmy, I guess it's me that's undeserving!'

"Before Simmy could realize what had happened she made a grab at his hair and wooled it; then she hugged him again and kissed him real energetic. Then, as Simmy showed signs of recovering from the shock and acting up, she broke away and slapped his face.

"'You're forgetting of yourself, Mr. Broderick,' she says.

"'I beg your pardon, Lucia,' says Simmy, took aback considerable; and then he got surprise Number Three, for Lucia started laughing. You've heard of these here peals of merriment. Well, that ain't scarcely describing it, because it was more so. Anyway, it brought her sister a-running, and it was quite a while before she quieted down. A little later on she walked down to the gate with Simmy and told him good night there.

"'You've made me real happy,' she says.

"'I aim to do that right along,' says Simmy.

"'I couldn't help liking you, Simeon,' she proceeds, 'but I had my doubts about you until you told me how noble you acted about that coal mine.'

"'You didn't need to have no doubts,' says he; 'and you don't need to call me Simeon no more. You called me Simmy a while back.'

"'Do you like that better?' she asks softly. 'Well, Simmy dear, I guess you'll do to tie to.'

"After Simmy got home that night and come to himself a little he wondered how he got there without bumping into something. He was sure in a whirl. Lucia had kissed him and rumpled his hair with her lily fingers just like she wasn't a holy heavenly angel that it took all a man's nerve to be even sort of familiar with! And she had laughed right out, as near like whooping as a lady could! And she had called him Simmy twice, and told him he'd do to tie to. Simmy made up his mind that he would be that kind of a hitching post.

"He sure was! Wrought iron, with a welded ring and anchored in granite four foot below ground. They got to calling him 'Surething Sim' around town, and even that didn't faze him. From not taking chances with his money he got so he didn't take chances on anything else—no more'n he could help. He kept watch of himself all the time, and if he even got to feeling weak-kneed all he had to do was go up to see Lucia, and he'd come back braced up for anything. She was getting quite a lot of Eastern surface rubbed off by that time. She smiled oftener and laughed easier and got a little habit of humming tunes while she worked in her store. From what Joe Peabody and his wife said she wasn't so particular about having the sitting room in a blaze of light when Simmy and her occupied it, and she hardly ever told about how they done back in Iowa.

"Things went along that way until the fall before Simmy's term was up and near time for convention. Then one morning Sam Lafleiche come into the office and talked slate.

"'Sam,' says Simmy, 'I reckon you might as well spit on your sponge and wipe my name off. The legislature is too rich for my blood; likewise running again for county clerk. It would take all I've got to make the race, and then it's a gamble if I win. My motto is if you've got jack, ten, nine, eight and another jack, hang on to your pair and don't take chances on the draw for the seven-spot or the queen. Not any in mine! I'll stay here until the March winds do blow, do blow, and then retire to private life, thank you kindly.'

"Sam tried to argue him out of it, but he couldn't stir Surething Sim. Even Lucia couldn't. She had kind of set her heart on him going to Bismarck, but of course when he showed her that he'd be risking every last cent on not much more than an even chance she had to give up. Then he explained to her that as the county clerk's office was likewise a gamble he was contemplating buying out Pete Grippen's hardware with what he'd saved, having looked into the same close and careful and figuring that he couldn't lose.

"That was the way it went. He bought Pete out and hired a clerk to help him and put in his time between the store and the office, working like a nailer until March, when he turned over the office to the new register and humped himself in the store exclusive. He'd scarcely got out of the office though when the coal boom started up again and the new register was swamped with relocation notices.

"It certainly did seem sort of aggravating, because this time it looked like lasting. Aps had been working all summer and winter on his claim and he'd got some real coal men interested somehow. Mostly there was rumors and talk at first, but that much seemed sure. Aps himself when he come into town never had much to say, except to Simmy. He'd always make a point of dropping in on Simmy and asking him if he wasn't about ready to draw straws or pitch at a crack or match pennies or something, and Simmy hated the sight of him, though he never let on that it plagued him. Anyway strangers kept a-coming into town all the time and the relocations was made and work done on the claims. Bell's livery done a land-office business, and Berry's café likewise. Jim had to build an addition to the café to bed down the overflow from the hotel. One day the stage brought in a party that come from Omaha, and two of the members wore white waistcoats and side-burns. It looked good. And it kept right on looking good.

"Well, one day Simmy went into the register's office to look up the standing of a party that he didn't want to take chances on, and he found Sam Lafleiche in there gassing with Johnny Burke, the new register. They both grinned when they seen him, first at him and then at each other. Simmy asked Burke how was tricks and Burke told him that he was just thinking of ordering a new safe to accommodate the specie he was taking in. Sam Lafleiche laughed.

"'Yes,' says he, 'and Simmy didn't see his way clear to risk a hundred dollars campaign expenses for this office. Sorry now, ain't you, Sim?'

"'Not any,' says Simmy. 'I had one of these booms myself. And then, it helps the hardware business some. Small profits and quick returns suits me. Slow and steady is my motto.'

"'Too bad you ain't more of a sport, though,' says Sam, grinning.

"'Sim likes to play safe,' says Burke, grinning back.

"'And that's true talk too,' says Simmy, chipper and cheerful.

"All the same it got under his skin. His principles was his principles, but he didn't like to be accused of not having horse sense.

"'You had a claim, didn't you?' says Johnny, winking at Sam. 'Quit-claimed it to Aps, didn't you? And wouldn't stake him to a bill of groceries for a half interest?'

"'Sure,' says Simmy. 'Say, you boys are mighty mysterious and mirthful this morning. What's the joke?'

"'Oh, nothing much,' says Johnny. 'Only Aps has quit-claimed too. To a Chicago syndicate. Consideration twenty-three thousand, five hundred dollars and other valuable considerations—which is royalties, Aps says.'

"'Good for him,' says Simmy, calm and pleasant. 'Now let me look at that mortgage record, Johnny. I've got to hurry back to the store.'

"He looked at the record, but he never knew what he was looking at. He shut the book in a minute or two and pushed it back to Burke with a sunny smile. He even rolled a cigarette and passed a remark or two about the weather before he started down the street to the store, and neither Burke nor Lafleiche had any idea that he was put out by the news. But he was. A heap! And when he walked into the store and found Aps a-setting on the counter in a new suit and with his face washed all but the black rims around his eyes, swinging his bandy legs and grinning, he turned sick to the stomach and his knees trembled under him.

"'Here's the old sport!' Aps hollers, kicking up his heels. 'Here's the reckless, roistering gamester! Here's the prodigal, devil-may-care, neck-or-nothing let-'er-go-Gallagher! Have you heard the news?'

"'I have,' says Simmy, 'and them that told me didn't have to yell like a coyote. Making all due allowances, I'll have to ask you to keep that slack mouth of yours about half or three-quarters shut, please, if you'd just as soon. I've got a headache.'

"'It's bile,' says Aps, kicking harder than ever with glee. 'It's bile and gall and bitterness, thinking what you've missed by not having no sporting blood. Honest, ain't you burning and consuming with enviousness and mortifying with melancholious remorse this minute?'

"Simmy turned pale.

"'I'd hate to be afraid to take a chance,' Aps mocks him, shaking his head. 'I feel

(Concluded on Page 97)

Unlike porcelain cored plugs

The ruby mica core is the heart of the SPLITDORF plug. It is the distinguishing and exclusive feature that makes these plugs different from all others. It gives immunity from all the ills of porcelain plugs and assures much longer life and greater efficiency.

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(Concluded from Page 94)

sorry for you. You'll never get rich like me, with that bump of caution all swelled up. Why ain't you like me? I'll play any man for money, chalk or marbles any time. I'm going to play this here eleven thousand I've got and make it fifty thousand before the week's out.'

"'You'll be busted flat before the night's out,' says Sim.

"'I ain't afraid to take a chance on it, you see,' says Aps. 'I ain't like you. I've been busted flat many's the time, but I never got cold feet in a warm room. Smoke up, Broderick! Let me teach you tiddledywinks. We'll play for matches, the loser to pay for the box. . . . Too risky?'

"Simmy breathed hard and looked at him long. Then all of a sudden he walked to the far end of the store and opened the safe. In a minute or two he come back to where Aps was laughing and slapping his legs, and his hands was full

"'Here's all the money I've got in the store,' he says, slamming it down on the counter. 'Here's my bank book in the Rapid National, balanced to yesterday. Here's an inventory of the stock and the lease of the building.' He threw down the papers and unbuttoned his vest. 'And here's my shirt,' he says. 'About the same size as yours. Now you little smutty-nosed, wide-mouthed, four-flushing fag end of nothing, if you want one and all of them possessions, get down off that counter and come over to Reed Snumshaw's and I'll play you anything from freeze-out to fantan till you've got the last of 'em—if you win.'

"Aps hopped down off the counter like it was a hot stove and grinned all over his face. 'I always believed in little men,' he says. 'Let's be going.'

"It was a private and exclusive game that they had—in the back room, with the door shut, and an understanding that it was to be kept shut, except on request. There was quite a few hungry wolves around outside that wanted in, and there was sounds sort of like snarling and indications of teeth before the understanding was arrived at. But the two little men made themselves perfectly clear on the point and the wolves stayed out and only licked their chops when the door opened once in a while to let in the tray and let out a smell of eleven thousand dollars. The wrapper was tore off the first deck a little before five o'clock that afternoon, and at about half-past three in the morning as the gray dawn was a-breaking Mr. Griffith ap Morgan ap Jones was done broke.

"'I've just one regret,' says Aps, a-heaving a sigh. 'I don't care nothing about that hardware store of yours, but I certainly was and am stuck on the pattern of that shirt. And it sure looked like I was a-going to get to wear it,' he says with another sigh.

"'Not to me, it didn't. Not at no stage of the game,' says Simmy, sort of absent.

"He looked at the order on the express company for the money that Aps had in the safe, turning it over and over and twisting it in his fingers and frowning at it. He picked up another paper, which was what Aps had signed, turning over all royalties in the mine coming to him to S. Broderick. He looked at that quite a spell.

"'I reckon I'm independent rich,' he says. 'I reckon—I reckon I could get married now - if the girl was willing.'

"Aps laughed mighty good-natured for a newly busted man. 'I reckon that's so,' he says. 'But don't it prove that I was right, buddy? You never would have got it if you hadn't been a sport.'

"Simmy studied on that. 'Do you think I'm a sport?' he asks.

"Aps said he did. 'I thought you was, all along,' he says. 'Little men like you and me always is, and that's why I bantered you.'

"Simmy looked him cold and straight in the eye. 'You lunkhead!' he says, slow and impressive. 'You stiff-witted, thick-fingered, fumbling chunk of conceit! You blessed babe in the wood! Why, I never took the half of a chance with you. You're a pudding, Mr. Aps; a mark, a dead open-and-shut cinch. I could have cleaned you out the first half hour if I had wanted to. I've been amusing myself seeing you try to play. When you won it was because I let you; and when I thought you had won long enough I played cards. You gamble? You never gambled in your life, if you only knew it. I was acquainted with the man that took your wad away from you just before you come into my office the first time, and that man don't much more than know the face cards. Mr. Aps, you may know coal, but when it comes to putty you ain't there. You take my advice and quit games of hazard and chance and get you a good woman to see that you stay quit.'

"With that Simmy picked up the two papers and tore them into little bits and scattered them on the floor. 'This here game's a draw,' he says; and then he smiled and held out his hand.

"Aps made out to shake, and then sat back in his chair and did some meditating. After a little he straightened up and let out a long breath like he'd been pricked with a pin in his self-esteem.

"'Buddy,' he says, 'I ain't a-going to insult you by insisting on you keeping your winnings. I reckon I'm what you say, and the best thing I can do is take my medicine and your advice and thank you kindly.' He laughed and shook Simmy's hand again. Then he says: 'I won't have to ask my partner to give me a job in the mine, that's one thing. I was just a-thinking about bracing her.'

"'Her?' says Simmy.

"'It's a her,' says Aps. 'She didn't want me to give it away while she was staking me, but now that the claim's sold it's got to come out. Yes, it's a lady that's been a-putting up for me. Her name's Miss Lucia McArdle, and she keeps a milliner store here in town. Maybe you know her.'"

The old bullwhacker blew into the reed stem of his corncob pipe and questingly slapped the regions of his pockets and grunted to express disappointment. Upon which the stock tender threw him his own buckskin tobacco sack.

"I thought you said this girl Lucia was set against taking chances?" the stock tender observed.

"She was," replied the old bullwhacker after he had lit up. "She said she was, anyway. Simmy hunted her up the first thing and found she had been hunting him all the night before and was just about crazy. Then Simmy had to tell her where he was and what he had been doing.

"'So you didn't keep what you had won?' she says. 'I'm glad of that, Simmy.'

"'I did kind of intend to at first,' Simmy says, 'but I didn't have no idea that you was gambling right along, after all what you said.'

"'I wasn't,' she says. 'How can you say so, Simmy? It was a business investment; it wasn't like you paying out money on a claim you didn't know nothing about. Uncle Billy didn't know nothing about coal either, but this Mr. Aps did, and he told me it was perfectly safe. And he was right, and I've got over eleven thousand dollars and mebbe a lot of royalties just by advancing seven hundred and fifty-two dollars and twenty-three cents. Don't you see the difference?'

"'I see one thing, girl,' says Simmy: 'I've got to marry you right away to keep you from rash speculating. You're too plumb reckless and you need me to hold you steady and keep you out of investments that holds inducements of more than a safe hundred per cent. Me, I stick to the hardware business,' he says.

"He looked at her mighty serious.

"'I don't know though,' he says, studying. 'They say that marriage is a lottery. Mebbe I hadn't better ——'

"Then that long-legged girl's blue eyes begun to dance and she put her arm around Simmy's neck and her cheek against him.

"'Aw, Simmy!' she says. 'Be a sport and take a chance—to please me.'"

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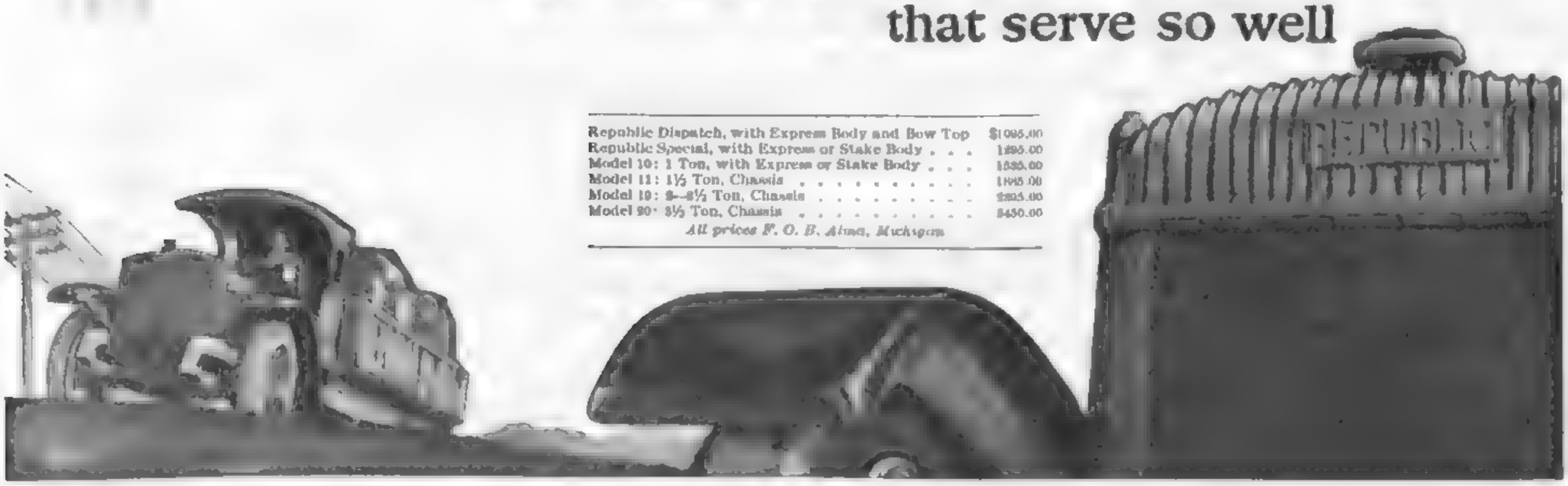

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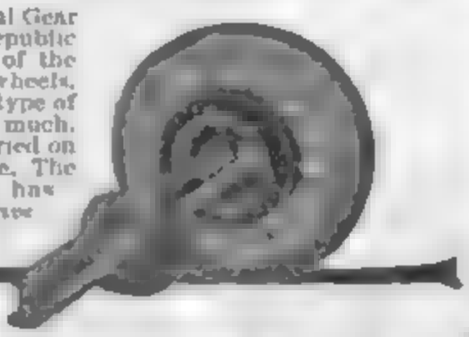

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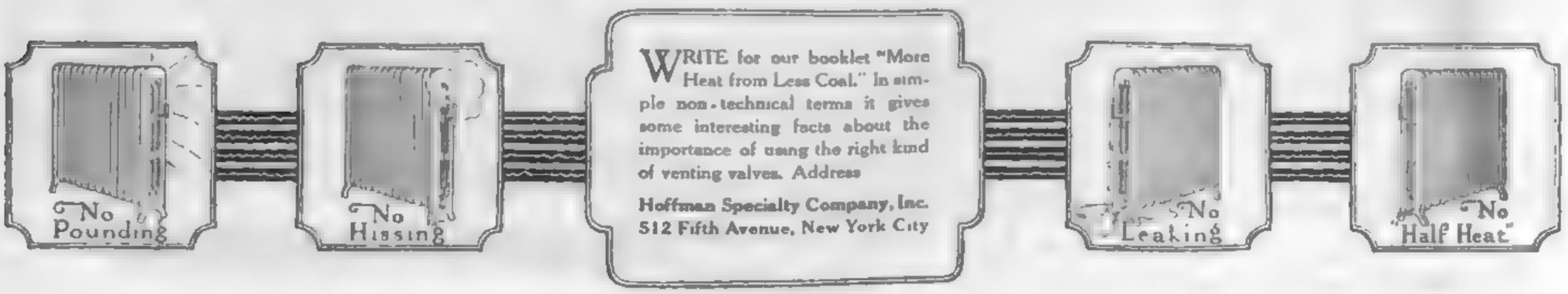

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Sales Without Salesmanship

By James H. Collins

SAY, you're a funny salesman!" exclaimed the business man. "Here I make up my own mind that I need two motor trucks and decide to buy 'em from your company. Then I send for a salesman. You come down and spend a week looking into my horse delivery, and now you tell me to keep my horses. What kind of a salesman do you call yourself anyway?"

"What made you think you needed motor trucks?" was the counterquestion of the serious, thick-spectacled young chap.

"Everyone else seems to be turning to gasoline delivery. I want to be up to date."

"Your delivery problem lies outside the gasoline field," said the salesman. "Your drivers make an average of ninety stops each trip. They climb stairs and wait for receipts. Their rigs are standing at the curb more than half the time. Nothing in gasoline equipment can compete with the horse and wagon under such conditions. If you had loads of several tons to be kept moving steadily I'd be glad to sell you two trucks."

"Suppose I wanted to buy them anyway?"

"We could not accept your order."

"But you'd make your commission and the company its profit."

"Yes; but you'd make a loss, and within a year your experience would react unfavorably upon us."

So no sale was effected. Facts learned during his investigation of this business man's delivery problem led the salesman to make suggestions that eliminated waste and increased the effectiveness of his horse rigs.

About a year later, however, this business man sent for the salesman again. He contemplated motorized hauling for another company of which he was the president. After two days' study the salesman reported that motor trucks were practicable and that he needed about five of them.

"All right—fill out the contract," directed the business man.

"Don't you want to know how these trucks are going to make you money?" asked the salesman.

"No; if you say I need five trucks, then I know that's just what I need!"

The New Force in Selling

A NEW kind of salesmanship is being developed in many lines of business—and particularly in the rebuilding of sales organizations made necessary by the ending of the war and return to peace production. "Study your goods," was the salesman's axiom yesterday. "Study your customer's problem," is the viewpoint to-day; and it is transforming the salesman and sales methods.

Indeed, the word salesman tends to disappear under this new viewpoint, for the organization which was once charged largely with disposing of goods may now be so intimately involved in technical studies of the customers' problems that selling is a secondary part of its work. The Sales Department is being renamed, and known as the Advisory Department or the Research Staff; while the salesman himself becomes a Technical Counsel or Engineering Adviser.

Camouflage? No; simply better expression of broader functions.

As a salesman, probably he gave much attention to the approach and argument with which he gained his customer's attention and confidence. But, with his new viewpoint and method of attack, perhaps the first step is asking permission to study the customer's transportation needs, or accounting routine, or power plant—or whatever section of the latter's business is involved.

The experience of the thick-spectacled motor-truck salesman was typical. Originally he sold passenger cars. Then came the war, with factory facilities centered on munitions and motor trucks. There being no more passenger cars to sell, they switched him over into the motor-truck section. There he floundered for a while, trying to develop sales arguments along the old lines. But the old arguments did not seem to fit, somehow.

It might have been possible to demonstrate the superior construction of his motor truck; but competitors would meet point with point, and customers were not interested in technicalities anyway. He tried service as an argument; but that was largely a promise of what motor trucks would do for people after they bought them, and competitors could always promise just as much, and a little more.

Company reputation? His company had a fine one—but motor-truck purchasers wanted to know the cost of moving freight. Price? No argument at all, because only one other concern made motor trucks calling for so great an initial investment.

So Thick-Specs, being naturally serious and solid, began to dig into motor trucks from the standpoint of the customer. He got permission to investigate delivery outfits in many lines. Selling a five-ton motor truck to many a business man was often equivalent to letting Johnny play with a loaded machine gun. Such a vehicle combined the potentiality of moving from fifty to seventy-five tons of freight daily, according to routing and the number of hours employed; but it involved a daily expense of twenty-five dollars.

The purchaser could lose money in two ways at swift ratios, and perhaps unsuspectingly: He might not use his full hauling capacity each day or would use it only half the year, during his busy season. Or he might underestimate costs by overlooking such items as interest and depreciation.

Thick-Specs' first actual sale was not a motor truck at all, but a motorcycle, made by another company. Within three months, however, this motorcycle added two big trucks to a fleet of one dozen operated by a wholesale firm. That concern had good trucks, and kept them in a well-equipped garage, where maintenance was good. But at least once daily there would be a road breakdown. Usually this is a minor matter, but it ties up the truck while its puzzled driver tries to locate the trouble.

When a motorcycle was bought for the garage, drivers were forbidden to tamper with machinery on the road—they telephoned in to the superintendent. By answering each call on his own motorcycle—about an hour daily—equipment was kept in such good shape that valuable extra service was secured from the fleet each day.

Efficiency in Coal Delivery

THE salesman-adviser did not originate this scheme himself, but discovered it in another concern's motor-truck organization; in fact, this is the advantage the salesman-adviser enjoys—acquaintance with a wide range of methods and the knack of carrying a good wrinkle from one business to another. He brings the outside point of view; and, because modern business runs toward narrow specialization, the outside point of view is pretty nearly always welcome, provided it is honest and sensible.

In another case he had to dig and invent to meet a peculiar situation.

There was a coal company working under a handicap in household deliveries. Where a residence sat back from the sidewalk coal had often to be carried from the motor truck in baskets. This kept the truck waiting nearly an hour. A motor truck's time is worth several dollars hourly. If the coal could have been dumped on the sidewalk and carried in later, releasing the truck, that would have saved expense and made more deliveries possible.

A city ordinance prohibited dumping coal on the sidewalk except by permit. Coal men had never tried to have that ordinance changed. But the salesman-adviser went straight to the city authorities and, by figures showing the expense and waste involved, secured a modification, so that his customer, the coal company, got a blanket permit for dumping coal and gave bonds as an assurance against abuse of the privilege. Then a little old last year's runabout was bought and followed the coal trucks with a crew to carry the coal indoors, clearing sidewalks quickly.

This salesman-adviser's philosophy was as simple as it was sound. Confidence is the big factor in selling, he reasoned. Your customer will have confidence in you if he

(Concluded on Page 104)

Euclid Ave.

One of The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co. Streets in Cleveland

THE reputation of The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co. for high grade construction is national. It is based on performance, not promises, on putting work through, not across.

Euclid Avenue, Cleveland's nationally known thoroughfare, is flanked through much of its length by buildings of our construction—theatres, banks, department stores and skyscrapers, in marble, in concrete and in steel. This evidence is typical, not unusual.

The Kinney & Levan Co.
Housework—Seven stories of floor space.
Walker & Weeks, Cleveland, Architects

Union-Commerce National Bank
Walker & Weeks, Cleveland
Architects

The Truman Bldg.
The Oppenheim Realty Co
Willard Hirsh, Cleveland, Architect

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Plumbing and Heating
J. Milton Dyer, Cleveland, Architect

Cleveland

We Have Built for Every Industry and Section.

Clients in all parts of the Nation are housed in our buildings—commerce begins in our factories, sells through our stores, clears through our banks, spends in our theatres, administers in our office buildings.

Industrial construction has been one of our principal activities for over fifteen years. Hundreds of satisfied owners in forty representative industries, in all parts of the United States are housed in our buildings. But industrial buildings make up only a part of our achievements.

Clients That We Serve

A few of our big jobs in progress or recently completed include buildings for The Scullin Steel Co., St. Louis; Bridgeford Machine Tool Co., Rochester; Tioga Steel and Iron Co., Philadelphia; Hess Steel Corporation, Baltimore; Pennsylvania Railway Company (in three cities); The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co., Erie; The White Motor Car Co., Cleveland; The Symington-Anderson Co., Rochester; The Hammond Packing Co., Pittsburgh.

Results go back to the organization that produces them. For our clients we obtain every economy that scientific management, tremendous purchasing power and conscientious service can bring.

Service to Builders

To the architect or owner we offer an organization that interprets ideas, plans and ideals equally well; an organization so experienced in results that it is equally competent on every type of building construction.

Your architect knows our work; your bank knows our responsibility; your study of this picture will prove our experience.

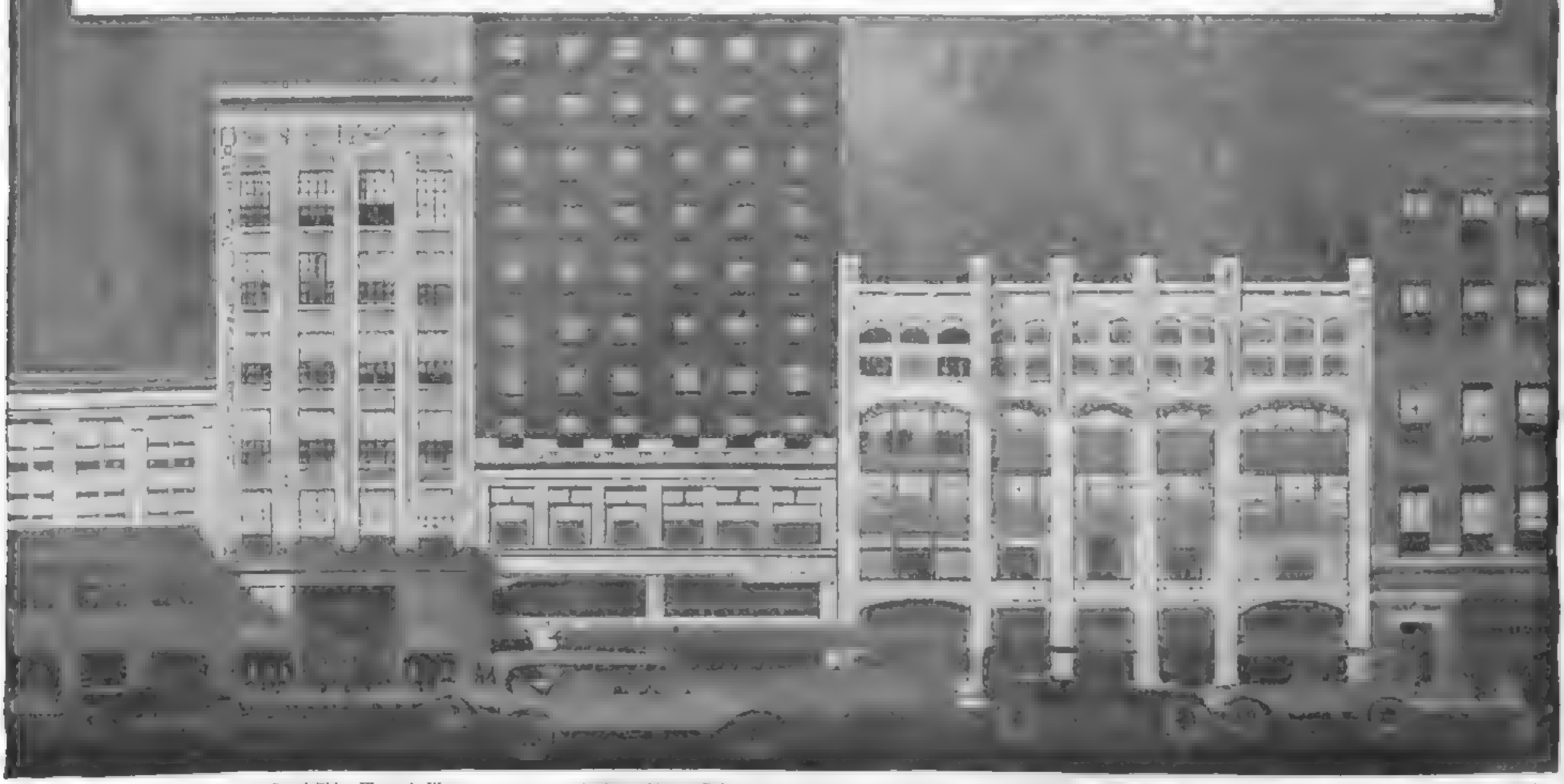
You cannot be sure that you will obtain your hoped-for results until you are fully informed about our complete construction service, by consultation with a Crowell-Lundoff-Little Company's representative.

We have two books, one on general building construction, one on industrial construction. Whether or not your plans are matured, write for either or both. Phone, wire or write for consultation

The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co.

Industrial, Commercial, Monumental Construction

Main Office, Euclid Avenue at East Fifty-seventh Street, Cleveland, Ohio



The Lederer Bldg.
Young Furniture Co.
Frank D. Sked, Cleveland, Arch.

Siegel Bldg., Women's Wear
Walker & Weeks, Cleveland,
Architect

Stillman Theatre Bldg.
Loew's Stillman Theatre
Geo. S. Post & Sons, New York, Architect

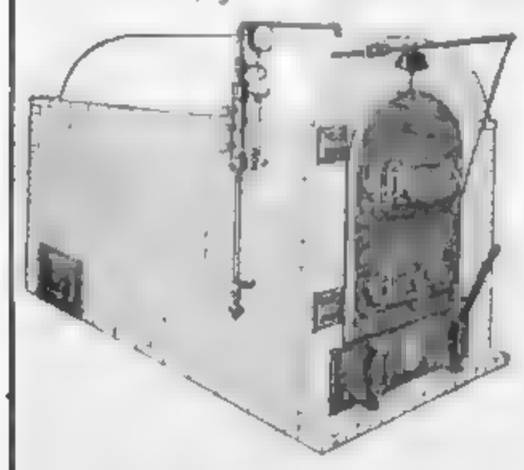
The Lindner Company
Fine Apparel for Women
Robt. D. Kohn, New York, Architect

The Abbot Bldg.
Offices and Stores
Owner, Arch.

You have just been warned by the Fuel Administrator to expect a very *scanty* supply of hard coal this Winter. This may terrorize some of you, *but it won't make the slightest difference*, except a difference for great good, to you who have Kewanee Smokeless Firebox Boilers.

If you have Kewanee Smokeless Boilers in your buildings, you can *burn any old kind of coal you can get*, even if it is only slack or coal dust. And this boiler will extract as many heat units from it as ever came from hard coal or Pocahontas. Moreover, the Kewanee Boiler will burn this cheap, soft coal *without a particle of smoke*.

Oh, just think of the money you save if you have to burn soft coal! Think of the money that can be saved in a school-house, a dormitory, a hotel, an office building, a church, a warehouse or a flat building. They are all big buildings and they consume a mighty lot of coal. If you can save half the fuel money you spent last year, wasn't this declaration of the Fuel Administrator some nice *Christmas present? Where's the hardship of it?*



The big thing for you to do is to *get the Kewanee Smokeless Steel Firebox Boiler* and let the coal question go hang itself. It doesn't make the least difference if there is never another pound of hard coal in the history of the world. The Kewanee Boiler originated in the soft coal country and is especially adapted to the burning of soft coal.

Write to The Old Man Behind The Boiler TODAY and ask him for all the information about this coal question and why his boiler is a deliverance from old fashioned ideas.

KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY

Kewanee, Illinois

Steel Heating Boilers, Radiators, Tanks, Water Heating Garbage Burners

ALSO KEWANEE RADIATORS

BRANCH OFFICES:

CHICAGO, Market and Washington Sts.
NEW YORK, 47 West 42nd St.
KANSAS CITY, 2014 Wyandotte St.
ST. LOUIS, 1212 Chemical Building
MINNEAPOLIS, 708 Builders Exchange
WASHINGTON, D. C., 534 Southern Building
SALT LAKE CITY, Scott Building
MILWAUKEE, Majestic Building
PITTSBURG, 945 Oliver Building
DALLAS, Southwestern Life Building
DETROIT, 1925 Ford Building
LOS ANGELES, Baker-Detwiler Bldg

Canadian Representatives

THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO., Ltd.—Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont., St. John, N. B., Calgary, Alta., Vancouver, B. C.

(Concluded from Page 101)

feels that you are square and also knows what you are talking about. By diligent study of gasoline hauling problems in various lines of business he gained practical knowledge and after that had only to apply his knowledge from the customer's side of the problem.

"Put it another way," he said: "Suppose you had a factory and expected to run it only one year. There would not be time to get returns on a costly machine showing economies over a five-year period; but if you intended to run your factory on a five-year basis, then that machine might be highly profitable.

"In sales work it was just the same; if you were selling for this year's profit alone you'd close every sale regardless of your customer's welfare. Let the purchaser beware! But if you meant to sell on the five-year basis, then confidence is the big investment, and the most profitable sale very often one you refuse to make for immediate results."

He had a fine following when the draft reached him; and during the eight months he spent in an Army uniform he utilized his knowledge of gasoline transportation as an expert in Uncle Sam's motor service. Upon being discharged he returned to his job and his customers, and to-day the concern with which he is connected is taking steps to put all its motor-truck salesmen on this advisory basis.

War shot its sales force to pieces—the Army and the Navy reached out for men and tied up production facilities; so there was nothing to sell. But war also gave a clean slate for planning a new sales force.

As old salesmen return and new men are taken on for sales instruction, this concern trains them—not with the old sales manual, by standard approach and systematic sales argument, but by sending them out into the field to study gasoline hauling problems. They secure permission to investigate trucking methods of contractors, department stores, wholesale merchants, coal dealers, truck owners hauling interstate freight, mills, factories and other lines of business. They investigate the kinds and quantities of stuff to be moved, the territory and roads covered, the drivers, the garage facilities. They ride behind typical loads and check up running time, delays, breakdowns, gasoline and oil consumption.

Thinking in Curves

Engineering teaches people to think in curves. This youngster had to make a curve of the grocer's trucking before he could visualize it himself. His curve included factors like increase in stuff that had been hauled during the past three years and additions to the motor equipment. When you have a healthy curve showing any business activity, the logical thing to do, after bringing it right down to date, is to let it run out into the future at its own angle. This was done with the grocery curve, and its future extension indicated that not more than three months later the grocery house would need about four more five-ton motor trucks.

Closer investigation of facts behind the curve revealed an unusual growth in sugar hauling, due to the increase in supply and removal of consumer war restrictions. And that grocery concern bought additional trucks for sugar within two months. With the insight made possible by such a curve a salesman might safely have ordered the trucks without his customer's knowledge and driven them up to his door the day the curve showed they were needed.

"Here are the trucks you wanted to haul that sugar."

"Good work! Drive 'em in!"

What has been found to be sound sales policy in the motor-truck business applies to many other lines. Yesterday the salesman of technical apparatus sought the customer with a catalogue and a smile—and a large ignorance of the technical problems. To-day that kind of selling is under suspicion, because purchasers of technical equipment have been led to buy on superficial selling points and left to work out for themselves complex technicalities that belong to the manufacturer of the equipment.

In the West during recent years a large number of pumps of a certain type have been sold for irrigating purposes. Purchasers bought from the catalogue-and-smile type of salesman, hooked their pumps up to a power plant—and found that they lifted only about half the number of gallons a minute promised in the catalogue. Manufacturers honestly believed those pumps would do the work indicated in their ratings. They had not allowed for variations in capacity where pumps were installed under many different conditions and run by different men. The situation called for investigation at the customer's end; when it was discovered that these pumps ought to be rated with an allowance for loss of capacity a half to two-thirds of the power, due to friction and lost power.

It might have been dangerous for the salesman to show up again in an irrigation district where a lot of his pumps were "acting up," armed only with his catalogue and smile. But when an engineer appeared from the pump company to help customers out of their difficulties he won confidence immediately and made additional sales because people felt that he knew what he was talking about.

The superintendent of a big machinery concern found that his expense for cutting oils was constantly rising. Salesmen had followed salesmen, recommending magic brands of the stuff; yet each new barrel of oil seemed to do less work than the last—and cost more in dollars.

Service Before Sales

One day a new kind of visitor showed up and sent in the card of a large oil company. He was not a salesman, but an investigator of oil problems. The superintendent took him through the plant. He studied the work being done by screw-cutting machines, lathes and other equipment operated with cutting oil. Where salesmen had recommended brands without technical knowledge of either the work to be done or the composition of the oil, this stranger wrote specifications that cut down the percentage of costly lard oil used on some work; and he eliminated it altogether on others.

Moreover, he pointed out sheer losses of oil by picking up a handful of metal cuttings from a box, letting them drip, measuring the oil that accumulated and recommending a simple device for reclaiming that oil before the waste metal was sold.

This new viewpoint in selling is developing in so many lines that to enumerate them would be to make a national directory of business concerns manufacturing milling machinery, office devices, manufacturing and structural materials, equipment for the farm and the mine.

People who purchase such products have been accustomed to meeting two different representatives of manufacturers: First, the salesman skilled in selling, but deficient in technical knowledge.

"This chap is here to see how much he can get out of me," said the prospective consumer to himself; and he was on his guard to see that the visitor got as little as possible, either in the way of orders or information.

The other representative came from the mechanical department to see how present equipment was running, or perhaps to "shoot trouble." He was long on technical knowledge, but probably dumb when it came to salesmanship.

"This fellow is here to help me out of my troubles," said the customer. "I'll see how much I can get out of him."

Presently manufacturers of equipment woke up to the fact that their mechanical men—inspectors and trouble shooters—had a basis of confidence which the salesman pure and simple was rapidly losing. Moreover, the technical man gained a knowledge of the customer's requirements that furnished the best foundation for selling new equipment.

The salesman discovered the technical man and went to him for tips on new equipment needed by customers whose plants he had visited. The technical man also discovered the salesman, for it was plain enough that equipment well sold—skillfully adjusted to the customer's needs—gave the least margin for trouble shooting.

So there has been a meeting of minds; and to-day the salesman studies the technicalities, and the technical man is learning salesmanship, and their boss is standing behind them both with a new policy. This is the policy of performance, not promises—service before sales. Under that policy the very terms salesmanship and sales department are beginning to disappear, to be replaced by new nomenclature, which more accurately indicates what a manufacturer's representative can do for the customer, and gives him access to the latter on the basis of confidence and good will.

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

KAHN civilian clothes for 1919 are expressive of that optimism with which all America is at this moment saturated. From a standpoint of character they are cheerful, manly, precise and colorful—a delightful contrast, by the way, to the olive drabness of the days out of which we are just emerging. Kahn civilian clothes are invariably made of pure woolens, immaculately tailored-to-measure down to the most unseen details of linings and trimmings. Just as the Kahn Tailoring Company succeeded in becoming the world's largest makers of tailored-to-measure army uniforms, so have Kahn civilian clothes long been recognized as constituting the acme of quality, economy and style.

The man who dresses in Kahn tailored-to-measure clothes is correctly dressed—always.

Look up your nearest Kahn dealer and allow him to measure you for your new Spring clothes —NOW.

Copyright 1919
The Homer M. Kerr Co., Inc.

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

Progress

in manufacturing methods is expressed to the highest degree in the making of Certain-teed products.

No human hands can produce products of such uniform quality and dependability as are now turned out by ingenious machinery.

No lesser scale of manufacturing can produce such high grade products at such reasonable prices.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices in the Principal Cities of America

Certain-teed

PAINTS VARNISHES ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Fine Chance

DURING the recent drive in Northern France an infantry captain was instructed to make an advance of half a mile. His men were fresh, full of fight and eager to make the acquaintance of any Germans who might be in front of them. As a result they advanced four miles and got into a very ticklish position from which the rest of the regiment had to extricate them. The colonel had words with the offending captain.

"I told you half a mile!" barked the colonel. "You advanced four miles. What was the idea?"

"Well, sir," explained the company commander, "the Germans couldn't stop those boys of mine. You can see what a fine chance I had!"

Straws

By W. E. Nesom

NO GRAY or graying hairs disgrace
These glossy locks of mine,
Nor has Time's chisel on my face
Engraved a single line;
But my delight in staying out
At night with others, braying out
The latest songs, is playing out—
Which brings a fear,
Provoking fear
That I am growing old.

My step's as full of bounce and vim
As ever was gazelle's,
My equatorial zone as trim
As any demoiselle's;
But if I must betray myself
I seldom now array myself
With purpose to display myself
To woman's eyes—
Hence I surmise
That I am growing old.

Of years I number thirty-one.
So, based on Nature's laws,
My charter has some time to run,
Unless revoked for cause;
But I display a tendency
To place my chief dependency
In creeds that held ascendancy
Five years ago—
And so I know
That I am growing old.

A Provident Woman

THE scene is laid in a drug store located in a Kentucky town.

A negress having obtained permission from the proprietor to use the phone, the following ensued:

I wants nine-fo'-two Blue, please, miss.

Ma'am?

Yes'm, nine-fo'-two Blue.

Is that the Kintucky Life Insu'ance Comp'ny?

I wants talk to Mistah Bell, the superintendah.

Is that you, Mistah Bell?

This is Ma'y Foley talkin'.

Ma'y Foley—Buck Foley's wife.

I lives down in Ca'ter Alley, 'twix' Harrison an' Pearl.

You-all wuz down my house yistiddy tryin' to insure my ol' man.

Yes, suh, Buck Foley.

How much it cos' me to insure that niggah?

Twenty-fi' cents a week?

How much he git ef he git sick?

Fo' dollahs?

How much he git ef he die?

He don' git nothin'?

Well—who gits de money den?

Who?

Benny Fisher!

No, suh—this is Ma'y Foley, Buck Foley's wife, talkin'. I don't know no niggah name' Benny Fisher.

How come Benny Fisher gits my husban's money?

Yo're wrong, Mistah Bell. My name's Ma'y Foley. Nobody nevah did call me Benny Fisher.

Oh! Now I gits you. Dat's whut de comp'ny calls me, benny fishy!

An' you say dat I can git seventy-fi' dollahs in case he die?

Well, c'n I take two policies on dat niggah?

No, suh, he's well.

He's all right.

He's been back fum France three weeks, an' de las' time I saw him he wuz runnin'.

Wuz you down to ouah house dis mawnin', Mistah Bell?

Well, anyhow, dey wuz two gen'lmans down there with two dawgs lookin' fo' him.

I wish you'd gimme two policies on him, Mistah Bell.

You caint?

Well, den, I sure wants one.

Well, suh, he's been bootleggin' some sence he been back, an' someun said he got in a li'l' trouble las' night, an' this mawnin' I heerd de she'iff is daid.

—*J. George Rush.*

Periodically Confused

A GENTLEMAN, whose voice was thick and whose legs wabbled under him, approached a policeman on post in front of the St. Nicholas Rink, in New York.

"Is thish Youth's Companion Rink?" he inquired huskily.

"Nope!" said the cop briefly.

The man tacked away; then turned and ambled back.

"Shay," he said; "guesh I got name wrong. Menshun some of the magazines, won't cher? Place I'm lookin' for's named for one of 'em."

Playing It Safe

JOHN M. MELOAN, who holds a state office in Tennessee, was looking up a trotting horse's record among the exchanges in a Nashville newspaper office, when by chance he ran across a religious weekly; and before he realized what he had struck he was reading it.

In a column devoted to letters to the editor he found the following example of business foresight, under date line of a small town in Alabama:

"*Dear Sir:* These be perilous times; and I am thoroughly convinced that the end of the world is now at hand. Inclosed find two dollars, for which extend my subscription to your paper for two more years."

The Real Meaning

PRIVATE Ephraim Johnson Blue and Private Henry Randolph, members of a colored stevedore regiment, were engaged in conversation. Private Randolph expressed a wish to know the meaning of the letters "A. E. F."

"They's on ev'ything whut comes oveh dis side de wateh. A. E. F. Wondeh whut does them lettehs mean?"

Private Blueswelled with superior information.

"Y'all don' know whut them lettehs significates? Y'all so ignorant as not to know dat?"

"Thass whut Ah said," remarked Private Randolph sulkily. "An' sencet yo' so well posted yo' might tell me."

"A. E. F.?" grinned Private Blue. "Why, niggeh, dat mean 'Afteh Ev'ybody Failed.'"

A Tip for the Colonel

A NEGRO lad who had gone into service under the draft act and whose military experience, so far as it pertained to higher authority, had been largely confined to acquaintance with the noncoms who drilled him, was for the first time out on sentry duty. As he walked his post toward midnight he heard footsteps in the dark and challenged.

"Who goes dar?" he demanded.

Out of the gloom came the answer:

"The colonel of the regiment."

"De kunnel, hey? Well, say, kunnel, you better find de fust sergeant of B Company right away. He's been lookin' fur you fur most a hour, and I s'pect he gwine gib you hell!"

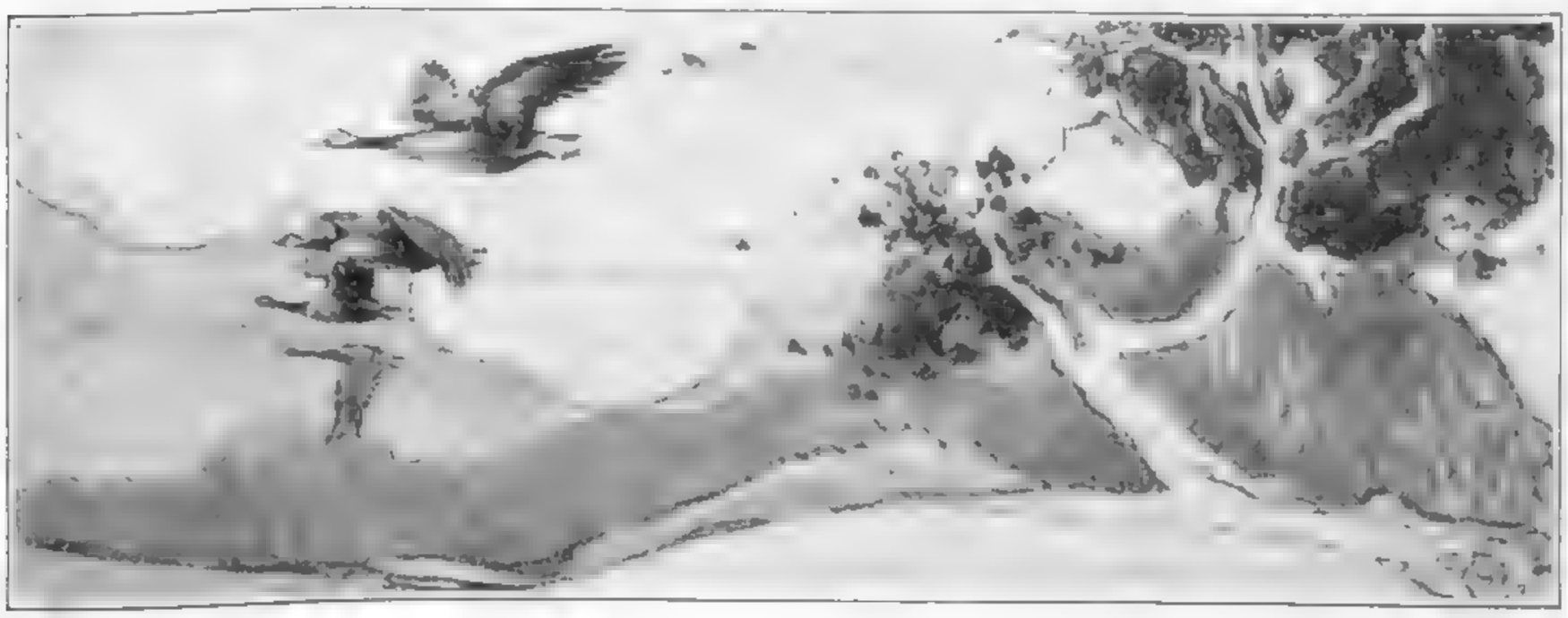
The Scotch Comes Out

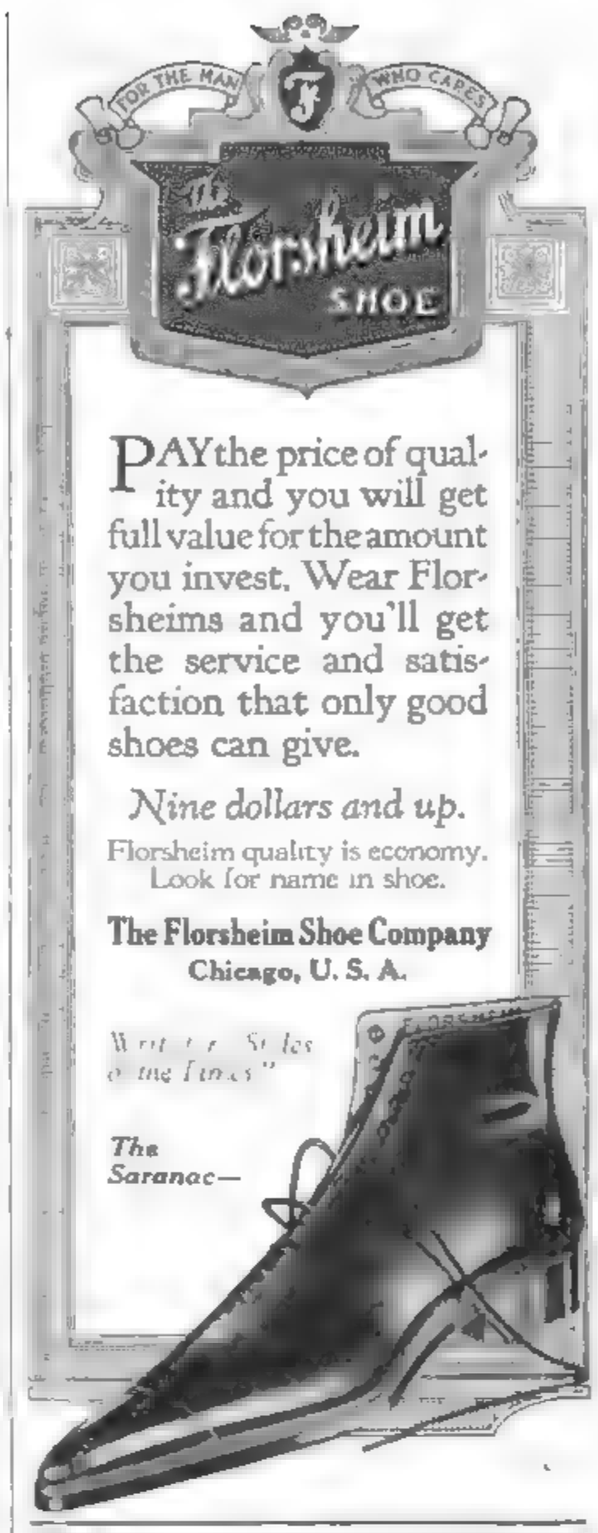
IT WAS at a Scotch wedding held in Canada that the following conversation took place between the minister—a Canadian by birth—and the best man, who hailed from the land of the heather.

Immediately after the minister had tied the knot he was taken aside by the best man and asked in an undertone: "Hoo much dae ye charge over here for a wedding?"

The minister was naturally embarrassed, and with a slight apologetic cough murmured: "Well, we usually get five dollars and upwards."

"Oh, well," says Scotty, "here's five dollars. We'll let someone else give ye the upwards."





PAY the price of quality and you will get full value for the amount you invest. Wear Florsheims and you'll get the service and satisfaction that only good shoes can give.

Nine dollars and up.

Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Write for Styles of the Times"

The Saranac—

To Fifty Returning Soldiers

Among the other opportunities now being offered you, we should like to have you consider our openings for 50 good men to whom we will offer permanent positions with earning possibilities exceeding

$200 a Month

Commission and bonus to start—regular weekly salary when you have shown us what you can do. Choose your own territory. Selling experience unnecessary. You invest nothing except 2c for a post card to write for full details *today*, addressing

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
867 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DUPLEX Cost Less

Do Better Work for 20 to 60 Per Cent Less

Telling the simple truth about the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive *compels* us to make strong statements.

We labor under the handicap of being forced to say things that sound too good to be true.

But these things *must* be said because they *are* true, and it is important that every business man should know them.

Duplex Ton-Miles Average 20 to 60% Less

Duplex ton-miles *do* average from 20 to 60 per cent less.

The Duplex *has* replaced other trucks, time and again, and saved money.

It has replaced horses and mules—time and again—and saved money.

This Duplex ton-mile saving *is* the same in the city or in the country—on cobbled streets or almost impassable roads.

Wherever it goes, the Duplex *goes more cheaply*—and gets through.

It is a commonplace among Duplex dealers that *they are always sure of winning in a comparative demonstration*.

Eager to Show It Can Do Better

They are more than willing—they are anxious to prove to business men that Duplex ton-miles cost less.

Whether the test is in the city or out of it—with light loads or heavy ones—with trailers or without them—on hills or on level highways—the Duplex is eager to demonstrate that it can do *better*.

Duplex four-fold pulling power is almost unbelievable—but that isn't the point we want you to remember.

What we want you to remember is that *with* this four-fold and phenomenal pulling power, the ton-mile cost is less.

Power on Four Driving Wheels

Every ounce of Duplex power goes to all four driving wheels. That means much more than constant traction.

It means positive, continuous haulage—even on stretches where a team would stall—and that, in time, is one phase of Duplex ton-mile saving.

It means driving strains evenly distributed—and that means long life and maintenance costs held down—which again means a lesser cost per ton-mile.

It means that extra-wide, or dual-tread, tires are not needed, and that all tires roll up higher mileage.

The average tire-saving of 30 per cent also operates to cut down ton-mile cost.

All the gasoline is turned into driving power. None is wasted in idly spinning wheels. Fuel consumption is astonishingly low.

Pulling Power Four Times Multiplied

Duplex pulls with more than four times the power we could get with only two driving wheels—which means capacity loads at all times.

That, translated, again says lower cost per ton-mile. The grand average, remember, is 20 to 60 per cent.

Eleven years of successful reduction of ton-mile costs, leave no question of that, now. The results are the same in practically every industry where real hauling economy counts.

Proven Duplex savings make the principle of the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive no longer a matter for discussion.

Business men who expect their truck investment to pay, are interested in the net result.

Duplex Saving Is a Proven Fact

With the Duplex, that net result is 20 to 60 per cent saving in ton-mile costs.

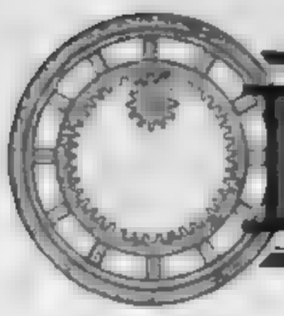
There really isn't the slightest doubt about it. These figures are gathered from the records of business houses. They are based on Duplex costs as compared with the costs of other trucks, and the costs of horses and mules.

They seldom fail to convince business men that Duplex 4-Wheel Drive costs less per ton-mile in all conditions, and performs better under the worst conditions.

The most we ask of business executives is that they give personal study to these records and to the Duplex showing in a demonstration.

The rated capacity of the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is 3½ tons.

Duplex Truck Company
Lansing, Michigan



DUPLEX FOUR WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK

TRUCKS Per Ton-mile

Why Duplex Yields Ton-Miles at Lower Cost

✓ The Duplex is the original 4-wheel drive truck.

✓ Driving power is exerted by all four wheels. The front wheels pull. The rear wheels push.

✓ Both front and rear axles are internal gear driven.

✓ So long as only one wheel is on solid ground, the Duplex cannot possibly stall.

✓ Its self-locking differential positively prevents the spinning of any driving wheel, transferring the power to the wheel which has traction.

✓ When extra power is needed, the Duplex double reduction drive gives the tremendous leverage of 64 turns of the engine crankshaft to one turn of the driving wheels.

✓ That is one complete power stroke in the engine for every two inches of truck travel.

✓ The Duplex not only has, but applies directly to all four wheels, the power to pull it through with a capacity load.

✓ It climbs the steepest winding grades, surely and evenly, though fully loaded.

✓ Extra wide or dual-tread tires are not necessary on the rear wheels. Tire savings average 30 per cent.

With a truck we formerly had on an average haul of seven miles, at cost as approximately 3½c per barrel of dep[illegible] We sold that truck and bought a 5-ton Duplex that drives on all four wheels and our records show our cost is now 15c per barrel.

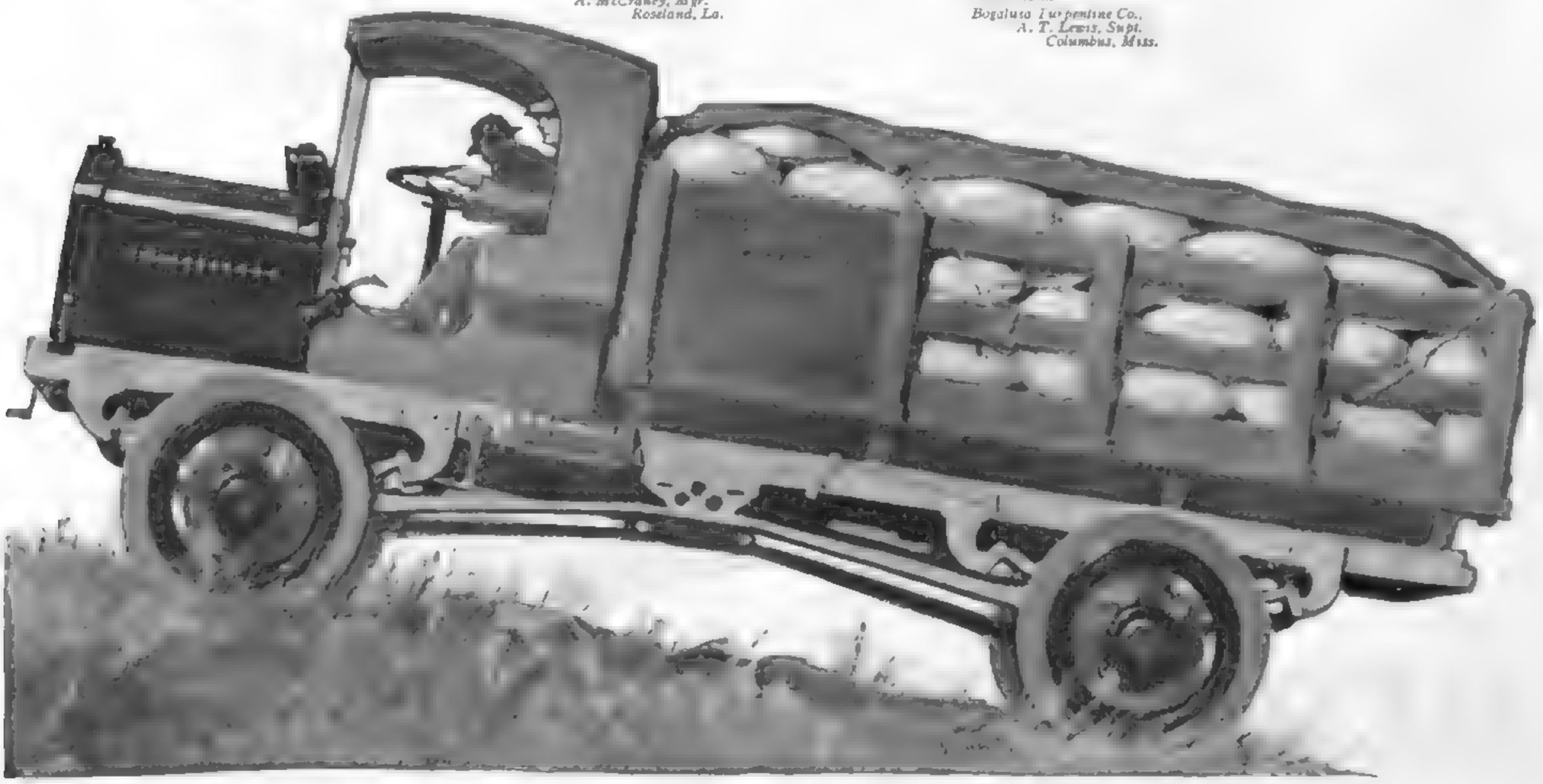
Covington Naval Stores Co., Ltd
W. A. Hood
Pinebur, Miss.

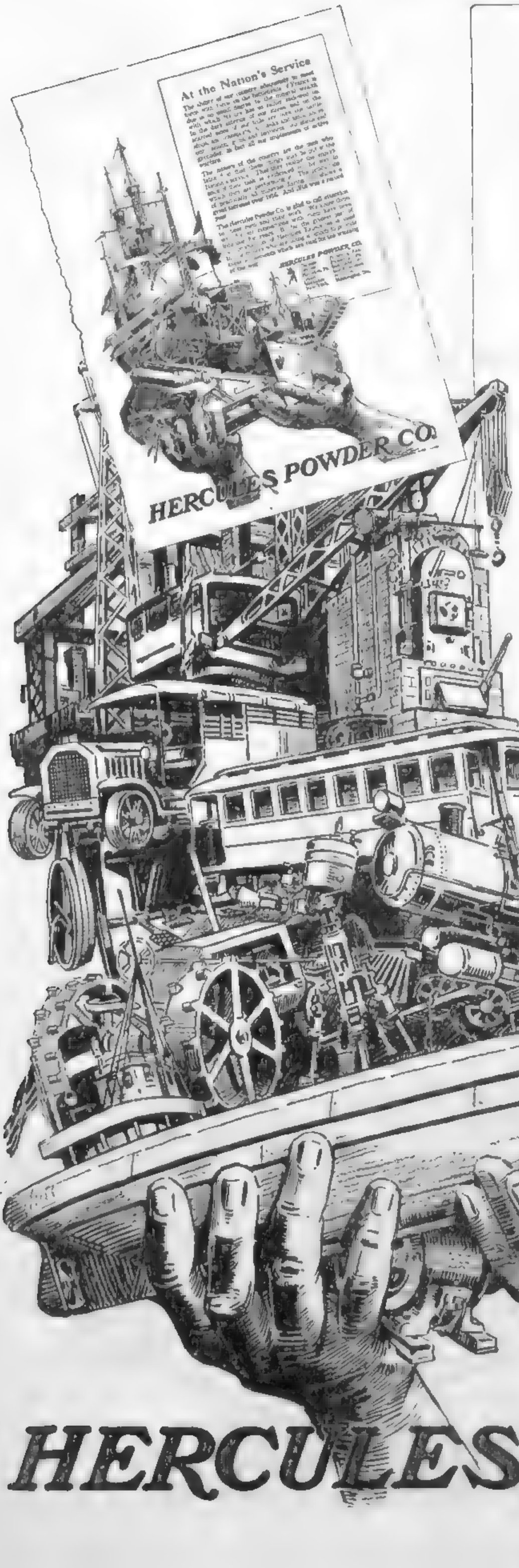
We figure that our 3-ton Duplex used with a 4-wh[illegible] trailer as a log-hauling machine, does the work of at least three 4-mule teams, or four 4-mule ox teams, at practically one quarter the expense to operate.
We are so much pleased that we expect to put in another Duplex.

Roseland Veneer & Package Co., Ltd
A. McCraney, Mgr.
Roseland, La.

My round trip haul is 21 4-10 miles. I use a 4-Wheel Hess trailer with the Duplex Truck and carry 80 barrels per day. Daily operating expenses are $8.55. Therefore, it costs 9.1 cents per barrel for transportation. I cannot haul for 50c per barrel with mules. The saving is over 40 cents a barrel—$32.45 per day.
No 2-wheel drive truck could do this work.

Bogalusa Turpentine Co.,
A. T. Lewis, Supt.
Columbus, Miss.





*At the Nation's Service

THE ability of our Country adequately to take a prominent place among the nations of the world is due in no small degree to the mineral wealth with which Nature has so richly endowed us. In the dark interiors of our mines and on the scarred sides of our hills are born our freighters and locomotives; our farm tractors and motor trucks; the machinery for our factories and the frame work for our sky scrapers; our light, heat and power; in fact nearly all the implements both of our business industry and our home life.

The miners of the country are the men who labor first that these things may be put at the Nation's service. That they realize the importance of their task is evidenced by the way they perform it. Every year sees an increase in the production of practically all minerals—an increase sufficient to meet the Nation's increased requirements. Even the enormous demands made during the war years were successfully met.

The Hercules Powder Co. is glad to call attention to these men and their work. We know them well, for our connections with them have been intimate for years. By far the greater part of our production of Hercules Explosives is used by the miners who are doing so much to provide the implements which are vital for the industrial and social progress of the Nation.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	St. Louis	New York	Pittsburg, Kan.
Denver	Hazleton, Pa.	San Francisco	Salt Lake City
Joplin	Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.

* The advertisement inserted at the upper left hand corner of this page appeared in the national magazines during the darkest days of the war—June, July and August, 1918. The fact that this advertisement can be so closely paraphrased, and so well apply to the problems of today, shows that the power of explosives is as vital to the tasks of peace as to the tasks of war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

LOVERS THREE

(Continued from Page 7)

a month, and even these were for a while in such doubt that Barty, just out of college, took the first position he could get—in the real-estate office of one of his father's friends.

He was now getting a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, with an occasional bonus on sales.

Mrs. Wheelock rambled on as though there were not an ulterior thought in her head; but as a matter of fact she was intentionally precise, intentionally frank. This practiced woman of the world knew the questions that parents were likely to ask—shrewd, suspicious Quaker parents whom she visualized extraordinarily well—and she hastened to supply the answers. She wished, too, to have Barty's status thoroughly understood by the young woman herself. If the girl was ambitious, as well she might be, it was worth explaining that Barty was no great catch. The mother under her smiling mask was guarding her boy's heart.

Truth had never had such an experience before. The delicate flattery delighted her; insensibly she lost some of her reserve, discovering the singular fact that it was easier to be confidential with a fascinating stranger than with those she knew really well. And Mrs. Wheelock was one of those insidiously sympathetic people with the gift of understanding shades of meaning—a half-finished sentence, a word, a look. Her response was instantaneous. The honey-cornered mouth, now seen to be a little worn, the fine dark eyes that time was just beginning to impair, would suddenly respond in an illuminating glance, arch, eloquent and comprehending.

But Mrs. Wheelock did not allow these confidences to continue too long unchecked. Having extorted all she wished to know, and with the girl favorably classified as to social position, character, breeding and general desirability, she deftly switched the conversation back to Barty. She told, with little ripples of laughter—intentional little ripples that seemed to keep Barty from becoming too compromised, and which endowed him with what she judged an engaging boyishness and irresponsibility—of how he had rushed home, saying that he had seen the most beautiful girl in New York, and that she was named Truth Sinclair and lived at 99 Fifth Avenue. He had produced the tickets and said: "Mother, you have got to come with me! It's the only chance in the world I have of scraping acquaintance with her. If I went alone she would take me for a horrid sort of masher and I should die of mortification." Mrs. Wheelock dwelt on her own reluctance; on Barty's renewed pleading; on the pardonable impulse that had brought them both, with so much trepidation and misgiving, to occupy the adjoining seats.

"And after all, why shouldn't nice people get to know one another?" Mrs. Wheelock went on in a more serious tone. "I really think you might get to like Barty very well. He's a gentleman; he comes of a good family; he's honorable and manly, and has a lot of good qualities; and if you did not like him he would be very easy to drop. In fact, his besetting fault is to depreciate himself and take too humble a view of his capacities. But what I was going to say was—it would be a wonderful thing if you could overlook this unconventional introduction and ——"

Mrs. Wheelock paused—an intentional pause.

"Am I perfectly mad to talk like this?" she asked.

Truth was so embarrassed that she could scarcely speak. Waves of diffidence seemed to engulf her. But at last she managed to murmur: "It—it would be nice to be friends; I haven't any, you know; it—it would make me awfully happy."

Mrs. Wheelock gazed at her radiantly.

"What a darling you are!" she exclaimed. "I shall have to break it gradually to Barty or he'll die of joy."

As she spoke the young man appeared, hat in hand, at the end of the row. His face lighted at Truth's welcoming smile, and his eyes kept meeting hers as he sought his place. Then the lights went down and the curtain went up, but not before Mrs. Wheelock had time to whisper to him: "She's adorable."

As they came out of the theater Barty hurried them into a taxicab, overruling Truth's slight hesitation and pushing her in whether or no in a big-brother sort of way that brooked no denial. Inside, however, when she found she was invited to tea with the Wheelocks she excused herself with some animation. It was too late; Edie's mother would be awaiting them; if Mrs. Wheelock would only make it another day, soon, she would love to come.

Accordingly the taxi's course was changed to Edie's home, and Truth, greatly daring, said that the Wheelocks must come and see her; said it impulsively, almost pleadingly, with a pretty ingenuousness that captivated both mother and son. She knew the invitation would cause trouble with her parents; it was an unheard-of thing for her to do; but she ignored all thought of this in the ecstasy of the moment, conscious of Barty's devouring eyes on hers, and with shivers of delicious possibilities darting through her breast. Such gentle, timid girls can be extraordinarily courageous where a young man is concerned—a young man they like.

But Mrs. Wheelock had noticed the look that had accompanied the invitation, or rather that had preceded it for an instant, and was too much a woman of the world not to

Flowers, Which Were Permissible. He Sent Prodigally. The Room Overflowed With Them

conjecture the reason. As soon as they had dropped Edie and seen her safely in charge of a resplendent doorman, and had ordered the chauffeur to take them to 99 Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Wheelock, who had been thinking hard all the while, said: "My dear, I am so afraid your parents will not approve of us. I know I wouldn't in their place. It is awful to tell them we are just casual acquaintances who sat next to you in a theater—as though we had fastened on to you and couldn't be shaken off!"

The young people burst out laughing; they were in a mood to find entertainment in everything. An atmosphere of unreasoning happiness surrounded them—an atmosphere in which Mrs. Wheelock's distressed tone sounded merely absurd.

"Oh, it will be all right, mother!" exclaimed Barty cheerfully. "A tea isn't like a dinner, you know. The wildest and woolliest people can be invited to tea; that's what teas are for."

"I feel quite sure I can make it all right," put in Truth, who in her heart was of a very different opinion, and whose voice in spite of herself showed a certain concern. "My parents are a little old-fashioned in their ways, but I am sure they will understand when I tell them how—how ——"

"How exceedingly nice we both are," said Barty, ending the uncompleted sentence.

Truth smiled an assent.

"That is what I meant," she said.

"It is a wretchedly false position," continued Mrs. Wheelock, who, having no unreasoning happiness to buoy her up, was crawling on the floor of things, where facts were facts. "To be candid, I should hardly like to go to any house on such terms—calling on a young girl, I mean, for the first time. We simply must try to find something that can keep us in countenance."

"I have it!" cried Barty. "I have it!"

"Don't tantalize us," said Mrs. Wheelock, as Barty seemed so much in love with his solution that he could not bear to impart it, but went on excitedly announcing that he had it.

"It's that society for the blind, mother," he burst out at last. "Miss Sinclair's society for the blind. All you need do is to join it—fellow member, you know, and all that. It is as simple as a flash of genius, and it came to me in the same way—bing!"

"That is certainly a possible way," agreed Mrs. Wheelock, turning to Truth for the latter's verdict.

Barty's mother, though secretly pleased, had no intention of persuading Truth into any subterfuges. Such an acquaintance as theirs was easily imperiled; it hung by a thread; Mrs. Wheelock had no intention of giving the impression that she was scheming or deceitful. If the plan appealed to Truth—well and good, but if it did not the older woman had no desire to implicate herself in it.

"What do you think, dear?" she asked.

Truth's expression was an answer in itself; a load had been lifted off her mind; she was radiantly acquiescent.

"It's the ideal way!" she cried. "It is a perfectly wonderful way! It will make everything all right at once, and the only question is whether you wish to be a sustaining member at a dollar a year, or a patroness at ten, or a life governor at a hundred."

"I will be a patroness," said Mrs. Wheelock, hastening to clinch the matter. "Barty, please give Miss Sinclair ten dollars."

Truth in some confusion received the money; also her new friends' cards. Barty's high spirits and constant interruptions lessened the constraint attending these proceedings. Engagements were made—quite fearlessly—for was not Mrs. Wheelock now a patroness of the Practical Braille Workers; and Barty a sustaining member? And he was going to be a Practical Worker too; yes, by George, he was—every Saturday afternoon from three till six if Truth would be there. And—oh, joy, oh, joy!—he was asked to call; was promised some preliminary lessons so that he should not enter the shop entirely ignorant; was promised in the more subtle language of melting eyes and softened tones lessons in something infinitely tenderer and dearer.

But paradise spinning along on four wheels and guided by a very smudgy angel was not to be enjoyed forever. Paradise drew up at 99 Fifth Avenue all too soon, and after mutual professions and laughing reminders of engagements Truth, rejecting any escort, tripped up the steps and disappeared through the portals of her stately old home.

II

IT IS small wonder that youth is so self-centered, so self-absorbed, so open to the reproach of selfishness. You would not blame a man on the Stock Exchange, plunging for millions and not knowing from day to day whether he was a multimillionaire or a bankrupt—if he were a little absent-minded at times when his parents prattled at dinner; or was lacking in some of the trifling attentions old people set such store by. Yet poor youth, gambling in the trickiest commodity in the world, human hearts, and ready sooner or later to stake its all on the outcome, is criticized for an intense preoccupation which is as surely natural as it is pardonable.

Truth could think of nothing but her romance; everything else, parents included, faded into the uttermost background of the unimportant. Barty was her first real admirer, the first man to whom she could even conceive herself answering "yes." She had to know him better of course; was longing to know him better; but her predisposition was wholly in his favor. Had she not gone the next day to Abrogast's concert her love story in all probability would have continued on very ordinary lines and quickly ended in the ordinary commonplace way. But she did go to Abrogast's concert; and her whole life which might otherwise have flowed so placidly swirled as a consequence into the rapids.

How little she anticipated anything but a dreamy afternoon in which she would be free to muse under the spell of beautiful music, muse in those excellent third-row seats which had cost her such a little fortune, and which were to cost her in the future such an additional toll of heartaches and agonizing indecisions! But she had no forebodings. How could she? The enormous auditorium, crowded to suffocation, gave forth no suggestion of hidden dangers.

For the first two numbers her thoughts were all of Barty. She closed her eyes in a delicious languor, as much to shut Miss Fifer out as to shut Barty in. The magic strings lifted her into mounting heavens of tenderness, evoking a thousand unformulated emotions, ethereal and voluptuous. Truth loved music; she played the piano well and with unusual feeling for one who had been taught it merely as a young-lady accomplishment. She was able

(Continued on Page 115)

To the Retail Clothiers of America—

Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America Monroe *Clothes* New York"

Distributed Throughout the U.S.A. Beginning Fall, 1919 Under our Revolutionary, Money-back, Loss-proof Guarantee

MONROE CLOTHES, the most famous clothes in New York, will, beginning with the Fall Season of 1919, be sold by retail clothiers throughout the United States. Our Selling Plan to you is revolutionary in scope, solving the biggest problem of the retail business—unsold garments.

MONROE CLOTHES Money-Back Feature

We guarantee to take back at the end of each season 20% of your entire season's purchase. This guarantee is free from all doubt, dispute or dodge—to illustrate: if your purchase of Monroe Clothes totals $5000, we will at the season's end take back garments up to $1000, refunding original purchase price.

MONROE CLOTHES are Loss-Proof

By this unique and exclusive Monroe Plan, you eliminate both "sacrifice sales" and sacrificed profits; you remove all guess and gamble. By selling Monroe Clothes, you will always show *NEW clothes in NEW styles while they are NEW*. Your stocks will be clean and loss-proof.

Extra-Extraordinary MONROE Values to Meet and Beat "Reduction Sales"

When Clothiers are holding "Reduction Sales" to budge their "left-overs" at little or no profit, we will give you *extra-extraordinary values* in Monroe Clothes, designed in advance Fifth Avenue styles and nationally advertised, to enable you to meet and beat competition and make your *regular profits*.

MONROE Advertising will Cover the Country with MONROE CLOTHES

MONROE CLOTHES will be nationally advertised to the wearer with a power, purpose and punch never before put into clothing advertising. Our Selling Plan will enable you to offer to your customers the *biggest basic value* and *utmost intrinsic quality* and *newest Fifth Avenue fashion models* at *nationally established prices*.

One Distributor in Each Town

MONROE CLOTHES for Fall, 1919, are available to *Representative Merchants*—one distributor in each town. Appointments are being booked now for our representatives. Telegraph or write today for detailed information.

Monroe Clothes

55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

From America's Greatest Clothiers!

Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America Monroe *Clothes* New York"

Why MONROE CLOTHES in YOUR Store

1. The 17 MONROE CLOTHES Shops in Greater New York and vicinity have clothed half a million New Yorkers—the style-wisest, quality-keenest, best-dressed men in the World. If men of this type, in closely competitive New York, choose to go out of their way to patronize Monroe Upstairs Stores in order to procure the remarkable Monroe Values, it is plain that every ground-floor merchant will possess an unbeatable combination with MONROE CLOTHES.
2. MONROE CLOTHES Shops are selling civilian clothes to thousands of soldiers and sailors returning through the Port of New York. These men will all want MONROE CLOTHES in their own home towns.
3. MONROE CLOTHES have revolutionized the retail clothing business of the United States. The selfsame merchandise which has resulted in the establishing of 17 prosperous stores, can now be sold by you. Link arms with Proved Success, doubly assured under the famous MONROE Money-back, Loss-proof Guarantee.

To the Well-Dressed Men of America

To men who have worn MONROE CLOTHES, it will be welcome news that MONROE CLOTHES will be sold in their home town beginning next Fall.

If MONROE CLOTHES are not easily accessible, write us and we'll arrange to supply you.

Monroe Clothes

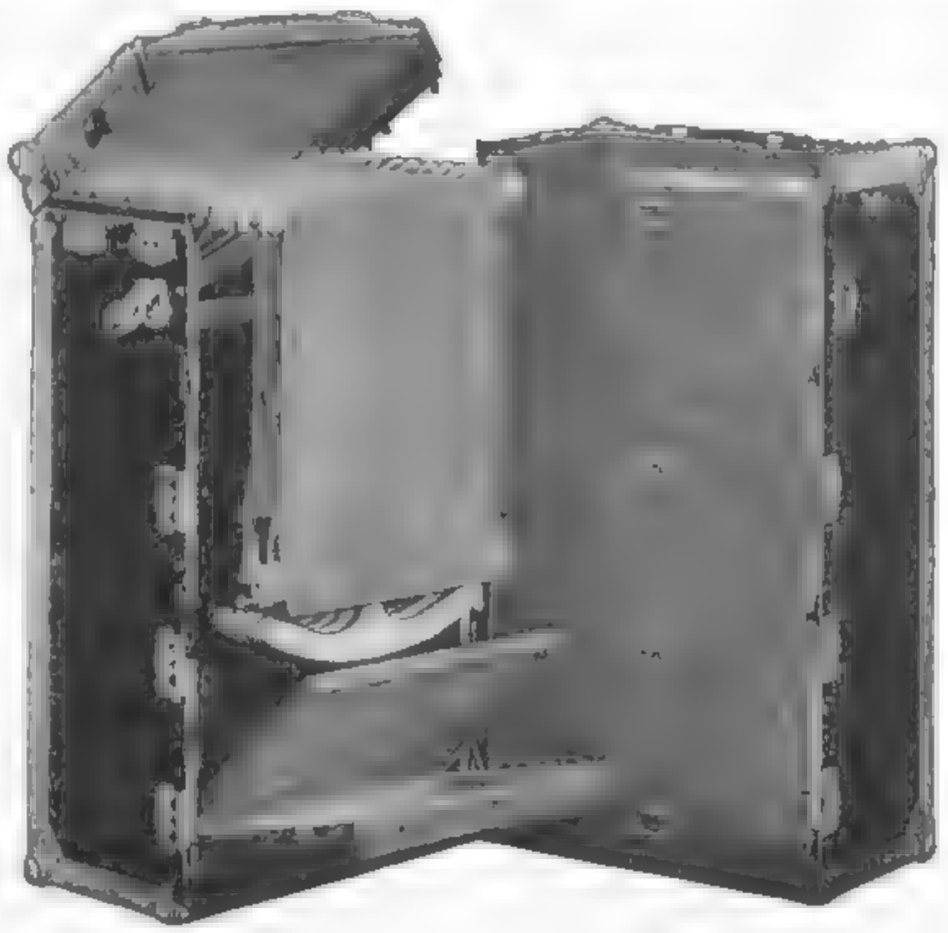
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Here is a Belber Wardrobe Trunk that illustrates better than many words the fine style and sound values of Belber Traveling Goods.

At whatever price you pay for a Belber, you get a trunk that looks right and stays right through years of service.

Shown here is No. 96—An open top wardrobe trunk, square edge. Covered and interlined with exceptionally heavy black fibre, studded. Binding heavy gray fibre 396 hand driven rivets. Powerful hardware. Massive corners. Five drawers locked together with nickel-plated locking device. Boltless interlocker locks trunk in three places at one operation. Holds several hats and a large amount of clothes.

Price $150
Other styles from $30 *to* $300



Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

Has the American Public any Pride in the Luggage it carries

RICHARD MANSFIELD used to say that when a man travels, his position in life is judged by his clothes, his hotel and his baggage.

Over in England the style and character of his "boxes" is one of the distinctive marks of the man of breeding. Everybody knows the facts about traveling equipment—and the dealer is too canny to try to put anything over.

Strange that a nation which travels so much as the American people, seems to know or care so little about the style and quality of their traveling equipment!

Perhaps the public is not altogether to blame. Take your own experience. Go through the shops looking for a Wardrobe Trunk—from the "specials" made to sell at eye-catching prices to "the very latest thing, Sir."

Did the average dealer ever tell you anything about the *real facts* of Wardrobe Trunks? What makes for quality? Why the Trunk is worth what he asks for it?

* * *

THE men and women of this country can never be sure of their traveling equipment until they take at least as much care in selecting it as they do any standard article of known merit.

This means that they must pass by the casual dealer and find a real merchant—the man who knows and cares, the man who gets his merchandise from *dependable sources*.

When you find a merchant of this caliber you mostly find him specializing on Belber Traveling Goods.

* * *

THIS company has been making an art and a science of traveling goods for 28 years—of style and quality, of workmanship and finish, of honest merchandise, at prices no higher than those asked for much slipshod goods.

It is the largest manufacturer of Wardrobe Trunks, Dress Trunks, Hat Trunks, Steamer Trunks, Suit Cases, Kit and Traveling Bags in the world today.

You can tell where it stands by the fact that its goods are practically all absorbed by the leading traveling goods merchants—several thousands of them, an almost unbroken chain of fine business connections from Coast to Coast.

The man or woman who is intent on being *right* about traveling equipment will do well to find one of these Belber merchants. You will find him primed with the facts—quality facts, style facts, what model of Trunk, Suit Case or Bag is best fitted to your service—what it is worth, and *why*.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sales Offices: NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, SAN FRANCISCO
Factories: NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, OSHKOSH, WIS.

(Continued from Page 111)

better than most of that intent audience to appreciate the perfection of Abrogast's talent. Poor Barty was gradually forgotten in her growing admiration, in the increasing intensity of her response—and the great artist himself soon engrossed her whole attention.

He was a tall, spare man with high cheek bones, hair and mustache of a tawny red, and cold, proud eyes that seemed to disdain his audience. There was nothing effeminate, nothing savoring of the conventional virtuoso about Otto Abrogast. He had a harsh, enigmatic, unconquerable sort of look that was not unpleasant in its suggestion of a fiery soul within. His age was problematical; forty at least, if not more. Truth thought that he was possibly better for some of the ravages of time: maturity enhanced perhaps that sense of force which was his most compelling characteristic.

Truth was so near the stage that his eyes again and again fell on hers, at first uncomprehendingly in the curious blankness of an instrumentalist whose thoughts are all turned inward. But soon she felt that he had really seen her; the blankness changed insensibly to perception; he had singled her out of all that vast throng.

Yet it was very imperceptibly done; his transient glance would have seemed absolutely impersonal to anyone at the girl's side; she alone knew that it lingered on her for the briefest fraction of a second, claiming a silent understanding. Truth was thrilled—indescribably thrilled and exalted. This great artist, this demigod was playing to her! Twice it was the sight of her slim gloved hands applauding that induced him to give one of his rare encores. She knew it even if no one else did. She had applauded insistently, with an intoxicating sense of power, raising her hands so high that he could not fail to see them. And he had obeyed with just the least relaxation of his cold, proud air.

In the intermission Truth artlessly asked Miss Fifer if he was married. Somehow everything about Otto Abrogast had suddenly become of engrossing importance, and this the most of all.

Miss Fifer sighed, and her withered face grew overcast. This faithful devotee, who had stinted herself to buy all of Abrogast's phonographic repertory, had no illusions about her idol.

"I am afraid he is dreadfully unprincipled," she answered. "He doesn't believe in marriage or anything; and oh, the stories they tell about him! No heart at all, my dear; no conscience or anything where women are concerned. It's the way of genius, and always has been, I suppose. They are a law to themselves, and just grab like babies at everything they want."

"I wish I was a genius," said Truth, feeling unaccountably happy that there was no Mrs. Abrogast. "It must be nice to grab the things you want instead of waiting for them never to come. And to be grabbed must be almost as—as rapturous, don't you think—anyhow, for the girl? What would you do, Miss Fifer, if he grabbed you? Even if it were only for one crowded hour of glorious life—wouldn't it be worth it?"

Miss Fifer, scandalized, refused to visualize herself and Abrogast in this short but extremely ambiguous period.

With much displeasure she remarked: "I am sure I don't know what has come over you to-day, Truth! You hardly seem the same girl to me."

"I am not," Truth retorted. "I changed yesterday afternoon when it suddenly occurred to me that I was grown up and able to think for myself. I tumbled out of the nest, and now I am hopping about till I can fly."

"Those are the little birds the cat gets," said Miss Fifer pointedly.

"Only the silly ones," protested the girl. "The cat is welcome to the silly ones. And who wants to live in a safe world anyway? I am glad it is so dangerous and exciting."

Miss Fifer's reply, which may be surmised, was lost in the applause attending Abrogast's return. Again as he began to play Truth was conscious of his eyes on hers, though she was less sure than before that his glance was intentional. Had she been deceiving herself in believing he had singled her out? She tried to reassure herself, but could not, experiencing a moment of bitter disappointment. Her pride, her self-love were sorely humbled. What a little gaby she had been to sit there and build such castles in the air! To sit there dreaming that this great artist from his stupendous heights could have found any attraction in her insignificant face! Yet—yet ——

As he played the increasing intensity of his gaze seemed to give the lie to all her doubts. Again there was that sense of mysterious communion, of soul seeking soul under the spell of transcendent emotions. Truth scarcely breathed; the swiftly moving bow seemed to be playing on her heart-strings; she was in ecstasy.

At the close of the concert, after repeated encores, Truth astounded her companion by announcing that they were "going behind."

"Lots of people do; it is quite the custom," she said, with more composure in her voice than in her flushed cheeks and singularly brilliant eyes. "Congratulate the artist, you know, and all that."

Miss Fifer was aghast.

"But he doesn't know us!" she ejaculated.

"Well, he soon will," said Truth, as though it were the most ordinary matter in the world, in spite of the fact that she was trembling and that her legs were as weak as paper. "I thought we might tell him about our concert; beg him to play at it, you know. Wouldn't it be splendid if he would!"

This concert, in aid of the Practical Braille Workers' funds, had been vaguely discussed for some while past. The fact that the loft above the society's workroom was temporarily vacant and obtainable for nothing had inspired the idea. Miss Hankin, of the Emmanuel Church choir, had graciously consented to sing, as well as Madame Tornadi, the fashionable singing teacher, who had promised to bring some of her best pupils. A negro quartet from Harlem, which included among its members a blind ex-protégé of the society, had also proffered its services. No date had yet been fixed, however, for Miss Fifer had set her heart on getting George Peppington Phelps, the famous wild-bird imitator and lecturer, whom her sister-in-law's brother had pledged, but who was unfortunately for the time being in Ludlow Street Jail, pending some alimony disagreements with Mrs. George Peppington Phelps.

Truth appreciated the presumption, almost the insult, of asking Abrogast's coöperation in this trumpery entertainment; but her nimble wits had been at work to find an excuse to approach him, and she trusted to her youth and apparent naïveté to gain his indulgence—if indulgence were needed. The immediate thing was to lure Miss Fifer on; to dangle Abrogast before her like the proverbial carrot; to overcome her stricken unwillingness, amounting almost to panic. Truth, outwardly so demure, so undisturbed, so ready in appearance to leave the decision to Miss Fifer, was animated by an unshakable determination. It won, of course. Miss Fifer in a flutter of trepidation and dissent found herself following the girl toward the stage.

Abrogast was holding the usual confused court of a great artist at the close of a concert. The mob of fashionably dressed women—there were only a few men—daunted Truth and made her feel very small and unimportant indeed. Had it not been for shame before Miss Fifer she would have turned and fled. Abrogast at close range looked so formidable, so cold and polished and austere, and he had such a frightening foreign way of raising feminine finger tips to his lips while paying formal compliments. The girl's discomfiture increased as she heard him say aloud in a succession of brisk greetings names so distinguished that they were household words. How idolized he was, and how hotly her heart filled with sudden hatred for him—the spoiled darling of all these made-up, orchid-like women whom she hated even more! But she had to go on; the throng lessening before her made it impossible to retreat without loss of dignity. Besides there was Miss Fifer, irritatingly expectant and pushing, blocking the way behind her.

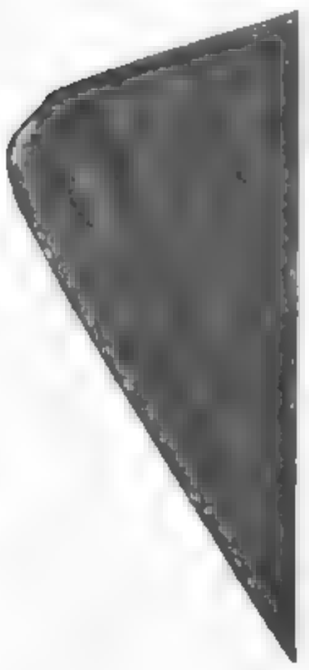
Truth was still at a little distance when Abrogast recognized her. His face changed; he moved toward her impetuously, dismissing with a hurried handshake and as hurried an apology one of the most clinging of his orchids.

It Was Really Abrogast's Celebrity That Seemed to Appeal to Her the Most. She Admitted It Frankly

(Continued on Page 119)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation



The Spark of Life

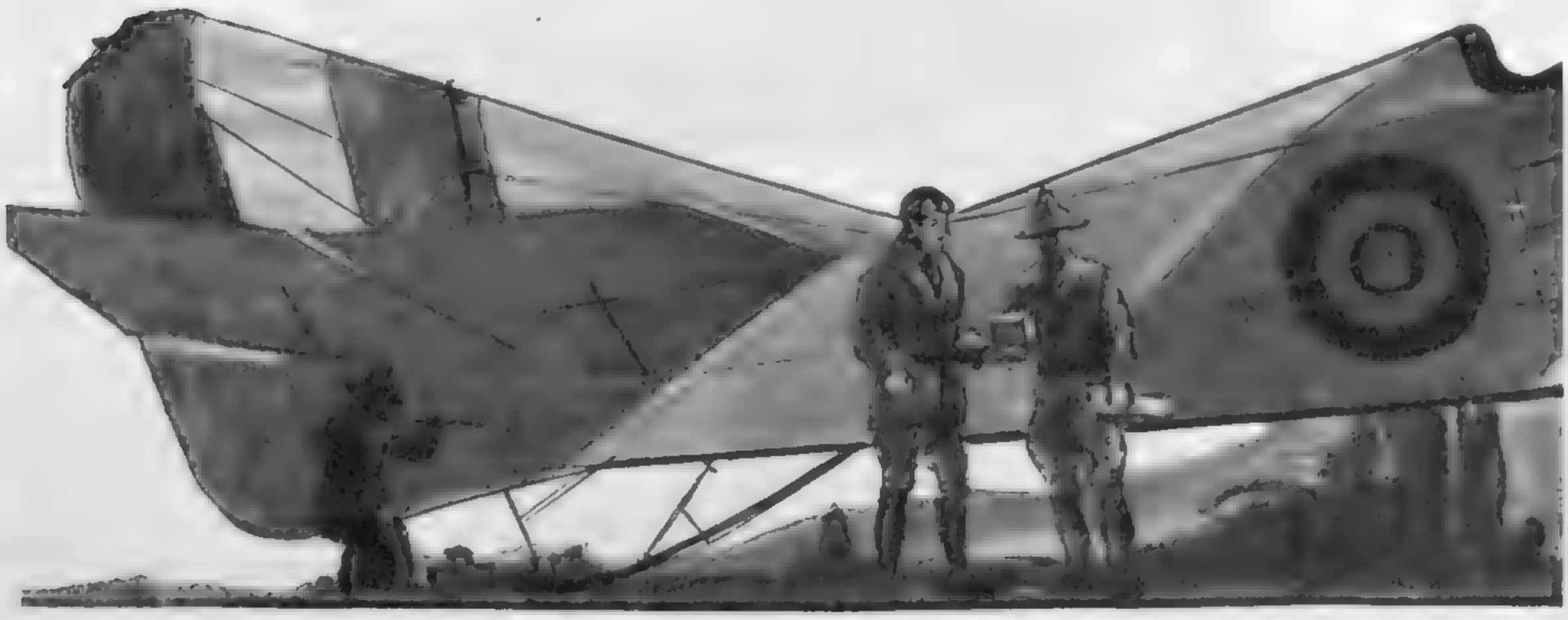
The prime requisite in an aviation battery is *absolute reliability*.
The spark in the cylinders is the life of the engine.
And the life of the engine means life to the aviator.

There are two interesting facts in connection with this for the motor car owner to consider.

First: Aviation has given a searching test and a convincing demonstration of the reliability of Willard Batteries and the superior durability and efficiency of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation. They have proven their dependability in keeping the craft aloft for hours and bringing it safely home even if both generator and magneto meet with accident.

Second: In aviation, battery care is never neglected. The air man takes no chances, even though he knows he has in a Willard Battery with Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, the utmost that electro-chemical knowledge and manufacturing skill can give him. He never leaves the ground without making sure that his battery is filled with water, tested and pronounced O. K. by a skilled battery man.

You need only have this done for the battery on your car once in two weeks and while it isn't a matter of life and death to *you*, it is to your battery. Surely this is a simple and easy thing to attend to, but if you find it a bother, the Willard Service Station will be glad to do it for you.

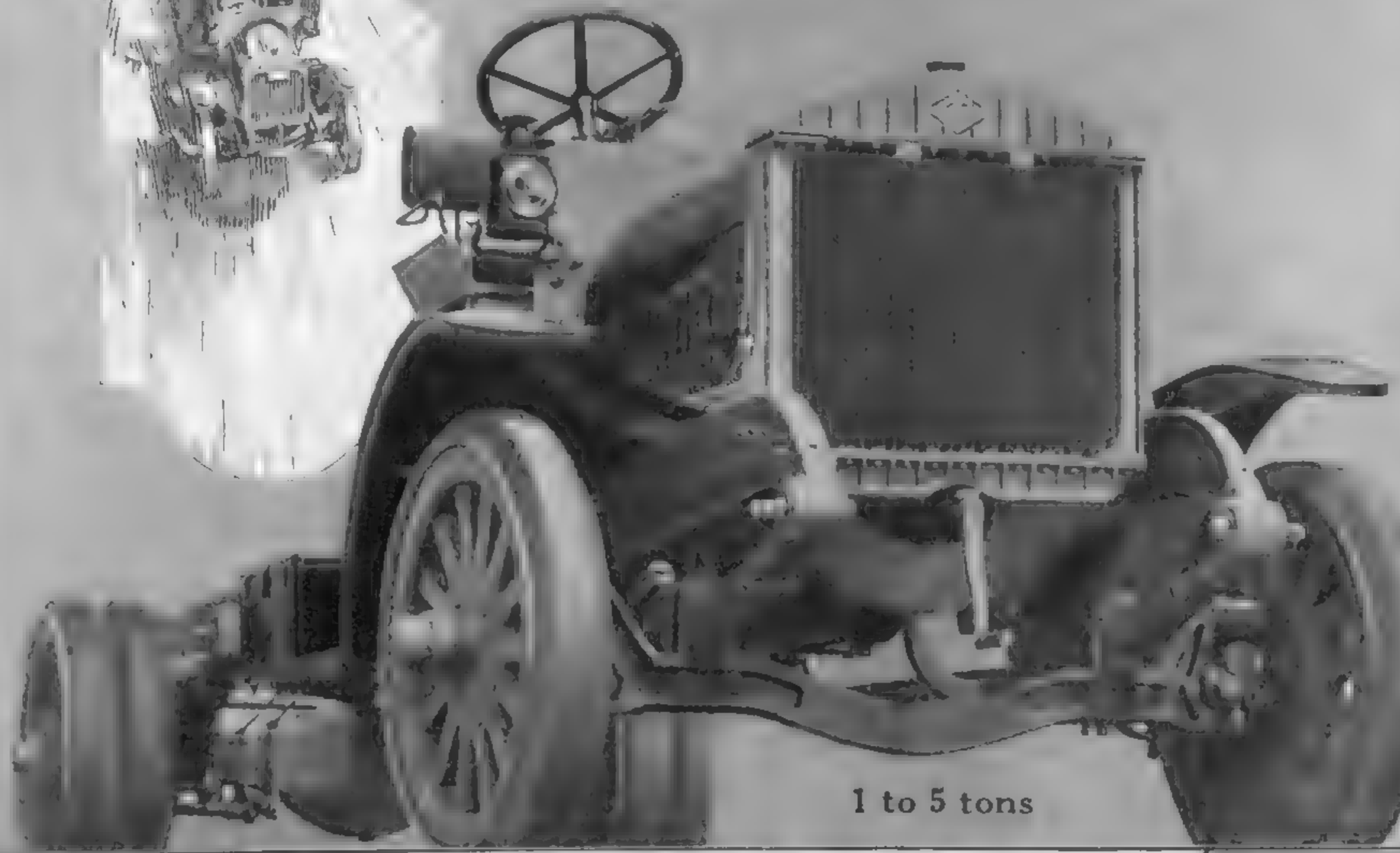


"Return Loads will cut your Hauling Costs."

DIAMOND T

Transporting these return loads via "The Nation's Freight Car" further cuts costs through economy of maintenance and certainty of performance. And back of both stands Diamond T's thirteen years of REPUTATION

DIAMOND T
THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR



1 to 5 tons

Diamond T Motor Car Company 4519 W. 26th St., Chicago

(Continued from Page 115)

Truth was dizzily aware that he had taken her hand and carried it to his lips; heard him say with disconcerting loudness and in the manner of one finding a friend unexpectedly: "How do you do! How do you do! Dear child, I am flattered inexpressibly to see you here."

But these commonplaces were merely a screen to avoid curious and speculating onlookers. Inclining his head he added in a very low voice: "I have been waiting for you. All this time among all these chattering fools I have been waiting for you; waiting, ah, with such impatience—such suspense!"

Truth, thrilled to the core, had yet enough humor to smile at the incongruity of presenting Miss Fifer at the close of this sentence. Both the smile and the presentation helped to put her at her ease, for it was embarrassing to be thus greeted, and any reply except banalities seemed out of the question. She certainly did not wish to spoil this impulsive avowal, which in its slightly foreign English and unmistakable warmth and sincerity had fallen on her ears like music.

"Ah, your mother!" exclaimed the violinist, misunderstanding the murmured introduction. "Madame, graciously permit me!" And up went Miss Fifer's shabbily gloved hand. "As young as her daughter, and no less radiantly beautiful."

As Miss Fifer, blushing furiously, explained she was merely a friend, Abrogast in spite of himself had to burst out laughing at his disastrous compliment.

"You must pardon a very tired fiddler!" he exclaimed. "My wish was so to say something charming to a most charming lady, but I seem to have ill succeeded." With this sop to Miss Fifer he turned to her companion and, lowering his voice again, said: "May I not have the privilege—the honor and pleasure of learning your name?"

"Oh, I am only a little nobody," she answered, mindful of the exalted names she had just overheard, and so rueful and humbled at the contrast that she could not help being a shade perverse. She could not bear at that moment to let him learn, except indirectly, how utter was her social insignificance. So she continued in an effort to avoid the question without wounding him: "Is it not enough that I am the captive of your bow—if not of your spear, dear master?" The orchids, much to her envy, had called him their "dear master"; now she felt emboldened to use the term herself. He smiled.

"You are charming," he said. "I wish I knew how to tell you how charming you are. But it is a strange thing, is it not, that the more one's admiration is sincere the harder it becomes to express it?"

"That is why I have said nothing of your playing," she retorted quickly, with an implication that made his face glow with pleasure. "Words, compliments—are for the little things; the big ones—the big emotions—make one silent."

Conscious of his approval she went on breathlessly: "Don't think that I withheld my name intentionally. It was only because I was ashamed. Your friends are all so fashionable, so smart that I hated to appear at a disadvantage. It is Truth—Truth Sinclair; and it is very suitable for a girl at the bottom of a well, isn't it? We are of an old Quaker family and still insist on being aggravatingly plain and lowly, and giving away all our money instead of spending it. That's my sad little history—going nowhere, knowing nobody, and feeling sometimes as though everything in life were slipping past me."

She stopped as she realized the indignant feminine looks that were being cast at her. She was monopolizing the celebrity, much to everyone's annoyance. Abrogast, who had been too absorbed to notice anything, suddenly awoke to the situation.

In an appealing way he whispered to her: "Please wait for me. I cannot let you go like this."

And then resigning himself to the press of his admirers he became lost again in adulation. But his eyes from time to time sought Truth's as though to assure himself of her continued presence.

Miss Fifer was in raptures. Wasn't he wonderful! Waan't he a perfect dear! And what a man compared to all those other fuzzy musicians! Vivid, vital! Miss Fifer racked her head for appropriate adjectives. "Dominating—yes, extraordinarily dominating! Didn't Truth have that feeling of domination—of force? Of something positively supermannish?"

Like so many elderly women a little excitement loosened her tongue intolerably, until it wiggle-waggled without cessation. It wiggle-waggled all through that period of waiting, and was unfortunately as wiggle-waggly as ever when Abrogast came back to them with the happy, satisfied air of a man who says to himself: "At last!"

His pleasure was short-lived, however, for Miss Fifer immediately introduced the subject of the Braille Workers' concert, grimacing in what she considered a persuasive and winning manner and overwhelming him with a torrent of explanations. There was nothing to do but to listen. To stop her was impossible. Abrogast tugged at his mustache with a restless hand and with an air that grew steadily more haughty and disdainful. Never was there so wretched an anticlimax; and still Miss Fifer talked, talked, talked. At length, in a kind of desperation that was only too apparent, he took a cardcase from his pocket, withdrew a card and, hastily scribbling on it, passed it to Truth.

"Please, please!" he exclaimed, demanding Miss Fifer's silence in a tone that could not be gainsaid. Then to Truth he added: "This is my address and private telephone number, and if you will invite me to call sometime this week I shall be most glad to discuss the matter and volunteer any aid in my power. In the meanwhile you will not think me rude in saying adieu?"

Thus they parted, a little coldly and formally, and the girl would have been altogether in despair had he not pressed her hand and held it a moment with a comforting significance. Then had she not his card and his private number? Treasuring these evidences of his concern, and very bemused, very tired, she walked home with Miss Fifer, contriving to keep her own thoughts intact despite two miles of gabble.

And poor Barty, the hero of the day before!

Never once did she think of him. He was crowded out; he was forgotten.

A few days later Truth nerved herself to telephone to the musician, inviting him to tea. It was a Sunday; her parents were at home; she felt they ought to be there on the occasion of his first visit. That telephoning cost her an extraordinary effort; her hand trembled on the receiver; it was all she could do to prevent her voice from quavering. The very intensity of her desire to see him, to speak to him and hear his voice again was overpowering.

But it had one advantage. After he had accepted with a very evident pleasure and it became necessary to inform her parents, the reaction gave her a composure that stood her in good stead. Her parents were hugely disturbed, and there ensued one of those curious, almost silent family battles which are more clashes of character than of words. Truth was asserting her right to have her own men friends and be alone in their company as much as she liked. Of course the proposed concert was a great help; she would scarcely have succeeded so well without it; but she knew and they knew that it implied much more.

It was in this somewhat highly charged atmosphere that Abrogast was announced—grave, ceremonious, impoging. It was an admirable manner to impress parents, to whom a fiddling foreigner with his portrait everywhere on ash cans had been conjectured as a very different looking person. It was an admirable manner, too, to assume toward Truth, who in feminine revulsion was now as timid as she had formerly been bold.

The great violinist was not unprepared for this transition, experience having taught him its likelihood. Hence his respect, his deference; not only at tea but afterward when they were alone together he endeavored to draw her out—encourage her to talk about herself, inviting confidences by making them. His intuition told him that this was no inflammable little creature to be won at a rush; she was too shy, too unsophisticated in this game of love, too ethereal in soul as well as in body. As a connoisseur of pretty women he was not displeased. Women who are won at a rush have usually been won before, and previous lovers have helped to train them for these precipitate surrenders. So it was not much of a tête-à-tête—in results. It was short; it was interrupted; there was still the awkwardness attending a first call. It served little more than to show how much they liked each other and to lessen the inevitable constraint.

He came again the following evening, still ostensibly to discuss the concert, and looking extremely distinguished in evening dress. To Truth this costume was emblematic of the world she longed for, and there was not only admiration in her glance but a welling inner satisfaction. They were alone; fate had befriended them; and after ceremonious greetings in the big dreary drawing-room she proposed, with a temerity of which he had no realization, that they should go up to her own little sitting room on the floor above.

It was an inviting little room with an open fire, a piano, pleasantly shaded lights and big comfortable chairs. Abrogast sank into one of them with a sigh of content.

"Happy?" Truth asked him, smiling.

"And sad too," he returned. "Sad to reflect how one strives and struggles for this ridiculous thing, fame, when the best in life is just a little haven like this."

"It is my prison," she said. "It is a lonely little haven, Master."

Her tone of self-pity amused him; he looked up at her and laughed. Not a bad man—nor by any means a good one—he was probably more dangerous than anyone else she could have met, for he was an adept in enmeshing women in sentimental friendships that were only too apt to bruise their hearts while leaving his own unimpaired.

"Oh, there is always a Saint George for the hapless maiden," he remarked. "I refuse to see any tragedy in the woes of youth. Youth, with no past, no regrets, no ghosts—is only pathetic when it is gay."

After a moment's pause he added: "When it is sad it makes me laugh."

He reached out for the cigarettes—the first cigarettes Truth had ever bought, and the first that had ever lain beside that shining new ash tray. Feeling like a heroine in a novel she leaned over to give him a light, and then seated herself close to him on a stool.

"Tell me about the ghosts," she said. "I am awfully interested in the ghosts."

"But you will hate me."

"No, I could never do that, Master. Please, please!"

"But there are so many. Oh, dear—so many!"

"The one you cared for most; begin with her."

"Then I must call you Truth. May I? Confidences and first names go together."

"I should like it."

"And you must call me Otto."

But Truth could not. It seemed an impossible familiarity.

"Oh, you are much too old and dignified and famous," she protested. "A poor little worshiper like me could not call you Otto; I should choke with the presumption of it."

Abrogast drew a puff at his cigarette, regarding her through the smoke with a sudden poignancy.

"I am forty-one," he said: "I am glad you reminded me of it. I want to be reminded of it. The danger of a friendship with a very pretty woman is that it so soon becomes a sham love affair, if not a real one; and of the two I think the sham is the worse. But I do not want either. Forty-one courting twenty is one of those sad spectacles that make angels weep."

Truth was embarrassed—embarrassed and unconvinced; she felt she could very easily love Abrogast in spite of the angels. She murmured something of the kind with a transparent indirectness. Then abashed she said: "A great artist is always young."

"Only in the sense of never growing up," remarked the violinist, delighted with the way things were going. "Only in his ability to commit absurdities up to ninety. No, no, dear Truth, let us avoid the quicksands on the shore and take the high Corniche, and keep to it religiously; and if I should ever forget myself a little all you need say is 'Oh, grandpapa!' and all will be well on the instant."

Truth smiled. It was wonderfully sweet to sit there at Abrogast's feet and hear him speak so earnestly. Never had she been so flattered, so thrilled. Lest she should lose an iota of it she reminded herself of his greatness, of his madly applauding audiences, of his unique and glorious position in the world—all to help the almost incredible realization that it was indeed he who was looking down at her.

"And what name will you give me if I should forget myself a little, as you call it?" she said. "How do you know that I am not in more danger than you are?"

His was a face that lit up before he spoke; it lit up now, bright and provocative with the speeding thought.

"If I ever really thought that," he said, "I should look over all my friends and choose the handsomest, the finest in nature and character, the most desirable in age, position and everything, and say to him: 'I know the loveliest girl in New York, and she is in love with love; you are made for each other; come—and God bless you, my children.'"

"Oh, you wicked grandpapa!"

"Yes, that is what I should do," said Abrogast; adding whimsically: "So please behave yourself, won't you?" Then pausing he went on in an altered tone: "What I crave of you—what I hope to win from you is intimacy—mental intimacy. I have learned to value that more than anything with women—an exquisite understanding, an exquisite accord. It is harder to gain than love, and harder to keep; but how precious it is! That it is so often a failure does not mean that it is an impossibility. Marriage itself is enormously a failure, yet who denies there are many happy marriages? I don't expect you to give it to me all at once. Intimacy must grow, like everything else. I have my own trepidations, too, you know; my own reserves. But let us try. Let us start. Let us have that as a goal, no matter how small the advance we may make toward it."

This was the beginning of a rapturous evening. Abrogast was not only a very clever man but when he cared to exert himself he could be an exceedingly brilliant and interesting one. All his life he had been a nomad; he spoke half a dozen languages; he had read insatiably; from the time he was sixteen he had been a notable figure in the world and in contact with the greatest of the great. Throughout it all he had kept his independence of character and judgment—a certain loftiness of outlook not untouched with disdain. He had, too, the rare faculty of being able to laugh at himself, which more than anything else helps to extort confidences from others.

Though Truth said little the general recollection in her mind afterward was of having unlocked her heart of hearts and surrendered something intangible of herself that never could be recalled. Not that she desired to recall it. On the contrary it filled her with a shy exultation. It was as though they had given hostages to each other for the continuance of their beautiful friendship.

As they were saying good night he remarked: "I am playing at the Symphony concert Thursday night, and told them to keep a box for you. Will you care to use it?"

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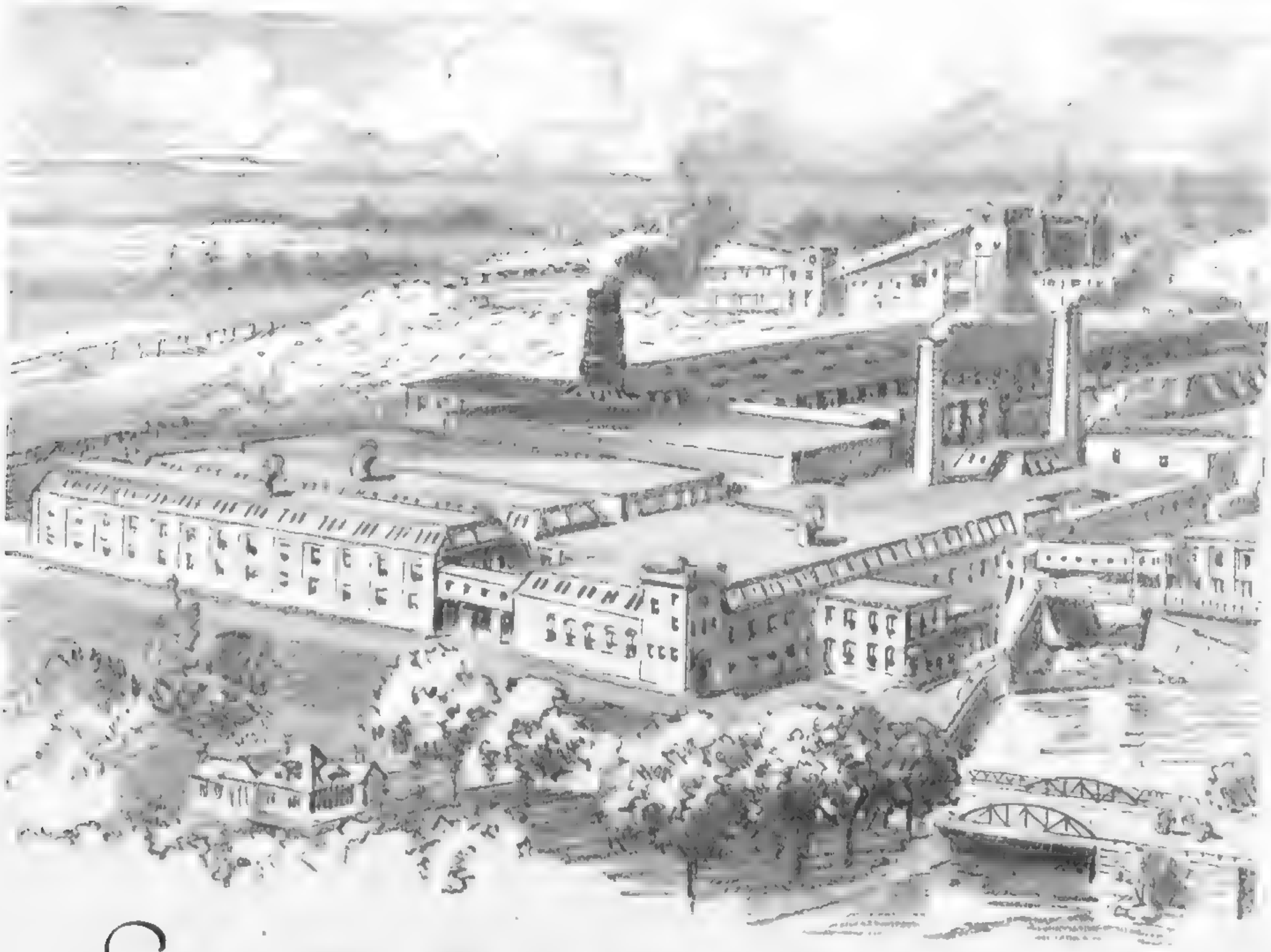

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THEY say, "Your mill looks like any other mill—it is smaller than some other big factories—who will be interested in how it looks?"

But we have published this picture of Cumberland Mills, where Warren Standard Printing Papers are made, just the same.

We claim to have standardized the manufacture of printing papers. That doesn't sound like much of a feat to anybody except a printer or a man who buys printing or who publishes books.

But those who know what a standard paper must be are entitled to ask: "Who are these people who claim to make *and supply* a printing paper, standard and adequate to every important class of book paper printing? How big is their plant? Whom do they sell through? What is their location?"

Here is a picture of the Warren Mills at Cumberland Mills, Maine. Here we make sixty odd thousand tons of book paper a year, in a dozen different standard grades—one grade to fill each major book-paper printing need.

We sell this paper, not direct to big consumers neither to brokers and mill agents, but to established paper merchants in the largest cities of the world. This method insures stability of price, accessibility, prompt service—things without which standardization could not be

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In the panel on the right are the names of the paper merchants in the great business centers of this country who sell the Warren Standard Printing Papers, made in that mill. They carry stock ready for your demand. Your printer knows them.

If you do not know the Warren Standard Printing Papers, you will find samples of all of them with demonstrations of their whole field of usefulness in the Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide. It is a real book; worth having. We are sorry we cannot offer it free to everyone. It is sent on request to printers; to buyers of printing, engravers and their salesmen.

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"Where are my reading glasses?"

Mischievous daughter has picked Daddy's pocket and watches him gleefully as he fumbles and searches in vain for his reading glasses.

Like thousands of men and women, Daddy fusses with two pairs of glasses because he cannot see distant objects clearly through his reading glasses. So now he wastes many precious minutes changing from one pair to the other—or hunting for one of them.

But if Daddy wore KRYPTOK Glasses, he would be freed from this two-pairs-of-glasses nuisance. KRYPTOKS (*pronounced Crip-tocks*) would give him, *in one pair of glasses*, the necessary correction for reading (or close work) and distance.

KRYPTOKS enable you to see both near and far objects with equally keen vision. You can glance up from your book or paper and see things at a distance as clearly as you see the type on the printed page.

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If you fuss with two pairs of glasses (one pair for near vision, the other for far vision); *Or*—

If you cannot see distant objects clearly through your reading glasses; *Or*—

If you wear the out-of-date bifocals with the conspicuous seam or hump.

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The KRYPTOK lens is crystal clear—its surface smooth and even. It cannot be distinguished from a single vision lens. That's why KRYPTOKS are universally known as "the invisible bifocals."

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The old Bifocal

With the disfiguring seam or hump

KRYPTOK GLASSES

THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

The KRYPTOK Bifocal

With clear smooth even surfaces

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A box reserved for her! With what gratitude she accepted it, and with what a delicious feeling of proprietorship in the donor! She almost thought he might take advantage of her ardor as he stood there holding her hand in his; for an instant she wished he would; but his grave, kindly face hid no such treachery.

"You have given me such a happy evening," he said. "It is a better world to know you live in it, and that goodness, gentleness, sweetness and purity are not all illusions."

When Barty Wheelock telephoned next day asking permission to call that evening Truth was less pleased than might have been expected. Her head was so filled with Abrogast that she was in no humor for the intrusion of anyone else; and Barty, who had captivated her so short a time before, now for a moment took on the aspect of a slightly annoying entanglement. But it was impossible to resist his eager gay appeal. His voice was too persuasive, his laughter too contagious. He was one of those boyish, headlong, irresistible young fellows who bound over social hurdles like race horses. Not only was he invited but there was real warmth besides in the invitation.

He came in his whirlwind way, full of talk and laughter, animation and Braille alphabet, bringing with him such a breath of life, such an ardor of young manhood that Truth felt all her liking for him revive in a rush, causing her to wonder how she could ever have doubted it. He was frankly a wooer; announced that he loved her before he had been in the house ten minutes—despite the presence of the elder Sinclairs, whose departure was hastened by the extreme dislike they took to him; paid her preposterous compliments, at which he was as ready to laugh as she; and yet with all this extravagance he stayed within the confines of good taste and gave the impression of an underlying sincerity.

To Truth it was a new experience. Nobody had ever courted her before. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes sparkled with pleasure; her mouth was provocative and almost impudent in that duel of sex which at first so largely turns on words and sallies. A few hours before she had thought herself madly in love with Otto Abrogast; now she was by no means certain that she did not adore Barty. The one positive thing that seemed revealed in all this incoherence was the delight of being sought by these big, splendid, intoxicating creatures, who had such power to make your heart beat and your pulses throb, and to permeate you with an indescribable elation.

The fact was that she was enough in love with each of these men to lessen the emotion she could feel for either. In love with both she had to divide her heart in a fluctuating proportion. That night as she made ready for bed she could not keep them out of her mind, and still under the more recent spell she was almost glad that her relations with the violinist were to be so definitely platonic. Contrasted with Barty Wheelock he did seem old, in spite of what she had said, not without believing it, of the youngness of great artists. What a charming boy Barty was, to be sure! And what a charming restraint he had in spite of his exuberant talk and ways. He never went too far, never overstepped. Both he and Otto were such well-bred men; men to be trusted; both such chivalrous, honorable, high-minded gentlemen.

Even cast away on a desert island alone with either of them, how safe she would feel, her only danger indeed that hungering and thirsting heart of hers which shamed her with its inconstancy. Giving rein to this fancy, snugly ensconced in bed, she saw herself shipwrecked, first with Barty and then with Otto Abrogast. Sweet, teasing dreams; filmy, absurd fantasies. Barty breasting the breakers, his white shoulders gleaming in the waves as she agonized for him on a picturesque strand. . . . Otto in a cave, playing to her while she reclined on skins. . . . Nights, solitary and starry, when they would wander hand in hand under the rustling palms. . . . Love, love so near, the world so infinitely remote. Kisses—tenderness—oblivion.

III

OTTO ABROGAST came and came; Barty Wheelock came and came; the old people grew acclimated to their constant presence and endured them as one endures any of the petty annoyances of life that seem unavoidable. They had even an odd pride in Abrogast's acquaintance, much though they distrusted him. His tremendous celebrity could not be ignored, even by two old Quakers. The very fact that they knew him gave them a cachet among their friends and undermined to a certain degree their original hostility. But Barty had no redeeming features, and he being in their opinion more likely to win their daughter than the violinist, they concentrated most of their ill will on him.

The little sitting room with the open fire and pleasantly shaded lights, at first the cause of such contention as a meeting place, became gradually accepted as a spot where Truth might receive her beaux. The Sinclairs called them "beaux," and the old-fashioned word was not without its value as implying Truth's right to be wooed. The concert had taken place weeks before, though not as planned, in the loft above the Braille Workers' rooms, but in the great Calumet Theater, where Abrogast's name had drawn an immense house and nearly eleven thousand dollars—a stupendous sum when compared with the modest hundreds Miss Fifer had had in mind. The grateful Braille Workers elected him an honorary life governor and placed a large framed photograph of him in their office.

Of course Barty had grown aware of the violinist's rivalry, and acutely aware of his own lessening hold on Truth. It made him sad and bitter in turns. Several times in bursts of jealousy he had accused her of being in love with both of them at once, and had flounced off in high dudgeon, vowing he would never return. But as he always came back repentant and ate the necessary amount of humble pie, it was easy to forgive him and begin again. Barty, repentant, was irresistible. Truth never liked him so well as after one of these reconciliations. That he really suffered made her feel very tenderly toward him.

Once after a dance, to which they had gone surreptitiously, he managed to plague her into saying she loved him. She was pleasantly tired; her resistance had ebbed away; the cadence of their last waltz was still in her ears. To say yes was so much easier than to say no. Besides, just then it did seem as though it were yes, and that she had always cared for him without fully realizing it. He kissed her in the taxi taking her home, and she had leaned her head against his shoulder like a tired, happy child.

Yet there was something lacking about it, something missing. Even with his lips on hers she could not help thinking of Otto with a sort of pang. It was only when she had shut her eyes and refused to think of anything except that caressing voice and comforting arm about her waist that the bliss she had dreamed of seemed actually attained.

The next morning she wrote him a forlorn little note:

I don't blame you in the least. Nor do I blame myself. If things happen they happen, and there is no sense in recriminations. But the awful thing is that it is not true, dear Barty. I really don't care—not in that way, I mean; and you must not take it seriously or ever kiss me again. We must either go back to where we were before or else end our friendship. Is the first too much to ask, now? I can only say I dearly wish it, though you are perfectly entitled to walk off and hate me ever afterward. Which is it to be? My poor little heart is going pitapat with apprehension, for you know how fond I am of you.

Barty was pitiably overcome. He had awakened his mother the night before to tell her the wonderful news; and she had clasped him to her breast and cried over him as mothers will. The note came as they were at breakfast; came dramatically, as notes do on the stage, at a moment when Barty was expatiating on his happiness. The anticlimax was terrible. Never had he seen his mother so roused. Her passionate denunciation of the girl whom so short a time before she had been lauding to the skies shocked and horrified him. There was almost a quarrel between them—the first they had ever had. He refused to say that he would break with Truth; was goaded into defending her right to change her mind; sullenly announced that it was his affair, not his mother's, and that she must permit him to do as he thought best.

Truth was very kind to him when he crept back, humbled, crushed and sick at heart; so kind indeed, so remorseful

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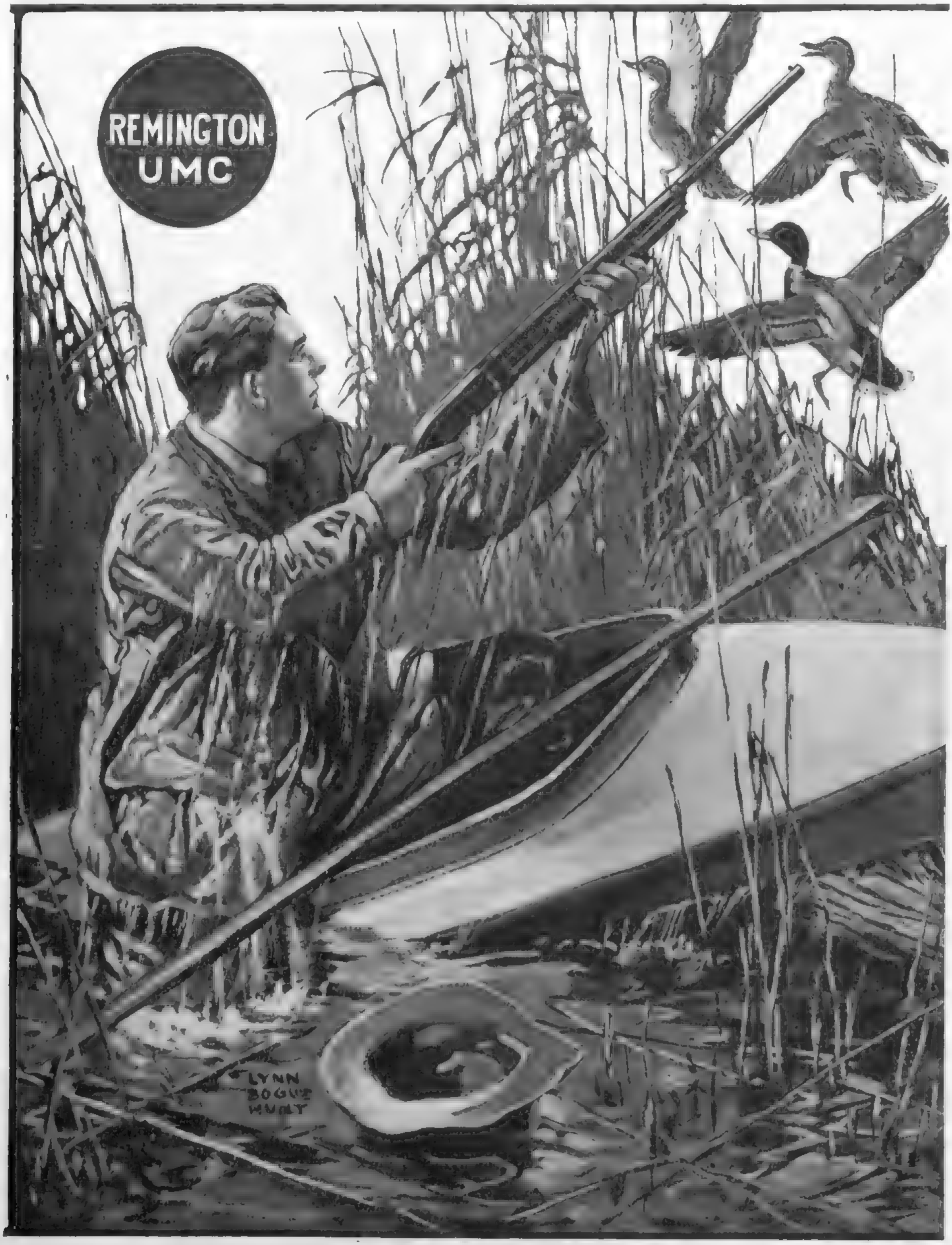
"Oh, There is Nothing to Get Excited About. I Have Just Joined Up With the Marines and Am Off To-Morrow"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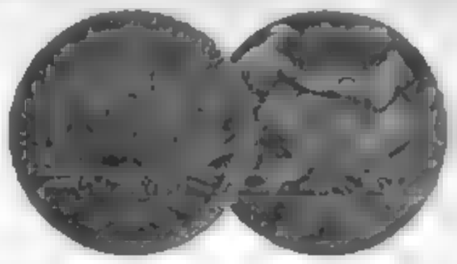

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Here are some of the developments in practical shooting invented and first perfected by Remington U M C—each a step ahead of its time, and each a starting point for further progress:

The first paper shot shells successfully manufactured in the United States.
The first metallic cartridge successfully manufactured in the United States.
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The first *completely* Waterproof Shot Shells.

THE REMINGTON ARMS
UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.

Largest Manufacturers of
Firearms and Ammunition in the World

WOOLWORTH BUILDING NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 123)

and loving that Barty found it impossible to maintain a mood so foreign to his nature. He was a born optimist; laughter and gayety bubbled from him inexhaustibly; it needed very little petting to end his depression.

Besides, it was not as though all hope had fled; as though this were Truth's final decision. In fact, they had the happiest evening together, and at parting she asked him if it was not better to have a devoted little friend overflowing with affection, and on the edge—yes, toppling on the edge—of something lots and lots warmer—than a chilly fiancée with misgivings running up and down her back like streaks of ice water at the idea of marrying anybody for a whole lifetime; even if that anybody was the nicest boy in the world, with the clusteringest golden hair, who could dance one into heaven—and taxicabs? And as their hands clasped she added a little tremulously: "It was fine of you to take it like this, and not to punish and hurt me as you could have done so easily. You have been so generous, Barty."

"And you don't regret last night?" he asked. "Wouldn't undo it if you could?"

She shook her head, her blue eyes shining.

"You have made it beautiful to me instead of horrid," she answered. "It has made me appreciate you a thousand times more than I ever did before."

Barty's heart was full as he turned away and descended the stairs.

Everything would come right. Surely everything would come right. Had he not been "generous"? Had he not made it "beautiful instead of horrid"? Had he ever known her more melting, more tender, more endearing?

He walked away on air.

IV

SPRING came; there was a whiff of arbutus at every busy corner, where grimy hands held out bouquets of little blossoms for sale; and with spring the hitherto undisturbed tenor of Truth's life was singularly interrupted.

One morning as she went out for a walk she was accosted by a messenger boy, who offered her some very expensive-looking orchids wrapped in transparent tissue paper. Naturally she was a little taken aback.

"I don't want them," she said, smiling, with vague memories of April Fools' Day.

But the boy would not let her escape, running along beside her like one of those pestering creatures with picture postcards.

"Ain't you Miss Truth Sinclair?" he asked in the almost incomprehensible jargon of his kind. "Ain't you named Miss Truth Sinclair?"

"What if I am? I don't want your flowers."

"And don't you live at 99 Fift' Avenoo?"

"Yes; that is where I live."

"Then they are for you all right, miss. I have been waiting here a nour to give them to you."

Truth was astonished.

"A gentleman ——" began the boy.

But she did not allow him to finish, passing on with her head held high. A gentleman! Oh, so that was it! She was amused at such audacity, though of course she had to look insulted. She was used to efforts to scrape acquaintance with her, but no one had ever done it before so expensively or with such restraint. To be wooed by a messenger boy with orchids was a novelty, and it seemed to raise "the gentleman" above the ordinary class of prowlers. How well she knew them all—from the odious kind that winked at her to those that ran after her with a five-cent handkerchief, pretending she had just dropped it!

As long as they did not follow her she did not mind. She hated to be followed. It frightened her and made her nervous. As she passed the boy she kept looking about. But there was nobody behind—no sign of that slinking pursuit which she had learned to dread.

The next morning the same thing took place again. Different boy, different orchids, but the same determined attempt to foist the flowers on her.

"I wish you would tell your gentleman that he is very impertinent," she said, again quickly walking by and running a sort of race with the pleading imp till she had to threaten him with a policeman.

The following day she did not leave the house till late in the afternoon, and then down the avenue instead of up. Yet here again a boy was in ambush for her with orchids; such a tired-looking boy, who had evidently been waiting for her interminably. But when he asked if she were not Miss Truth Sinclair she turned the tables on him and confounded him utterly by saying no, she was Miss Nelly Smith and lived in Waverly Place. His astonishment was comical; it was plain that he had been given a close description of her; his wondering, doubting eyes, as big as saucers, made it difficult for her to control her mirth.

But at a block or two beyond an idea struck her. Could it be that there was perhaps another boy lying in wait for her in the opposite direction? She doubled back cautiously, encircling her house, and was amazed to find no less than three other messenger boys guarding its approaches with orchids! It was maddening but laughable, especially when she played the same trick of declaring herself Nelly Smith to them all, and with the same entertaining success.

This strange picketing continued day after day. The boys, constantly returning, grew to know her, and could no longer be fooled by aliases. A sort of friendship ensued between her and them, and she no longer felt anything but amusement as they ran after her as though it were a kind of game. Of course a word to the police would have ended this peculiar situation, but Truth found it too whimsical for such extreme measures. She had no desire to put the orchid gentleman to shame, admiring his originality.

Thus she told nobody, though she could scarcely have explained why she kept the droll matter so secret. There was something adventurous in her nature, something unconventional and innocently daring that inclined her to a friendly tolerance of her unknown admirer. A man who could spend seventy or eighty dollars a day so fantastically stirred her imagination, and flattered her by his extravagance. Once in a mood of recklessness she actually accepted one of the bouquets, oblivious of what might follow.

What followed was a note, offered to her the next day by one of the outposts, together with the inevitable bunch of orchids, which she again accepted. The note was written on deckle-edged paper in a bold, emphatic masculine hand, and was presumably one of a set of four, since the orchid gentleman was committed to the quadruplication of everything. Doubtless there were three other identical missives clutched in the hands of as many messenger boys.

Dear Miss Sinclair: I trust I have not annoyed you beyond all forgiveness by the homage I have tried to pay you. But as you so graciously accepted some of my flowers yesterday I feel emboldened to make a more personal appeal. I am a man of thirty-three, college-bred, of a good family, unmarried, and am at the head of a great manufacturing establishment that I have built up from nothing. I think I am entitled to describe myself as an American gentleman of at least ordinary cultivation and presentability, though possibly you may smile at such self-praise in such a connection as this. I am quite alive to the social enormity of my thus addressing you, but please, before overwhelming me with scorn, let me explain that I have striven by every means in my power to find some point of contact with those who know you—friends or friends of friends—who might have brought about our acquaintance in the conventional manner. But I have failed in spite of the most ardent efforts, and in utter despair I have been driven to this humiliating expedient.

Is it too much to ask that you should give me the opportunity to regularize my position? It would not be difficult if you would condescend to enlist the interest of some older woman friend, who might without offending the proprieties be the means of an ultimate introduction.

I say nothing of my feelings. To do so here would be an impertinence of which I am incapable. But you can surely appreciate what they must be to impel a man like myself, of importance, authority and standing, to place himself in a position so ambiguous and risk an almost intolerable mortification.

Again I humbly ask your indulgence, and sign myself, in profound respect,

Sincerely yours,

JEROME WATT.

Truth read the letter with a mounting admiration. What a charming person! What a manly, clever, straightforward appeal! She was very greatly affected indeed; all the more that her anticipations had been so different. She gazed with approval at the big signature, which, unabashed, unashamed, seemed to say: "Here I am, Jerome Watt, with the courage of my convictions, backing every word I have written, and scorning concealment or evasion."

Truth had expected a fervent, anonymous declaration, proposing a clandestine meeting at a shop or subway station; the kind of note she would have laughed at and then thrown into the fire, with perhaps a flush of resentment at its freedom. But this reached her heart. She liked Jerome Watt and was much inclined to gratify his wish.

But as to falling in with his proposal—that was a different matter; "to enlist the interest of some older woman friend," and all the rest of it. The only woman friend she could think of was Mrs. Wheelock. But Mrs. Wheelock was hopelessly alienated; besides, she was Barty's mother and would have shrunk from the idea of assisting a rival of her son's. Miss Fifer? Oh, no—not Miss Fifer! If Miss Fifer acquiesced at all she would do so in too romantic a spirit. It was well to remember that Mr. Watt might be conventionally correct and everything he represented himself, yet a bore and a nuisance that it might be hard to get rid of.

Much of Truth's day was spent in thinking of Jerome Watt, and in rereading his letter. She looked up the telephone directory and found after his name "res — E 69th St," which certainly spoke well of him. She stopped at a bookstore and consulted a little social guide, almost universally used, from which her father had always rigorously withheld his name. Here Mr. Watt figured quite bulkily as a member of numerous clubs, two Greek-letter fraternities, half a dozen technical and scientific societies, and was recorded as the president of the Jerome Watt Corp., of Watt, New Jersey.

The impression thus conveyed of him was altogether reassuring. That such a man should have lost his head over her and risked ridicule and contumely to gain her acquaintance pleased Truth enormously and inclined her more than ever to favor him. But how?

There must be a way. She spent hours searching for it, though it seemed obvious enough when she did find it. Indeed, it was simplicity itself. She would send him, under the cover of an envelope marked "personal," and addressed to the club from which he had written, one of those little brochures issued annually by the Practical Braille Workers' Society. Here if he took the trouble he could find her name and the means of joining the society—and put two and two together if he had the brains to do so. Truth smiled at the thought of his disappointment on first opening the envelope, which in its unfamiliar feminine hand would seem to offer such possibilities, to find nothing in it but a trumpery, begging little pamphlet. She thought, too, with artless self-satisfaction, of his joy in discovering its real significance. It certainly ought to enhance his already high opinion of her, for by this means she had answered his letter, suggested a way to meet, implied her good will—and all in a manner absolutely above reproach.

It was mailed on a Monday. On the afternoon of the next day as she was setting type in the workroom, wearing her prettiest smock and on tiptoes of expectation, she heard a car draw up before the door and felt instinctively that it was his. There was a ring in the anteroom, where Miss Fifer held sway; then the sound of voices, of which one was unmistakably masculine; then the door of the workroom opened and Miss Fifer appeared, preceding an exceedingly well-groomed gentleman in afternoon costume, a gentleman of medium height, with heavy shoulders and a dark, full, rather insolent face. His fine ruddy complexion and faultlessly brushed and parted black hair intensified his look of self-satisfaction, as of a man overconscious of his abounding health, handsome face, big bank account and generally commanding importance.

At her first glance Truth felt something almost approaching dislike. Men of unusual robustness, with thick necks and thickset figures, were apt to affect her unpleasantly; and this smooth, suave, self-satisfied individual so immaculate and well-barbered was not without a suggestion of prize pink pig. But when he had been introduced to them all as Mr. Jerome Watt, the new life governor; and when after a little desultory conversation he had been confided to Truth pending Miss Fifer's return to her office on imaginary business—Miss Fifer being always ready to exploit the girl's beauty for the benefit of the society—Truth decided that her hasty impression of Mr. Watt had been unjust.

His assurance suddenly left him; at Miss Fifer's departure he became nervous, timid and stammering; his good fortune seemed to have unmanned him and his eyes shrank before Truth's in acute embarrassment. It was this that made her relent, thinking her own feelings must have been much the same when she had first met Abrogast after the concert. Metaphorically she put herself in Mr. Watt's shoes and sincerely sympathized with him. It made her extraordinarily kind, and she was everything that was gracious and winning as she showed him over the place, explaining the various stages of their work, at the same time trying to put him at his ease. But poor Mr. Watt still stammered and stuttered and quailed. It was only in the pressroom, which they had to themselves, with its smell of printing ink and dampened paper, that he contrived to regain some degree of composure.

Abruptly he said: "You don't think me a horrible bounder, do you? Pestering you with those flowers, you know, and now forcing myself on you like this?"

Truth murmured that his letter absolved everything. It was his letter that made her feel —— Then she stopped in the middle of this comforting sentence, fearing she had already said too much.

But Mr. Watt, though evidently delighted, was not presumptuous. In fact, it was his lack of presumption, his deference and humility, that made a tête-à-tête possible.

"I hope to goodness you won't think I am in the habit of doing eccentric things!" he exclaimed. "That you won't label me in your mind as a crack-brained idiot who spends his life in committing absurdities, and forcing his attentions on unknown young women. I am ultra-everything the other way, Miss Sinclair—conservative, conventional, almost commonplace, I am afraid; and my friends would die of amazement if they knew what I had done. I did it only because I was forced to do it; because the only way to get over the wall was to climb it; because I was so desperately, so hopelessly in ——"

He paused, realizing he was on dangerous ground.

"But I must not say it," he added.

"No, you must not say it," she repeated with her sweet, grave air. "You surely would not like to begin by offending me."

He emphatically disavowed any such intention. To do that would be an unbearable misfortune—an unspeakable misfortune. "All I want is my chance," he went on. "The opportunity to meet you in the conventional way as—as a professed suitor for your hand—if I may use such a phrase without offense."

(Continued on Page 130)

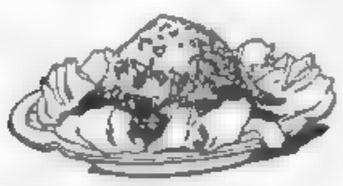
Walnut Spanish Cake

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, sift over ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, separate 2 eggs, beat yolks, add pinch salt to whites and beat dry, add to yolks, ½ cup milk and beat thoroughly. Cream small ½ cup butter, add slowly 1 cup sugar, creaming constantly, add yolks a little at a time, alternately with the walnut mixture; fold in whites of eggs last. Bake 30 minutes in square pan.

Caramel Frosting: Two cups brown sugar, ½ cup cream or milk, ½ cup butter, boil until it forms a ball when dropped in cold water; cool, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, beat 10 minutes.

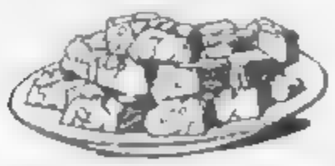
Graham Walnut Bread

Four cups Graham flour, 2 cups sour milk, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder (if sour milk, 1 small cup sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped raisins. Bake 45 minutes in slow oven.



Walnut Salmon Salad

One small can salmon drained and minced, ½ cup walnuts broken up. Lettuce, cabbage or celery cut up fine. Juice of one lemon and salt to taste. Mix above with a good salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.



Walnut Candy (Panoche)

Three cups brown sugar, 1 cup milk, butter size of walnut, 1 cup of broken walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt. Boil sugar, milk and butter until firm when tried in cold water. Remove from the fire and stir. When partly cooled add the vanilla and walnuts. Beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pans to cool.

Look for this trade-mark on the sack

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Whether used as the basis for a principal dish, as a food auxiliary, or as a tasty tid-bit between courses—walnuts are a wholesome, appetizing food for every-day use—all the year round.

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TIMKEN

If it Hadn't Been for the Motor Car

Cleveland, between sips of its morning coffee, last December, read the news: "Car men out—disagreement—no cars—settlement not in sight."

For the professional man it was only an interesting bit of news.

For the worker in the shop, office, factory and mill, inconvenience, hardship and possible loss of wages were written between the lines.

For the factory manager, lessened production loomed ahead, and for the store owner, a falling off in trade.

But the motor car came to the rescue.

Touring cars, roadsters, light cars and heavy, packed their seats with women workers, and found room on the running boards to carry men and boys. Motor trucks that delivered drygoods, or groceries, steel bars or brass castings, took time morning and evening to carry company employees to and from their work. Thousands of cars owned by store, shop and factory workers, carried their owners as usual, and took an added load of shopmen and clerks.

Because of the motor car, business went forward with but slight slackening through the whole of the strike.

Only once in a great while can truck and passenger car give such unique assistance as this, but their less conspicuous, every-day service to business is just as important. And the Cleveland incident forcibly directs attention to the abilities of the motor car when conditions enforce overtime duty and encourage overloads.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both passenger cars and motor trucks

DETROIT

(Continued from Page 126

He was painfully in earnest; his fine dark eyes were full of entreaty; his breath came hard, as though he were bearing a weight on his powerful shoulders and were straining beneath it.

"If—if ——" he stammered, as though not daring to formulate his question.

Truth did not affect to misunderstand him.

"I am not engaged," she said. "That is what you mean, I suppose?"

She spoke a little coldly, not wishing any wrong construction to be put on her frankness, and both embarrassed and ashamed that it should have been extorted from her. Mr. Watt gazed at her searchingly as though suspecting from her tone that there was some hidden prohibition.

"Then I may surely hope all the more for the privilege of your acquaintance?" he said. "For the opportunity of trying to win your friendship—your regard?"

Earnestness became him. His voice, so restrained and yet touched with emotion, fell very agreeably on the girl's ears.

She listened, pondering, with a half smile on her lips.

"You must forget you ever wrote me that letter," she said at last. "You must forget everything except that you came here on a visit to the society and met me like that. I am willing to begin from there; or, rather, you may begin if you really wish to."

"But I have your good will?"

"Should I be talking to you like this if you hadn't? Though I don't like the word specially. Flattered and interested, I should say—and just a little dubious of the whole proceeding, like a girl smoking her first cigarette."

Instead of smiling, Mr. Watt looked extremely serious.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," he said with a kind of solemn fervor. "And even at the risk of appearing the crack-brained idiot I told you I wasn't, I am going to confide something to you. It is a superstition of mine to repay fate for any great stroke of good fortune. I suppose it smacks of a crude commercialism—tipping Providence for favors, and all that—yet I have always done it since I was a boy. I am wondering now how I can do justice to this, which means more to me than anything else in the world. How would it do, perhaps, to send a whole orphan asylum to the Hippodrome?"

Truth's heart warmed to Mr. Watt on the instant. Such whimsicality appealed to some similar quality in her. She felt a sudden fellowship with him, and impulsively held out her hand.

"I like you!" she exclaimed. "I like you for thinking of such a thing. It isn't crude at all—it's poetic and beautiful. And if you will invite me I'll come too; and we will all go in green busses!"

Their hands met on it. It was a compact; a compact ratified on Mr. Watt's part by the gentlest and most respectful of squeezes. Then Truth, who always obeyed her sense of dramatic climax, announced that it was time to return. Her new friend, much bemused, followed her in silence. Even in Miss Fifer's office, where he could not avoid a certain amount of obligatory chatter, he still wore this bemused air as of a man detached from the life about him. Presumably there was an inner exaltation to account for it, something that in a less measure the girl herself felt. Then he took his leave and rolled away impressively in his splendid car, leaving behind him in one blond head a brain as bemused as his own.

A young American who had built up a small inherited business to an immense plant employing nearly seven thousand people was not the kind of man to let grass grow under his feet when in love. Jerome Watt brought to his courtship the same keen insight and tireless scheming with which he would have confronted any other knotty problem. After the preliminary stages of his acquaintance with Truth and as he began to realize the existence of unknown and powerful rivals, he abandoned all thought of a headlong rush, and settled down to a slow, skillful, persistent siege that overlooked nothing. He was desperately in earnest, with all the intensity and passion of an unusually vigorous man of thirty-three; he had ability, wealth and a consuming determination; from the moment he had seen Truth emerging from a Fifth Avenue shop - the first sight he had ever had of her - and had said to himself with an astonishing conviction: "There is the girl who is going to be my wife!" he had concentrated every faculty to a single end.

That lucky lie about tipping Providence had started him off admirably. It had been the conception of an instant, almost amounting to genius, with a stepping-stone value he had been quick to take advantage of. The regard he conceived for Truth's parents was a more obvious subterfuge, but was no less advantageous. Otto Abrogast ignored the old people with the impatient insouciance of a great artist. To Barty Wheelock they appeared as a pair of disapproving old ogres, in appearance not without a certain pictorial charm, who sometimes blocked his path, and had to be placated by "good doggy" references to the weather and what not while he waited in the drawing-room for Truth to descend.

But Jerome Watt had the intelligence to take them seriously as potential allies. He courted them hardly less openly than he courted Truth, succeeding so well that he was "Jerome" to Mrs. Sinclair before he had reached the same degree of intimacy with her daughter. The old people took a great fancy to him, brightening visibly at his coming and almost pathetically pleased at the attention he paid them. Here at last was the paragon who was worthy of Truth; here at last was the man of all others they would have wished her to marry. It seemed inconceivable to them that she could still be flirting with the violinist and Barty Wheelock when "dear Jerome" was offering her his heart.

Of course Truth knew very well why Jerome made so much of her parents, but his devotion to them, even if it were affected, pleased her just the same. If for nothing else she liked the courtesy of it. Jerome was a graduate of Bonn, and had acquired there a touch of foreign punctiliousness that became him charmingly. To see him salute her mother's hand and then seat himself beside her with an air of deferential gratification was very winning indeed. Truth scarcely knew, however, how wholly her mother had attached herself to the manufacturer's interest or what a watchdog she had become for that astute young man. She would have been astonished at the correctness of certain surmises if she could have overheard the almost daily report made to Jerome. How Abrogast, for instance, had had one of his fits of temper and had gone away in a huff; how Barty Wheelock, innocently rejoicing at the news, had been made to smart for his tactlessness by a temporary exile; how Truth, discovered weeping after an afternoon's absence from the house, would avow nothing, and came down to dinner with her eyes all swollen; of all the little ups and downs, in fact, of true love in thirds, running as tumultuously as the more ordinary he-and-she variety.

There was another use Jerome made of the old lady. He placed a beautiful little town car at her disposal, alleging that he had more machines than he knew what to do with, and begging her to use it "when it wasn't wanted." Naturally it never was wanted, having been expressly bought for the old lady. This allowed him to do Truth a favor indirectly which gave her the liveliest satisfaction, but which she could not have been induced to accept firsthand. He also bought a grand-tier box at the opera, which in the same indirect, transparent manner was virtually a gift to Truth, yet with the conventions nicely safeguarded. Thus if Truth wanted the car she borrowed it from her mother; if the box, it was also borrowed from her mother. Clever Mr. Watt!

It was singular how all this luxury and extravagance delighted the old people. Though they were as abstemious as two old saints in order to give away the major part of their income, they took a naïve joy in sharing Jerome's opulence. They rode in his cars, sat in his opera and theater boxes, went to his lavish entertainments with a zest that seemed out of keeping with all their principles. Jerome liked them for it—or said he did—telling Truth that it showed an engaging tolerance. He assumed always in regard to them an air of smiling tenderness, of humorous affection. Truth very early began to say to herself: "How nice it would be for them if I should marry Jerome!"

But the graduate of Bonn could also hit below the belt. No compunctions disturbed him. The man who could kiss an old lady's hand so gracefully did some despicable things. He set detectives on both Abrogast and young Wheelock; dug into their lives in the hope of finding something discreditable—something scandalous that might shake Truth's esteem for them. Barty bore the unsuspected inquisition well; his decent, exemplary life hid no secrets. Abrogast's past was criss-crossed with women, it was a very scarlet page indeed; but Watt was disgusted to find that the violinist had apparently reformed. It was discouraging; the scandals were all bygone scandals, going back a good many years. There was nothing to accomplish in this direction, which at first had seemed so promising.

But there were other ways. Watt racked his head for other ways. If he could not succeed in smirching his rivals' reputations he might at least oust them from the field. Accordingly he pulled wires; went to inordinate trouble. Barty Wheelock out of a clear sky was offered a place with a Chicago firm at a hundred dollars a week and percentages—an offer so magnificent that it took his breath away, and made his forty or so in New York look very small.

But to accept meant leaving Truth, unless —— He put it to her imploringly, urgently, with all the vehemence of his boyish, pent-up heart. But she refused. She would not marry anybody—not even the dearest fellow in the world, with the chestnutgest golden hair - until she was sure she "really cared." Poor Barty had to remain content with that, and the caressing implication that went with it, abandoning all thought of the Chicago offer.

Watt was equally luckless in his efforts to detach Otto Abrogast and exile him to South America on a six months' tour. Acquainting himself with the guaranties that the latter might reasonably demand, he trebled the amount and offered it through the intermediaryship of a well-known impresario. But the great violinist refused the two hundred thousand dollars as carelessly as though they were two hundred thousand cents. "I shall not leave New York during the war," he said, waving the impresario from him as though he were cigarette smoke. "The proposal is flattering, but it does not interest me. Good day, sir."

Watt bore these setbacks with his usual stoicism. He was determined to be as cool and shrewd in his courtship as he was in business; to treat it as a problem that required all the concentration of thought that he could give it. Not that this attitude came to him easily; he had to force himself to take it, fearing otherwise that he might be carried away in the same torrent of emotionalism as his rivals. They seemed to him so petty, so childish and forever spoiling their own chances; often rude, often extremely disagreeable to the goddess they adored. Watt resolved to emphasize the contrast by being invariably kind, smiling, urbane and indulgent; no jealous or petulant word should ever escape his lips; he would try always to make himself welcome, and regretted when he had gone. He studied courtship seriously, reading the books Truth liked, listening to the music Truth liked, striving by every means in his power to be the sharer of her thoughts.

One of the first things that dawned on him was that Barty Wheelock, for all his apparent insignificance, was almost as formidable a rival as Abrogast himself. This slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed youth held altogether too warm a place in Truth's heart. It was due presumably to the attraction of youth for youth, sounding no deeper feeling than the mating instinct—but all the more dangerous for that reason. Or at least this was how Jerome Watt analyzed the relation, with his keen, searching mind, trained at Bonn. It warned him also not to rouse in Truth any of that protecting, feminine impulse of which she already betrayed some symptoms in regard to young Wheelock. The right policy would be to make friends with the youngster; disparage him with praise; invite the silent contrast that Truth in time could not fail to make.

But Abrogast was a harder nut to crack. His hold on Truth was more artificial than Barty's, but it was terribly strong for all that. Watt had an uneasy conviction that had the violinist played his cards better Truth would have succumbed very easily—might yet succumb, in fact, with disconcerting suddenness. She had for this man a kind of girlish worship; she would talk of him interminably, with sparkling eyes and something of the amused fondness of a mother for her child. Watt, the ever-attentive listener, cogitating keenly behind his urbane mask, gained the impression of an erratic, perverse, jangled man of genius, who took love tempestuously; who was at once so fascinating, quarrelsome, headlong and generally volcanic that he always contrived to repel the girl at the moment she was the likeliest to fall in his arms.

Yet what was one to make of a young woman who endured such conduct? Who not only endured it but after a quarrel in which the fault was all Abrogast's would plead for the sinner to return, and abase herself before him? It made Watt wince to hear of such things; the veins in his temples would swell with impotent wrath; his hands itched to close on Abrogast's throat.

"Once he takes up that, I am lost!" Truth confided to him, indicating the violin that lay on her piano. "When he plays he is irresistible, and one forgives him everything, though it is seventy times seven—which I tell him is his usual figure."

But it was really Abrogast's celebrity that seemed to appeal to her the most. She admitted it frankly; admitted that she gloried in it. To be in his company was always to be in a focus of attention; people nudged one another and murmured "Abrogast" with awe-stricken glances; reverential eyes followed him everywhere. And how supercilious-looking great ladies melted at the sight of him and vied with one another to receive his bow! She confessed she was often tempted into little lowerlike familiarities such as only women would appreciate.

"I can't help wanting them to chatter about us and plague Otto afterward!" she exclaimed. "I suppose it is just the yearnings of a little nobody to show herself in a grand *milieu* and steal a bit of the spotlight!"

These confidences set Watt to thinking; and the result of his thinking was to take Truth to see his great chemical works in Watt, New Jersey. It was a town in itself, clustered about interminable belching chimneys and vast buildings, rumbling and reverberating with an intense industrial life. Truth, who had expected something not unlike a garage, was overcome at the stupendousness of the reality. The Watt Chemical Works comprised a considerable section of a city. There were streets and streets of it; thousands of workmen's dwellings; churches, cinemas, schools—a gas works, a hospital, a park; and throughout was a note of spotlessness and order that redeemed the universal ugliness.

Watt was a model employer; efficiency was the breath of his nostrils; and it was as a student of mass psychology that he cultivated personal relations with his workpeople, with whose names and private affairs he was extraordinarily familiar. This gave to his tour with Truth an

(Continued on Page 133)

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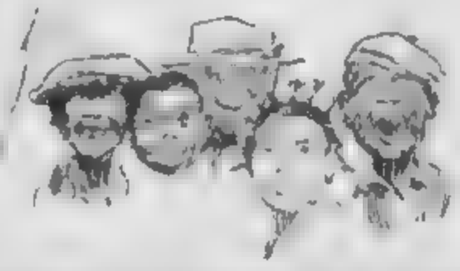

Glad Music for Glad Days

Columbia Records reflect the very spirit of the hour. The new song or dance which sweeps the country is yours on a Columbia Record the instant its popularity is achieved. Some of the new Records for March are described on this page. The others are listed below.

Quand Madelon, *French Army Band*	A-2675	85c
Le Trass . . . *French Army Band*		
Hawaiian Breezes, *Louise, Ferera and Greenes*	A-2673	85c
Kawaihau Waltz, *Louise, Ferera and Greenes*	10-in.	
Spirit of Victory . . *Prince's Band*	A-7535	$1.25
Connecticut March . *Prince's Band*	12-in.	
Traumerei (Dreaming) (Schumann) *Tosche Seidel.* Violin Solo.	77889 10-in.	$1.00
Jim, Jim, I Always Knew That You'd Win . . . . . *Arthur Fields*	A-2679	85c
You Will Have to Put Him to Sleep With The Marseillaise and Wake Him With an Oo-la-la, *Irving Kaufman*	10-in.	
You're Some Pretty Doll, *Samuel Ash*	A-2680	85c
Sarah Come Over Here, *Arthur Fields*	10-in.	
Kisses (The Sweetest Kisses of All) *Campbell and Burr*	A-2676	85c
I Found the End of the Rainbow, *Samuel Ash*	10-in.	
Why Do They Call Them Babies? *Van and Schenck*	A-2674	85c
I Always Think I'm Up in Heaven (When I'm Down in Dixieland) *Van and Schenck*	10-in.	
Have a Smile (For Everyone You Meet and They Will Have a Smile For You) . . . . . *Louise James*	A-2681	85c
Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry, *Henry Burr*	10-in.	
Bluin' the Blues—Fox Trot *Wilbur Sweatman's Original Jazz Band*	A-2682	85c
Ringtail Blues—Fox Trot *Wilbur Sweatman's Original Jazz Band*	10-in.	
Memories of the Past Waltzes, Part I *Prince's Orchestra*	A-6049	$1.25
Memories of the Past Waltzes, Part II *Prince's Orchestra*	12-in.	
Jewish Wedding Dance—Chupeh Tantz . . . *Yiddisher Orchestra*	E-4133	85c
Dance On, Dance On—Tantz. Tantz . . . *Yiddisher Orchestra*	10-in.	

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A-2678—85c

"The Navy Will Bring Them Back"

Hear how the boys in blue are going to bring the Hun Hunters home again. Then as a climax, listen to "Mother, Here's Your Boy"—on the other side.

A-2677—85c

Yerkes Jazarimba Orchestra Jazzes the Marimbas

Pow! Bim! Br-r-r-r-rrr!! Tom-tom, machine gun music, this jazzing of the marimbas! "Oui, Oui, Marie," one-step, on one side, and "Stick in the Mud," fox-trot, on the other.

A-6088—$1.25

Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100

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effect that was almost patriarchal. It was all Carl and Henry, Paul and Fred, with dirty hands hurriedly wiped to extend them to a master not too proud to grasp them. There were stoppages in suffocating rooms to ask about little Bertha or the new baby, and always with a genial solicitude that warmed all hearts. Everywhere faces brightened at his approach; the respect and good will on every side were pleasantly apparent; it was the visit of a commander in chief to an industrial army, compact, disciplined and devoted. Truth was greatly stirred; Watt took on for her a new aspect; she began to see him as the master mind of this gigantic enterprise which darkened the sky with its smoke and gave bread to thousands.

Watt was not behindhand in taking advantage of the feeling he had called into existence. Like most very successful men he had imagination, and no small faculty, besides, of stirring it in others. Having shown the girl the spectacular side of his life—that of the industrial despot, lording it in the midst of his kingdom—his next was to take her sympathies by storm. His own future was nothing; he could always shift for himself, he said; but his consuming anxiety was for the welfare of his twenty thousand dependents. He was no genius, no Otto Abrogast; he was simply a hard-headed practical American with a sort of gift for leadership, who had given all these poor people comfortable homes, better living conditions, longed-for opportunities—welded them into a prosperous little community that he could not bear to have destroyed. Yes, destroyed! Pouf, and all gone like a soap bubble! Big business had marked it for destruction. Big business meant to annihilate it. Night and day he was fighting unscrupulous adversaries—immensely rich, immensely powerful adversaries—who were ruthlessly determined by hook or by crook to keep the chemical industry to themselves.

He told of intentionally delayed shipments, of intentionally lacking cars, of valuable machinery dynamited, of barges fired at their moorings, of lies spread broadcast to ruin his credit, of the heartbreaking success of his enemies in getting his name on the British Black List. It made a singularly picturesque story, a singularly moving story; always in the background were the twenty thousand, trembling on the brink of the precipice; and so much of it was true that Watt told it with a burning conviction. To Truth it was a revelation of things undreamed of; of a subterranean lawlessness and ferocity that took her breath away. Sitting there side by side before the fire in the little sitting room, hand clasped on hand, this picture was unfolded of an intrepid shepherd defending his flock from the wolves.

What Watt did not tell her was that he was making colossal profits; that his name had been placed on the Black List for surreptitiously shipping glycerin into Germany through Sweden; that he had fomented two very successful strikes in the works of his rivals; and that in the game of bribing railway underlings to stint cars to competitors he had been easily victor. The powers of evil, in fact, could have narrated a very different story, in which this well-groomed gentleman would have been depicted with a forked tail and a cloven hoof, who tricked German spies into doing his own dirty work, and who was ready to sell out, lock, stock and barrel, to anyone willing to pay his extortionate price.

But Truth of course knew nothing of all this, and sided passionately with the defender of the twenty thousand. Her sensibilities were touched to the quick; her heart swelled at the thought of such monstrous injustice; and it was very pleasurable, too, very exciting, to pore with Jerome over telegrams, reports, transcripts from dictaphones, and other deeply confidential memoranda, concocting plans and counterplots.

A closer intimacy naturally ensued. There is nothing like comradeship in a common cause to draw a man and a woman together. In contrast Otto's and Barty's love-making seemed just a little trivial—just a little selfish and petty—compared to the indefinable relation now allying her with Jerome. Though she liked him the least of the three she was gradually acquiescing in the thought of marrying him. Did he not need her in the noble struggle he was making? Did he not say she soothed him and gave him strength? Ought she not to think foremost of all those poor people and help save them from being beggared and cast adrift? For without her, as Jerome often hinted, he would hardly feel able to go on.

This was as near as he approached a downright proposal, and though indirectly he left the matter in no obscurity he avoided putting it in set terms. He knew Truth better than she did herself, and though he was confident he was lessening the violinist's power over her he was less sure about Barty Wheelock. In this young fellow he saw his serious rival. Truth always softened as she spoke of him; her eyes filled with a peculiar light; when they were together she was playful, roguish and teasing—altogether another creature from the serious young beauty who was so submissive and sweetly respectful to Otto Abrogast, and whose attitude toward himself was not without a certain subdued aloofness.

But fortunately for him his rivals both seemed very foolish. They were jealous; they were exacting; the intrusion of this new admirer exasperated them both. They had grown to have a contemptuous toleration for each other, but for this dark, insolent-looking stranger with his air of wealth and power they shared a common hatred that constantly found expression. Always girding at him, always disparaging him, always holding Truth hotly to task for admitting him to her intimacy, they caused in her just the kind of reaction that might have been expected. She was forced to champion Jerome; her pride became involved; the persecuted victim of gigantic trusts had also to be defended from Otto's scathing tongue and Barty's gibes. Many a pleasant evening was spoiled in squabbling about Jerome, the only result being to evoke in Truth that protective instinct which is so dangerously akin to love.

It seemed to her at times as though the old happy times had gone forever. Otto and Barty had been courting her in a sweet, smiling, drifting sort of way before she had known Jerome, and it had had more the semblance of two tender friendships than the conventional situation of rival suitors vying for her favor. But with Jerome's coming into her life all this seemed to change. He brought with him a different and a cruder spirit that gradually affected Otto and Barty—the spirit of bringing her to bay and forcing her to decide once and for all. Watt was not to be lured into any tender friendship; he was in the field definitely to win or lose. He wanted Truth for his wife, to keep his house and bear his children; and if he failed he was prepared to write her off like a bad debt. There was a curious permeation of all this to Otto and Barty, who also began to bristle and become themselves assertive and aggressive. But in this mood, so foreign to their natures, they were a poor match for Watt, the toughened fighter, unscrupulous, cunning, and with the will to win, Teutonicus.

Insensibly they were enticed down to an arena where they were only too likely to leave their bones.

All this while the war clouds, growing blacker and more ominous, were on the point of bursting. America, so long a spectator, so long supine, but stinging with a thousand hurts, was girding herself, with mingled dismay and exasperation, to a mighty resolve. Everywhere there was a confused personal reaction to such a stupendous event. Truth, the daughter of generations of Quakers, believed herself a pacifist, but in reality her brain was in a whirl and the words she uttered so vehemently were often at variance with her swiftly changing thoughts. Hysteria was in the air; opinions turned like weathercocks at every breath. Truth passionately upbraided Barty for his warlike ardor, and then as passionately took Jerome to task for the crimes of the Germans and the war they were forcing on our country. The manufacturer, who in sympathy and affiliations was entirely pro-German, for once lost his self-control and allowed his temper to get the better of him. There ensued one of those arguments in which friendships sink like foundered ships; a clash of character rather than disagreement, revealing irreconcilable differences and engendering something almost like hatred. But Watt, suddenly realizing his peril, pulled himself up short. His arguments tottered; he admitted he had been biased by having been put on the British Black List; he cleverly unsaid everything and crept back to safety.

Truth was thus in the oddly contradictory position of seeming to be an out-and-out pacifist to Barty, who hardly dared

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* * * * *

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speak to her of the war, while to Jerome Watt she appeared, on the contrary, to be a flaming little patriot. In fact, she hardly knew what she thought or believed or wished for, bobbing up and down in waves of emotion like a cork, and running a whole gamut of convictions in a single day. And not only did she approach the verge of alienation with Barty and Jerome on their diametrically opposed opinions but she had conflicts, too, with Otto Abrogast, who called himself a philosophical anarchist, and whose serenity at such a moment seemed to her absolutely maddening.

Philosophical anarchy, as the girl analyzed it, was a dreamy, disdainful faith which allowed one to look down from a mountain peak of scorn on all those poor mortals killing one another at the behest of a new kind of devil named Capitalism. Otto was extremely eloquent about capitalism, which he blamed for everything wrong in the world. He denounced it with a wonderful wealth of invective, and could not even utter the word without a snarl of wrath. But when it came to any plan for the exorcism of this universal monster his eloquence died away and he could only murmur vague aspirations, mingled with contemptuous references to the Socialists, whose remedies filled him with scorn. It seemed indeed that in a world so wholly ill made and ill regulated there was nothing for a philosophical anarchist to do save to turn away the light of his countenance and refuse to trouble himself further. It was this aspect of Otto's philosophy that led Truth to criticize it so hotly; they never met but what the discussion recommenced; the violinist when crossed had a bitter, taunting tongue, and Truth, outargued, flouted and yet unconvinced, was as spent and smarting at the end of an argument as though she had been whipped.

The great war, pushing its way into that little sitting room, brought with it a breath of disintegration. The happy times fled; the cozy evenings were spoiled; national decisions were demanding personal decisions; national perplexities were reflected in familiar faces. Barty was strangely constrained; Otto provocative and overbearing; Jerome, alone of the three, brought with him a soothing presence.

Truth in those anxious days leaned more and more on Jerome. In a period of such stress, of such general incoherence, it was a comfort to have him near. The woman in her felt the craving for protection—for a man's shoulders and a man's braver heart against which she might nestle. It was a mood that made self-delusion easy. She thought she was in love with Jerome—at last; though she wondered at the lack of rapture, at the lack of fond and tender anticipations, at the almost imperceptible repugnance that persisted in the depths of her being. When he proposed one evening she did not say no, asking only that he give her a little time to decide. But when he rose to say good night she allowed him to clasp her in his arms, remaining passive and unresisting as his lips sought hers in a frenzy of delight.

"Why wait to decide?" he exclaimed, whispering endearments. "It's yes, isn't it? Yes, yes, yes! Or I'll smother you to death with kisses!"

But her obstinacy was not to be overcome. She freed herself, and stood looking up at him with troubled eyes and quivering bosom.

"I must be fair to Barty," she said. "I would not have the heart to tell Barty I was engaged, and that everything was signed and sealed and settled. I am awfully fond of him, Jerome. I—I wouldn't want to marry you at all if I thought it meant losing him—losing his friendship, I mean. I know I can keep Otto; Otto is different; but Barty will feel it terribly and I must try and soften it all I can."

Jerome felt a thrill of savage jealousy, but he was too wise to give any expression to it.

"You want to let him down easily," he said. "Of course, of course, I understand, dearest. But don't forget the frightful suspense I shall be in till it is all settled."

She smiled and, taking his hand, pressed it caressingly against her cheek.

"Don't worry," she replied. "When a girl has been kissed like that there isn't much no left in her. Now go like a good boy, and don't fret your head about anything, and think of all the lovely things we can do when we are engaged, with nobody to bother us." He would have taken her in his arms a second time, but she drew back with a pleading little air.

"Not again, dear," she said. "Don't ask me to. I have given you all I can to-night."

He looked at her, speculating whether or not this was a bit of coquetry that he would be a fool to acquiesce in. But his glance told him that she was in earnest; that she was spent and tired with emotions that were new to her.

She was pale; her eyes were unnaturally bright; there was something so strained in her expression that he felt a rush of pity, for he was not all bad by any means, and loved her devotedly. Kissing her hand and murmuring the lovers' words that he was now privileged to utter, he turned to the door and went.

But had he seen her a moment later his pity would have been lost in a stronger preoccupation. Lying on the divan she was crying as though her heart would break.

She called up Barty the next afternoon a little after half past five, an hour when he was usually to be found at home. He was there, just as she had expected, and answered the telephone himself.

"This is Truth, Barty."

"Of course, I know it's Truth. And oh, dear, so glad to hear your voice—the sweetest voice in the world!"

"Thought you had forgotten me—voice and all."

"Forgotten you! I never think of anything else. Been busy, that's all—horribly busy."

"I am so glad to get you because I want to see you as soon as you can possibly come. Something to tell you, you know. Couldn't you come now? I am all alone."

"Sure I can come! And the funny thing is — "

"Well?"

"There's something I want to tell you!"

"No!"

"Yes—and was just on the point of ringing you up; actually had my hand on the receiver when you called. Why, it was the most extraordinary thing—the coincidence of it!"

"Barty, I can't wait! What is it?"

"What's yours?"

"Oh, I couldn't telephone it."

"Nor can I—you will hate it."

"Not really?"

"Yes, really!"

"And I am afraid you won't like mine very much either."

"But you are laughing about it."

"The way people do in railway accidents. Please hurry. It's important."

But Barty did not hurry. In an anxious tone he asked: "You are not hurt or anything?"

"No, no—only spiritually. Dreadfully miserable when I ought to be fearfully happy. Please come; I want to cry on your shoulder and tell you all about it."

Barty, running up the stairs two steps at a time, arrived out of breath, to find Truth standing outside her open door, evidently awaiting him with some impatience. She, too, when she spoke, seemed a little breathless though so sweet and welcoming that he gave it no thought. They passed into the room together, where Barty, with an exaggerated affectation of fatigue, threw himself into the nearest chair.

"I never traveled anywhere so fast in my life," he exclaimed. "Subwayed down and sprinted across town through a whole sweatshop army. Arrived fainting on your doorstep like Paul Revere. Whew!"

"It was good of you to hurry," remarked Truth. "I have been sitting here counting the minutes."

He looked at her inquiringly, giving her the unabashed scrutiny of an intimate. But her face offered no clew. She had never appeared to him prettier or more sparkling, and he felt reassured. Nothing could be much the matter after all. She was apparently in one of her teasing moods, at once impudent and caressing, which always delighted him inexpressibly.

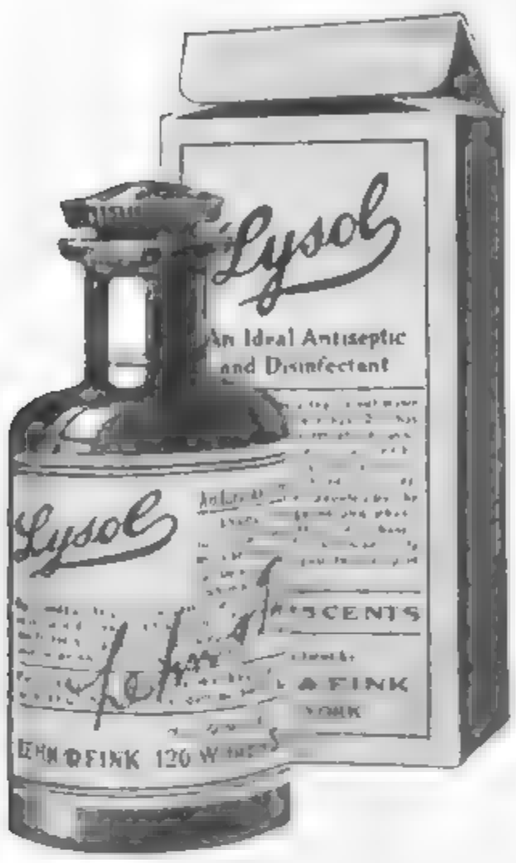
So he sat there smiling at her and she smiling at him in the accord of two young people who can evoke happiness by merely being together.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, ran over to her and, taking her hands in both his own, drew her to her feet—and in a way so brotherly, so spontaneous and boyish that it was devoid of the least offense.

"Now what is it?" he demanded. "I can't wait a second longer. What's the matter? What's happened? What is it you want to tell me?"

(Concluded on Page 137)

A Shaving Cream that Contains Lysol!



Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00

BUY
W. S. S.

Price 25c a tube

What is Lysol?

Lysol is one of the most efficient disinfectants known. In thousands of homes it is used constantly.

The women of your household are already acquainted with the merits of Lysol. As a disinfectant for the household and as an antiseptic for personal hygiene Lysol has made a place for itself in thousands of homes where people believe not only in the existence of germs, but in the sound good sense of fighting them to prevent disease. Lysol has been standard in hospitals for 25 years. Your doctor knows all about it.

Why is Lysol put in Shaving Cream?

An antiseptic shaving cream is a very necessary sort of thing. Your face is exposed to everything that can blow against it, and to everything your hands touch—for your hands touch your face constantly. Shaving lather is *rubbed in*. Razors sometimes cut the flesh. Strops are not always surgically clean. A shaving brush is usually kept in the bathroom, on a shelf or a ledge or among the medicines.

How does Lysol Work?

Just a very small per cent. of Lysol added to an excellent shaving cream formula makes Lysol Shaving Cream. Without the Lysol it would still be a highly satisfactory shaving cream. With the Lysol it becomes the only thing of its kind -a protection to the shaver from countless dangers of infection.

Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream

During the Influenza Epidemic Lysol was used in several hundred thousand homes, and by a great number of business institutions.

Owners of buildings and large employers are now taking up its use to protect the health of workers. A 50c bottle added to water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant—a 25c bottle makes two gallons.

Lysol Shaving Cream is sold by druggists everywhere

Another valuable Lysol product is Lysol Toilet Soap, which in addition to its pleasant and satisfactory properties as a high-grade toilet soap is also an antiseptic. It contains sufficient Lysol to protect the skin from many ailments.

Free Samples of Lysol Shaving Cream and Lysol Soap

A sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be sent free on your request. We believe that you will be as delighted with its value as a shaving cream as you will be with its assured antiseptic quality. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will also be included.

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Lehn & Fink

LEHN & FINK, Inc., 85 William Street, New York City

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Please send me FREE SAMPLES of LYSOL SHAVING CREAM and LYSOL TOILET SOAP.

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Town _____

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The magic of Atlas White

New Homes from Old —quickly and at little cost

THINK of it! New homes from old. Not a fanciful dream, either, but an actual fact, as these photographs show. The transformation was made possible by using Atlas White—the white cement that makes stucco attractive.

An old house, unattractive and dilapidated, whether of wood-frame, brick or stone, may be quickly transformed into a substantial, artistic, fire-resisting, "homey" home of stucco. The cost of the change is small in comparison with rebuilding. A good contractor can do this work and then your expense is ended, because well-built stucco is lasting and requires *no* painting.

What you will want to know about the magic of Atlas White is contained in our book, "New Homes for Old—or What Happened to the Symonds House."

What is more dear to you than the old "home"? Write today for a copy of this book which shows how to improve it. It's free. Address our nearest office.

As it was→
As it is now
↓

The Atlas Portland Cement Company

Member of the Portland Cement Association

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia
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THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 134)

"You first," she answered with a lightness she was far from feeling. "Please, please, Barty; I am dying of curiosity."

"So am I—for what you want to say."

"No, you first. Do hurry; my knees are all trembly."

"So are mine."

Barty burlesqued his trepidation. They both laughed, but without mirth. Each felt a curious sobering, and their eyes, fixed on each other's, betrayed a mutual apprehension.

For a moment they remained silent, each wondering, each afraid.

"Oh, there is nothing to get excited about," said Barty at last, trying to make his voice sound unconcerned and commonplace. "I mean mine isn't. I have just joined up with the Marines and am off to-morrow."

"Enlisted?"

Barty nodded.

"A soldier of the sea, and all that," he said cheerfully. "Me for the Marines and a life on the ocean wave. Besides, they look so cute with all their little blue legs stepping out like clockwork and their officers waving swords!"

Truth let go his hands and slipped back in the chair from which he had just raised her. Her head drooped; drooped till he could see nothing but the nape of her neck and the silky glisten of her hair against the white skin.

Barty was much overcome. His voice shook a little when at last he spoke.

"Don't take on about it," he said. "We shall all have to go sooner or later—and why not sooner, with one's head in the air?"

She raised herself in the chair, looking up at him strangely.

"But not to tell me beforehand—not to give me the least warning," she murmured, the words breaking with her voice. "How little you must have thought I—I ——"

A tear rolled down her cheek. She could not go on.

Barty felt the need to extenuate himself, but he hardly knew how. All that he could think of was that this was perhaps the last time he should ever see Truth and that they were parting estranged. It was hard to be reproached—to have that as his last memory of her.

He fidgeted on the chair he had just taken. It certainly seemed a wretched way to say good-by.

"You made it a little difficult for me," he said, breaking a silence that had grown more and more oppressive. "More difficult than perhaps you realized. You seemed to be against it all, and of course I—I didn't want to argue with you about it when you felt so strongly the other way, you know. God knows, I don't blame you; if you think a thing you think it, and, anyhow, a Quaker girl has more right to be a pacifist than anyone else."

"I am not a pacifist!" she exclaimed. "Just because I had a little sense and coolness you throw the word at me as though you are glad it hurts. I am not a pacifist; I am not opposed to your enlisting; if I were a man I would enlist too. Only if there was a girl who—who cared a great deal for me I—I would not spring it on her like that."

"Off to-morrow," she repeated with bitter mimicry.

Barty, astounded at what he thought her inconsistency, knew that it would be stupid to express surprise. Man's expression of surprise at woman's inconsistency has never been favorably received since the dawn of time. Even Barty, inexperienced as he was, had an inkling of that. So he remained dumb, inwardly communing with himself.

"If I have been wrong," he said at last, "if I haven't understood, and all that—surely this is a time when you might forgive me, Truth?"

"Oh, I am a fool to have taken it in the way I have," she answered with intentional vagueness, and in the same cruel, reproachful way. "There's nothing to forgive. Between us two the word is ridiculous. I only meant that if I had been in your place I should have shown a little more consideration, that's all."

Barty stayed where he was in a state of unutterable dejection; stayed glued to his chair without the least perception of the tornado of emotion that was rending the girl's breast.

She was realizing that she loved Barty best; that she had always loved him best; that Jerome and Otto had been but intruders in a heart wholly his. She had willfully put him in the third place, in the lowest place, dazzled by Otto's fame and Jerome's force and power and wealth.

In a perverse desire to punish herself she was willing to include Barty in the tragedy of all that misunderstanding. To relent now would impugn all the past and suggest a hysterical revulsion because he had enlisted and had come to say good-by. Truth hated that kind of woman. If Barty remained silent, so would she. But underlying everything was that perverse idea of punishing herself.

With an effort Barty began to talk of more impersonal things—of the training camp on the Lakes; of his friends who were going; of the odd rejections and equally odd acceptances on the part of the recruiting officers. But the conversation languished; the pauses lengthened; he soon talked himself out. His gaze, fixed so appealingly on the girl's face, found none of the response he longed for; and knowing that he might never return, that every moment was irrevocable, he sprang up in sudden despair, exclaiming that he must be leaving.

They said good-by quietly—a little formally—still under the same constraint. Then he ought to have gone, but somehow he could not.

"Perhaps it is all just as well," he said huskily. "When a fellow has lost he had better get out."

"Lost? What do you mean?"

"You, of course. Why pretend you don't understand, Truth?"

"I don't want to understand, Barty."

Then like a cry from the heart she added: "I—I don't want to be lost!"

It was her surrender, and as she yielded herself to Barty's arms, all trembling and contrite, it was in an utter abandonment of tenderness. It seemed that she had acted dreadfully; that she had been selfish and cruel and heartless; that she was unworthy of the kisses he was raining on her, and had to be told again and again that she had been forgiven. Barty was as overcome as she; there was a touch of agony in emotions so transcendent; the realization that she was his at last was almost unbearable in its intensity.

Then the sweet moment came, so perfumed in his recollection afterward, so exquisite, so affecting, when, spent with all this feeling, they sat side by side, hand locked in hand, and talked of their future together.

The fact of separation, of possible death on the battlefield, gave to these dreamy plans a poignancy that made them all the more dear.

The roar of Armageddon's guns was very faint in that little sitting room, and faith and love and hope beat high in those two young hearts. "A love like ours!" they said, as though it were a magic talisman; and much comforted went on to talk of nests.

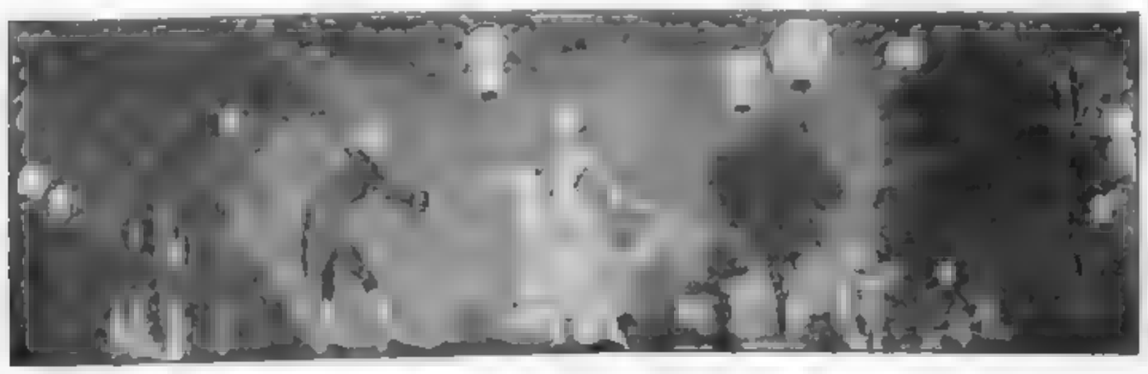
Suddenly Barty cried "Oh!" in the tone of a man whose memory has given him a jog.

"Oh what, dearest?"

"You have never told me what it was you sent for me for! Don't you remember? Ringing me up to tell me something very important?"

Truth smiled at him and pressed closer to his side.

"Oh, it was nothing," she said. "Just an excuse to get you here—that was all, darling boy."



Does your wife worry about your smoking?

Probably she does. And the chances are you pass it off lightly as a joke and tell her she's all wrong.

But whether she is "all wrong" or not depends on *what you smoke.*

If you smoke the kind of cigar that has a tendency to "get on your nerves"—the kind of cigar that gives you an occasional private hunch that maybe there's something in what your wife says—if you smoke *that* kind of cigar, then take our advice and

Switch to Girards!

You will have two big reasons for being glad you did it:

First, the Girard is a *real* Havana smoke as rich-flavored and soul-satisfying as only Havana can be, and as mellow and velvety as only nature's curing and an artist's blending can make it.

And on top of that you will get a cigar that *never gets on your nerves,* and never interferes with your physical well-being or your mental efficiency in any way.

If you're a normal, average, reasonable smoker, all you need do is stick close to Girards and you'll never need worry about any ill-effects of smoking.

Size shown here **13c** *two for a quarter*

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Ask for Girards at the next cigar counter

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GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

"Too Late!"

Sad words those *"Too Late"* for they always emphasize what *might* have been and *should* have been but *was* not—especially in life-insurance.

In March, 1915, a man living in Florida wrote to the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY for insurance-information, which was promptly forwarded.

As he did not reply, other letters with printed matter were sent suggesting that he protect his family by taking out a policy, even though a small one. *He put it off.*

Finally, in October, 1918, the Company wrote him and inclosed an interesting booklet entitled: "HOW MUCH INSURANCE OUGHT I TO CARRY?" Then, after more than three years, an answer came—not from *him* but from his *wife*, who wrote:

"Your letters and your interest in my husband's insurance appreciated. He died one week ago from pneumonia, without insurance and leaving two children."

Like most husbands he doubtless intended to take out a policy, but like many careless ones, he put it off until *too late*

It was too late to protect his family after he was dead, or even after he was *sick*. There was a time when he could have done it quickly and at little cost, but he waited until *too late*.

As the cost increases with each year's advance in age, the time for every one to insure is *now*, and in a company which stands for ***safety***, ***service*** and ***saving***—the POSTAL LIFE.

To find out how easy it is and how little it costs, just drop a line to the Company, mentioning SAT. EVE. POST, and giving (a) your *exact date of birth* and (b) your *occupation*. Insurance particulars will be promptly sent—*by mail only*. Address,

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First: [illegible] the legal reserve [illegible] not [illegible] investment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves.* Resources $9,000,000. Insurance in force, $40,000,000.

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Fifth: Operates under *strict New York State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Sixth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

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"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered

The KEEN KUTTER trade-mark is always trustworthy. And once you have learned the high character of the tools and cutlery which bear this mark, you will let it guide you in all your purchases.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

WAR WHEEZES

(Continued from Page 12)

"Blah!" retorted the Chicagoan. "We've got guns so big that every time we fire them we get two weeks' leave."

"What for?" asked the New Yorker.

"To wait for the recoil."

A Massachusetts soldier was assigned to bring back a German major who had been captured. He brought him back, the major walking stiffly and the Yank accelerating him now and then with the point of his bayonet.

"What you got, Bill?" asked a private.

"I dunno," said the soldier proudly. "I dunno what I got, but I'm bringin' him in."

An inspector came along to a place where a squad of negro soldiers were digging a ditch. A corporal stood magnificently supervising them.

"What are you doing?" asked the inspector of the corporal.

"Me? Why, boss, Ise makin' these niggers work."

The inspector passed on, and not far away he found two other soldiers asleep behind a pile of lumber. He went back to the corporal and said:

"How about these men asleep behind this lumber pile? Why don't you make them work?"

The corporal hurried to the sleeping soldiers. He woke them with heavy kicks.

"Here!" he shouted. "What do you think you is—West Pointers?"

On one trip across the giant Cunarder Aquitania was convoyed by the United States destroyer Shaw. A storm came, the sea was very heavy, the weather thick, there was a mix in signals, and the Aquitania rammed the Shaw and cut her in two just abaft the bridge. The bow of the Shaw floated off one way, and the rest of her another.

The Aquitania felt a little jar, and an officer signaled to the Shaw: "Have we hit anything?"

"Yes," replied an officer on the stern of the Shaw; "you hit us."

The great spirit of the American soldier was shown in his absolute belief, to the point of fighting for it, in the superiority of his own service. The infantrymen held the infantry to be all there was to the war. The air men said they would win it. The engineers, the gasmen, the supply men—all of them—held stoutly that their particular service was the only service that amounted to anything, that they would win the war.

An American tank captain, who had been in a tank drive in the St.-Mihiel fight, came back to his camp.

"Nothing to it," he shouted jubilantly. "Tanks will win the war. Why, we shoved these babies of ours against the Austrians, and next day Austria sued for peace."

Strictly Official Business

An American naval ensign at Brest was sitting on a bench with his arm round a very pretty French girl.

It was after hours. The ensign should have been in quarters.

A four-striper came by. He stopped in front of the ensign and his girl and asked sternly: "What are you doing here?"

The ensign rose, saluted and replied: "Studying French, sir."

An English officer with great difficulty got a few mangy beagles across to France and one afternoon had his dogs out to see if he might scare up a hare.

Just as the dogs were going good the Germans began dropping some big shells on the territory where the beagles were coursing, and stopped proceedings. The English officer rushed forward and shook his fist in the direction of the guns.

"Dammit!" he shouted. "How dare you let off your beastly guns when my dogs are running?"

A detachment of American soldiers got into one of the well-known quiet sectors and began to get some action. They did some firing over at the Germans.

"For God's sake," implored the soldiers who had been holding the quiet sector, "don't do that! Don't you know that if you fire at those Germans they will shoot back?"

There was one American aëro squadron commander who keenly felt his own importance. He was puffed up like a poisoned pup over himself and his knowledge of flying. One day, against the advice of many men who really did know about flying, he ordered his squadron out. There was a heavy wind blowing. The squadron went over in good style, but it was different when they tried to get back, and presently their gasoline was exhausted and they were forced to land in German territory, where the Germans promptly took them prisoners.

Next day a German flyer came over and dropped a note: "Much obliged for the six planes, and much obliged for the Liberty engines, but what shall we do with the squadron commander?"

Artillerymen boast of their guns continually. Their own particular batteries are always the best, with the greatest gunners, the greatest guns, and the most wonderful shooting.

"All our captain wants to know," boasted one gunner, "is just the location on the map, and then we blow them to hell and gone."

"Huh!" said a member of a rival battery. "All our captain needs is just the post-office address."

The Deadliest Yet

A German prisoner who spoke English was telling about the deadly quality of German gas. It killed everything it touched, he said.

"Old stuff," said an American private. "Why, we've got gas so powerful that when we drop it over on a bunch of Heinies it not only kills them all but penetrates the pay rolls and kills the next of kin."

English joke: When the American battleships making up the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet came across the Atlantic the American navigators were instructed to steam up the Firth of Forth until they came to the Forth bridge, and then anchor.

The Yanks came in, making a brave showing, but they didn't stop at the bridge. There was frantic signaling from the British ships, and after the Yanks had dropped anchor a signal was sent asking why they hadn't stopped at the Forth bridge.

"This was the first bridge we came to, not the fourth," was the reply. So the British say.

The Germans put on a raid against a negro regiment. The negroes went out and after them. Nearly all of them came back, but two or three were missing. An officer went out to see what had become of the missing ones. He found one great negro private in a shell hole with three dead Germans whom he was investigating. The negro was singing at the top of his voice.

"Hush!" said the officer. "The Germans will hear you and come over."

"Hush yourself," the negro replied. "They done come over and they done gone back again."

One of Colonel Hayward's soldiers was named Rastus and he was the colonel's orderly. One day when the Germans were dropping shells in regularly the colonel went out along his Front and took Rastus with him. Rastus walked a few paces behind Hayward, and every time a shell came Rastus dropped flat on his face in the mud.

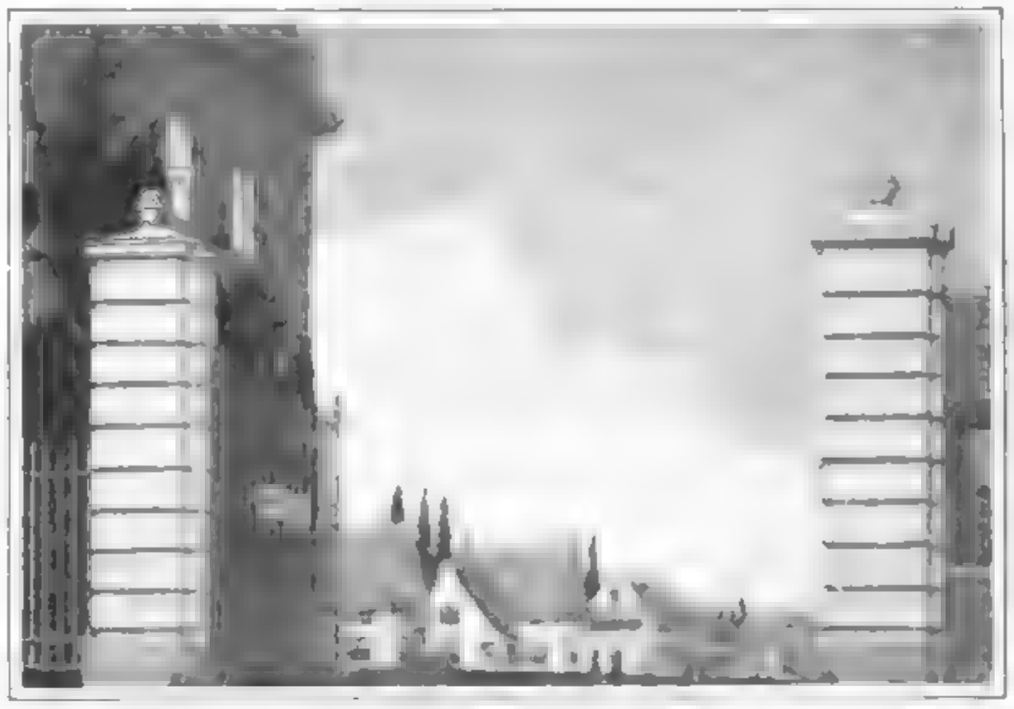
Finally the Germans got a couple very close, and Rastus ran ahead of his colonel, saluted and said: "Cunnel, if any time presently you looks round, and I ain't here, I won't be no deserter. No, sah. I'll just be absent without leave."

A German officer was captured in the Argonne. He had lived a long time in Philadelphia and New York, going to school in both cities. He was telling some Americans why he was captured.

"You see," he said, "I was in a dugout, and a Yankee with a basket of hand grenades on his arm stuck his head down the opening and yelled: 'Come on up out of there, you white-livered, bone-headed, grave-robbin' Heinie or I'll spill the hull basket on you!'

"I came right along and didn't wait a minute," he continued. "You see, I have lived in the United States and I understand the language."

(Concluded on Page 141)



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Here is an independent community imbued with the spirit of achievement, yet untrammeled by aught that tends to hinder fullest self-expression.

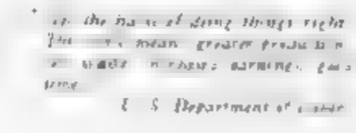
Through this spirit Kohler products have set and attained their enviable mark.

Thus Kohler has come to mean many things. Kohler is an idea. It also means a bathtub, a town, a kitchen sink, an institution, a complete plumbing equipment for home or factory, a laundry tray, an ideal.

And it also means forty-five years' experience.

The discriminating architect and plumber know that this indeed is a line by which they can give highest expression to both your and their exacting ideals.

Let us send you with our compliments an interesting booklet describing Kohler products.



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HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

(Concluded from Page 138)

One of the roughest, toughest, hardest and best soldiers in a colored regiment was a Virginian who was called Deacon.

He really is a deacon, too, in a country Baptist church in his home town. An officer asked him how about it; how so tough a man as he is could be elected deacon in a church.

"Well, suh," he said, "it was dissyer way: One time at the church election the rough element in the congregation riz up and demanded representation."

During a discussion of the intricacies of the French language in a dugout near Montsec a knowledgeous doughboy translated "*esprit de corps*" as "the smell of the body."

The maddest man in France, bar none, since the war began, was the American brigadier of Marines who left his brand-new fur-lined overcoat outside a headquarters house in the St. Mihiel district and came out to find that a sergeant, thinking the coat belonged to a German officer, many of whom had left that place in a great hurry only a short time before, had cut off both sleeves of the new coat for souvenirs.

A doughboy was busily writing while waiting to go over the top.

"What you doin', Bill?" he was asked.

"Makin' my will."

"Your will?"

"Yes; ain't you going to make a will?"

"Nix on that stuff. The only will I am interested in is Will I get back?"

A line of lieutenants was passing before a man in a certain financial institution in Paris, trying to get drafts cashed drawn on folks back home. One said his firm was rated at half a million by the financial agencies; another said his firm had a credit of an equal amount, and so on. Each seeker for funds was sure his draft would be honored, and each laid great stress on the strong financial rating at home of the institution drawn on, and the excellence of the paper.

The man looked with cold eye on them, and listened without enthusiasm. He had been there many times before. The last lieutenant in the line came along.

"How much is your firm rated for?" asked the man.

"I don't get you," the lieutenant replied.

"I suppose you have credit of half a million in Bradstreet," the man ventured again, not without suspicion in his voice.

"Nope," replied the lieutenant. "Lay off on that stuff. I ain't rated anywhere that I know of, but I've got eight hundred dollars in the bank at home, and it's mine."

He got his money.

There were great delays in payment of the soldiers, and a good many of them, because of allotments and insurance and Liberty Bond installments, and so on, received very little even when they were paid.

So all over France there is a favorite dirge that the Yanks sing. It is most mournful and has many stanzas, but the refrain of it is: "Every month we sign the pay roll, but we never get a —— —— cent."

GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

(Continued from Page 11)

stems of their ships on the sands of Ebbsfleet. From Hengist and Horsa to Cook and Conrad the sea has been the inspiration of the English people. "The sea is their school of war; the storm their friend," sang the Roman poet, as quoted in Green's Short History of the English People.

Why is it otherwise with us? We were discovered by Eric, by Columbus, by Cabot—good sea dogs all; we had our John Paul Jones, our Farragut. In the days when Salem boasted a fleet of ninety sail our Yankee skippers thought nothing of showing a clean pair of heels to bluff-bowed Englishmen. Where did all that lore vanish? For it did vanish. Not only did our seamen disappear but the very art of building ships was all but lost. Perhaps there were too many fat things ashore to make the sea tempting: perhaps as we spread westward we became more and more an inland nation. We grew up a race of men who had seen a rolling prairie but never a rolling ocean. "Kansas wheat knows not ships" is the sentiment of one New England town I know. Rightly or wrongly the old shipbuilding communities thought it was the West that had finished them.

Perhaps. Yet, curiously, it is more often the inland Britishers who make the deep-water men, those on the coast running more to small boats. That great sea magician, Conrad, is a Pole who perhaps had never seen a ship except in his imagination until he adopted first the French but later the English merchant marine and the tongue that went with it; to the splendid enrichment of that tongue, be it added. Strange irony that England, "mother of ships," must wait for a Pole to speak fittingly of these things! Well, if you think an inlander cannot have an original and fiery passion for the sea read the yarn called Youth, by Conrad. Years ago, long before I suspected that Conrad was a "literary," when I knew him only as a mariner, that story took me by the scruff of the neck and pitched me seaward. At that time I was looked upon as a "steady" fellow, a law clerk, simon-pure and simon-simple, looking forward to the law as my profession. But from the moment of reading the tale of that old Judea I never rested day or night until I had got myself out of the law, and into a boiler suit and aboard a bald-headed British bark bound for Sydney, Australia.

I had been living on a pin's point of geography, and was likely to be surprised by death, still impaled on that pin's point if I persisted in the law; live and die, and see nothing after all. How could a man endure that after reading the tale of that cantankerous old ship of Conrad's laboring toward Bangkok in Siam, with "Judea, London, Do or Die" written across her stern? That yarn is a trumpet in the ear of youth. To this day I do not see how a man can read it and not drop everything forthwith and put to sea, as if he had heard voices of sirens in his windward ear.

But it may be that in place of reading Conrad we have been brought up too consistently on that brilliant classic which is the fountainhead of common knowledge in this country on life at sea, Two Years Before the Mast. That was true of the times, I have no doubt; but times have changed. It is no longer of use to a ship captain to be able to lick the whole crew with one hand tied behind him. Sad tales are told of that epoch; as, for example, that of the captain, in the glorious days of spice and clipper ships, who took up his station at the ship's rail as his men were coming aboard, and watched them with a learned and wary eye. And if he saw a man who looked like more than a match for him he challenged that man and had it out with him then and there. If he succeeded in beating the man up he had him sign the articles—if the man was still so minded; but if the man beat him up he refused to sign him on. A captain in those days considered, rightly or wrongly, that he must be a "tartar," as the saying was, to keep his crew well-conditioned. He must be one of these fellows who drive nails with their fists and pull them out again with their teeth. To call his ship a soft ship was a bitter reflection on his seamanship. For a soft ship was a ship where men were treated like men, and not like cattle; where flogging was unknown, and men were given three square meals a day. In short, it was a ship which existed only in theory.

On actual ships the captain was a terrible fellow whose breath was vengeance and whose inward part was all wickedness. There was no appeal from his decisions and no escape from his cruelties. A seaman from the moment of setting his fist to the articles was a slave; if he broke his contract and fled the ship in some foreign port he was tracked with bloodhounds if need be; treed, and brought back to the ship in chains.

The breach of a land-going contract for services resulted only in a suit for damages, but the signer of a sea-going contract could be held affirmatively to his task. He must bring his body round.

And his body was maltreated. Let me quote a choice passage from Two Years Before the Mast:

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope and calling out to his officers: "Drag him aft.

Does Tartar Form On Your Teeth?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Can Easily Prevent It

The film is the basis of tartar. It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue, after it stays too long.

That film is the teeth's chief enemy. Most tooth troubles are due to it. For years it has been one of the greatest problems in dentistry.

It absorbs stains and becomes discolored. It causes tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," because millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Brushing does not end this film. The film is clinging. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar and pyorrhea are not being prevented. Tooth troubles are constantly increasing.

Science, after years of effort, has found a way to combat film. It has proved itself in many clinical tests, and to hundreds of thousands of people. Leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply it for a home test to anyone who asks.

A Pleasant Test, and Free

Pepsodent is pleasant. Its effects are delightful. It will show you the way to a lifetime of clean, safe, filmless teeth.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Today it is possible, because science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, has opened a new dental era.

Now that film can be constantly combated. Its ceaseless damage to the teeth can be prevented. Teeth can be really cleaned. See what that means to you and yours by trying it ten days.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Those results mean that the film is conquered. See them, then decide for yourself their importance.

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With the Stephenson Label on your Underwear you are assured of a quality of material that has given satisfaction from fifteen to thirty years. The only changes in Stephenson Underwear have been refinements in tailoring and design to steadily give you the utmost in underwear comfort.

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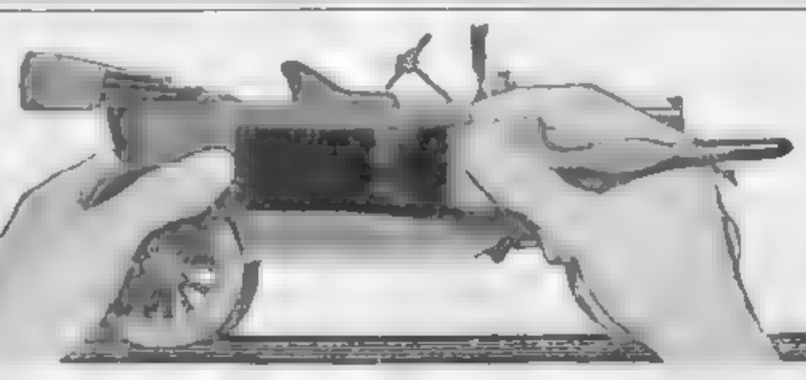

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Lay hold of him. I'll *sweeten* him" . . . and began laying the blows upon his back. He danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope: "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it . . . because I like to do it. It *suits* me. That's what I do it for."

A little later this worthy soul shouts, "Don't call on Jesus Christ. He can't help you. Call on Frank Thompson. He's the man. He can help you."

Then, when he had his man well scourged, the thing to do was to muster all hands and hold forth in this strain:

"You see your condition. You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect. I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up. You've got a driver over you. Yes, a slave driver, a nigger driver. I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a nigger slave."

And inasmuch as the cowardly blusterer had a gun in his pocket and could use it with impunity—for the first step taken toward him could be construed as mutiny—it seems they had to agree that they were nigger slaves. And so he was free to cultivate his taste for drawing blood with a rope's end or a piece of split bamboo. Interesting refinements of torture grew up. To this day there are several mild old gentlemen in my vicinity who I suspect may not be unfamiliar with the mysteries of spread-eagling a man, a ceremony differing from crucifixion only in details.

Now nobody should be alarmed by this. The sea and ships have grown soft, after this long siege of time. Light has been let in on those dark places. Nowadays a skipper is thought to be a hard case if he lets an oath out of him. Fines take the place of scourges; it has become customary to log a man instead of flogging him—that is, to recommend him in the ship's log for a cut of a day's pay or a week's pay, with the reason for this appended.

It must, of course, not be forgotten that a ship is, while at sea, a little universe, subject to no laws but those of its own enforcing. There must be discipline, and if a man out and out refuses duty he may be put in irons. This thing happened in my last voyage home when one of the seamen for no good reason refused to go to the wheel. The sea lawyers had been after him, telling him what the captain could force him to do and what he couldn't force him to do; what was insubordination and what was simply "standing up for his rights." Sea lawyers on a ship will always be found acting in an advisory capacity; they never trust their own weight to the train ice of their theories. So we had the man refusing duty before the captain, and put him in irons. After four hours he signified a willingness to go to the wheel. He was allowed to do so, and got out of a serious business with a loss of two days' pay. Under the old régime he would have been lucky to get out with a whole skin.

Plowing and Piling Up

What wonder, then, if our native-bred Americans refused to put to sea under that régime? To enslave themselves, body and soul; to submit, perhaps unjustly, to all sorts of tyranny, without recourse, over a period of months or even years? A man's spirit might be broken in one voyage. And the pay was small in any case; a living, and a miserable one, eked out amid circumstances of hardship, filth and misery.

What, then, are the changes for the better?

In the first place sail is transmuted into steam. I know well enough that old-line sailors look askance at steam. They say that all the poetry of the sea vanished with white wings; and that all the craft and intuition of the profession went with them. Sailing masters will contend that a college professor knows enough to skipper a modern liner. One of Conrad's officers in a moment of depression cries out that he is going to "chuck going to sea forever, and go in a steamer." A home, if you please. A parlor game for retired seamen. No need to size up the winds, according to this version; enter them in the log if you will—it's only an outworn ceremony. No cracking on, no watching your chance to steal a march on Neptune; no laying aloft to right wild sail. Simply hook her up, put the throttle way down in the corner, and the ship plows on, seamanship or no seamanship.

She plows on, yes; but if seamanship is lacking she may pile up too. In my morning's paper I find three cases, here and there about the world, of big steamers run aground—one of them aground on the island exhibiting the very light for which that skipper had been making. He aimed for that light at a distance from it of three thousand miles; and in a fog he hit it. The chances are the speed demon was riding him. His owners cried for speed, and he gave them speed; and he gave them speed at the expense of seamanship. Speed in a fog is always got at the expense of seamanship.

Then again, whoever says that no judgment in coping with winds is needed in steam knows not the whims of a low-powered tramp coming home in insufficient ballast from the shores of France. A freight steamer can be as helpless as a ship in a head wind and will exhaust all the resources of seamanship to hold her to her course. She will pound the rivets out of her on one heading and roll the oil out of her tanks on another; spin round like an autumn leaf, quiver like a dog, throw solid water into her stack if you're not watching her. Room for seamanship and to spare.

The Modern Limejuicer

Consider now the advantages of steam over white wings. First, the voyages that a steamship makes are short, even the longest of them seldom over a month. The longest voyage I have made in steam lasted only thirty-five days—from Melbourne, Australia, to Tilbury on the Thames—and there were five ports of call, in case incompatibility of temper should have developed between the ship's authorities and me. Thus quick changes can be made. For that matter they should be made, at least while a man is learning his profession. You will seldom find a well-rounded seaman who has got all he knows out of one or two ships.

Again, the short voyage ameliorates another of the old miseries—the food shortage that used to attend long voyages, and the quality of food from start to finish. There was always a shortage of fresh vegetables. On English ships—even to the present day I take it, or to my personal knowledge as late as 1912—a pannikin of lime juice was served out at high noon to each member of the crew as a help against scurvy. Hence the nickname lime-juicer, or more simply, limy. But scurvy will never break out so long as there are fresh vegetables at hand. On my voyage to Australia we were four months out of sight of land, with vegetables for about two months. It appears that I drank a good deal of lime juice.

Crew fare was one thing on that ship, and cabin fare quite another thing indeed. But there is no longer this sharp distinction in American ships. The Shipping Board, I believe, makes no distinction, the sailor's mess boy and the captain faring alike. The ships are equipped with refrigerating machines and fresh meats of all kinds are carried. My windjammer carried no fresh meat—if we except the livestock in the ship's biscuit, and these were strange armored horned creatures, like little armadillos. It was usual to split the biscuit and blow them into space. At length, to prevent further propagation of the species the steward placed a pan of burning sulphur in the biscuit tank and sealed the lid with wax. Each biscuit then became a mighty necropolis, or city of the dead, but it was certainly no more palatable than before.

A man need not be an epicure to lose his zest for life under such conditions. There were weeks in that ship when I drifted round the decks without strength in my body—a shadow, praying miserably for time to pass. My knees waggled under me, my brain was furry. During the day I pushed a holystone in front of me with a feeble stroke. That was our chief work—to throw out sand and water on a patch of deck, and shove a stone with a smooth surface back and forth, thus slowly wearing the surface of the deck down. So many weeks fore and aft, so many weeks thwartships. The salt water got into my knees; they swelled up and grew as raw as the knees of a condemned truck horse. In short, as my friend Scotty used to say, it was a fine example of Christmas Day in the poorhouse. It was a part of the "romance of white wings." I lost some of my interest in that old Judea of Conrad's.

(Continued on Page 145)

What Ought Good Shoes to Cost You

DID a woman ever feel more confused about anything than she does these days about shoes?

She knows that only sound quality can assure her enduring shoe style. But what are the *facts* about quality?

Is it wiser to buy cheaply and trust to luck—or to pay a price that hurts because it seems out of all reason?

Neither! What she ought to do is to find the middle point, where sound quality meets with fair price—as shown in Regal Shoes.

* * *

THE Regal price range is not a thing of chance.

Even with the cost of choice leathers and expert workmanship—your fine Oxfords ought not to cost you more than $11.00.

Nor can you get sound quality and enduring style in low shoes for less than $6.00.

(Canadian prices are slightly higher, because of *import duties*.)

The Regal price range is established firmly by Regal experience—by Regal *concentration* on the authenticated styles, the wanted lasts and leathers—by the Regal policy of building only sound, serviceable shoes, with only a conservative profit on each pair.

* * *

CONSIDER the "*Tailormaid*," for instance—one of the Regal Oxfords for Spring, of special interest to the woman who wants a street shoe both smart and light in weight.

Tailor-made, indeed, with its thoroughbred lines and wing-tip effect. Vamp of fine Dark Cordo Russia leather. Sole of flexible medium weight leather. Heel of leather, 1½ inches high.

Can you find its equal at $7.75!

A most timely illustration of the way style, quality and price meet in Regal Shoes.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities
and over a thousand Regal Agency Stores
in other cities and towns

REGAL SHOE CO., 268 Summer Street, Boston

Permanent Kreolite Floors Installed Without Stopping Production

—Gemmer Manufacturing Company re-surfaces 13,725 sq. ft. of old floors while work goes on

Many factory managers find themselves facing serious factory floor problems.

They realize that holes and worn places in their floors are stopping full force production, wrecking factory trucks and taking top speed out of employees.

—And production must not slacken.

The solution of these difficulties lies in re-surfacing old worn floors with permanent Kreolite Wood Blocks.

They may be installed without confusion, while work goes on uninterrupted.

Once down they actually "outlast the factory," so great is their resistance against wear and tear.

Thoroughly impregnating the well seasoned selected blocks with Kreolite Preservative Oil by our own patented process, absolutely insures them against decay.

Only the tough end grain wood fibre is exposed in our method of laying.

Kreolite floors cannot splinter, chip or crumble. They are there to stay.

They are so warm, resilient and satisfactory that every man in the factory appreciates their comfortable feeling underfoot and works the better for it.

There is no substitute for Kreolite Wood Block Floors. No other material is nearly so permanent, resilient and quiet.

* * *

Here is the way our technical men solved the Gemmer Manufacturing Company's floor problems.

Their floors consisted of 2" yellow pine untreated sub-flooring, topped with 7/8" hard maple, mill type construction floor, which had become splintered and practically useless through heavy factory traffic.

We advised Kreolite grooved blocks for re-surfacing. These were placed directly on the maple flooring except in worn spots, which were leveled up before the blocks were laid

The joints were filled with Kreolite pitch through the grooves and formed a solid, waterproof and wearproof floor.

This was done under the personal supervision of one of our Engineers without stopping production.

Commenting upon this work the Gemmer Manufacturing Company of Detroit, Michigan, writes: "We found it possible to install this floor without shutting down our assembling department."

As evidence that the installation was entirely satisfactory the Gemmer Manufacturing Company have since placed two additional orders amounting to 24,525 sq. ft. of Kreolite Wood Blocks.

Our technical men may be of service in solving your factory floor problems. If so their services will be gladly given without obligation to you.

Kreolite Wood Block Floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area ways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, stables and garages.

For more complete information, our book on Kreolite Factory Floors contains facts of interest to Construction Engineers, Architects, Industrial Executives and Contractors. We will be glad to send you this book upon request.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities.

(Continued from Page 142)

Now there is plenty of drudgery in steam; plenty of hard work; full measure of chipping and tarring and painting and polishing, in the early stages; but there are not such long spells at it and it is diversified by making port. The faces of your mates do not have time to grow old-fashioned. And surely it should be easy to stomach a little siege of painting by looking beyond it to the day when you are to come up before the local inspector for your ticket. It's all in the day's work and only a day's work.

The thing to do is to pitch in and learn seamanship and navigation while you are doing it. It is rare that there is not food aplenty—fresh-baked bread, fresh meats, and even chicken on Sundays. If by chance you run across a bad cook you don't need to suffer many weeks of him. And there is never a real water shortage. Modern steamers carry their own evaporating apparatus and there is seldom any ban put on a reasonable use of fresh water.

Next, the sleep question. In sail—and it was the same then in steam—we went four hours on and four hours off to all eternity. And it was an eternity. We seldom got over four to five hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and often not that. Many the hour I have shuffled back and forth, back and forth, asleep on my feet, a dangling scarecrow of a man, reeling in my gait, falling over against shrouds and belaying pins, cutting my shins, getting up again half dazed, shambling on, shambling on, wondering if time had stopped, wondering if I should ever know again what it was like to let sleep come on without a struggle. We were never strictly awake, day or night, on that system.

And that was the reason—a purely business reason, having little to do with consideration for the men, perhaps—for the introduction of four hours on and eight hours off, for mates; the carrying of three mates in place of two, which that made necessary; and the giving a limited day to able seamen, with overtime for all work done out of hours. It was found that mishaps were greatly reduced in number by having a reasoning being on the bridge instead of a desperate figurehead fighting his way through four leaden hours of the sleep misery, and looking ahead without sight in his fishy eyes.

Another Strange Animal

Not so many years ago, even in steam, the mates of ships were only half officers. They were expected to work themselves as well as work others; to putter round the bridge while on watch, doing odd jobs of painting, and the like, and giving only an occasional squint ahead. This is all properly in the discard. The mates are what they are called—watch officers. They are recognized as responsible agents, and must all be licensed. They are never ordered to work with their hands; they do no sailorizing, but they must be competent to direct sailorizing.

To this end, if they are not school-ship men they usually begin life as quartermasters rather than as ordinary seamen. Where a ship carries quartermasters it is usual to have two of them on the bridge at the same time—one at the wheel, the other polishing brass and doing the bridge sailorizing. The man not at the wheel is subject to the watch officer's whistle—a wearisome scream heard in the middle of the night, when the apprentice has tucked himself comfortably away in some odd corner. But this is his most grievous period. If he weathers this, all will be well. Eight or ten deep-water trips, and then if he has done a little studying he is ready to come up for his third's ticket. Many do not study. Here as elsewhere the man who throws himself against the harness takes up the weight and has no competition.

During the war another strange animal appeared, much like a quartermaster except that he stood no trick at the wheel—namely, the cadet, sometimes called a junior officer. He was supposed to be learning to be a bridge officer, but his rating was not standardized. He was treated as officer on one ship and as man on another; eating in the cabin or the petty mess according to the captain's particular view of him; and sometimes even going four hours on and four hours off. These cadets were of all sorts and conditions, from old sailing-ship men to men who had operated swan boats in Boston Public Gardens. And of all ages. I have had with me a cadet of fifty-one summers, an old Gloucester man, wise in the ways of fish, but rather lost in steam. Some of these cadets won through to bridge jobs during the war, but in my judgment the quartermaster is the handier man, and no question can rise as to what he can be called upon to do.

If he sticks through his quartermastering days he emerges at the end of two years—Congress reduced it from three years as a war measure, but it may go back—as a full-fledged third mate; a youngling, to be sure, but an officer. As such, on practically all up-to-date ships, he has a room all to himself; a wonderful advance over the estate of quartermaster; for quartermasters bunk in together. As third mate he is now called Mister; and by many signs he sees that he is getting up in the world. He shaves oftener and buys a uniform.

However, he is still the weak brother of the three mates. He is still a learner; his navigation may be shaky and his interpretation of lights wide of the mark. He therefore has the bridge from eight to twelve, morning and night—hours when the captain is most likely to be about, or at least awake, in case of need.

When in Doubt

"When in doubt call the Old Man" is a very good working principle for mates in general and for the third mate in particular. There are plenty of things on a dark or foggy night to mystify the beginner. The sea is by night an eloquent cipher; things are not what they seem; lights will go hopping on the horizon as thick as fireflies and in any sort of puzzling combination. The new mate tears back and forth, port hand and starboard hand. He is a trifle skittish. The loom of the ship behind him, her empty decks, the empty ocean—all warn him that she is "his." "She's all yours," the departing watch officer will sometimes say to him jovially.

Ah, what the devil have we there? A light. A steamer's masthead light, probably. He has the rules of the road at his finger tips; and the lights too; but it is one thing to read them in a book and quite another to decipher them here. The light grows brighter, is snuffed; appears again, is snuffed. Can it be a lighthouse? He sets himself to count the strokes of this light, tapping with his foot. But halfway through his count the light shines clear again; and he sees that it has changed its bearing. It shows more over to port. That is strange. It can't be a light after all, unless—perhaps the quartermaster has got her off her course. He pounces on the binnacle. Sure enough! Six degrees off. What the devil! A ship, hey? Maybe a small fishing boat, in which case he will have to look sharp. He does look sharp. If he can only decide what the thing is he will know what to do. Very true, but all the while he is drawing up on it; drawing up on it with each stroke of the engine, the devilish engine which goes on humming, without the least knowledge of what a mess it is getting him in for.

"Wake the Old Man!" he growls.

But after a voyage or two he lets the Old Man lie in peace.

The ocean is large to look at, and these fears of running into other ships would seem to be ill founded. Looking round you at these far horizons you would scarcely think that ships would have the hard luck to run into each other, even if everyone on board went sound asleep. And yet they do ram and sideswipe each other to such an extent that some seamen think there is a mysterious magnetic quality in ships, tending to draw them together once they get within any sort of range of each other. I can testify that in a voyage across the North Atlantic, when we sighted scarcely more than ten ships all told, we had to change the ship's course three times out of the ten to avoid collision.

All in all, it's a considerable business, even being third mate. He is a scientist, a navigator; paid for his science. And he has a science. If he cons his books and his ships, if he learns faithfully what is to be learned in this trade—his knowledge will bulk large. No undertaking that I know of keeps more of a man's powers alive. The science ramifies; it revives a moribund knowledge of mathematics; it leads into physics and chemistry if you have a mind to follow; it excites curiosity about countless principles which had lain in the garret since school days.

And, not least, it calls a man's attention to the stars; for once fairly at sea the stars are the marks by which a man knows his neighborhood. But how many landlubbers

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FOR years you have read of O. Henry you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. And you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. Now—today—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the low price and the Jack London FREE.

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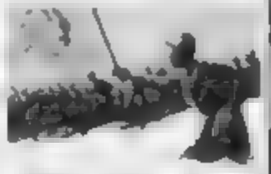
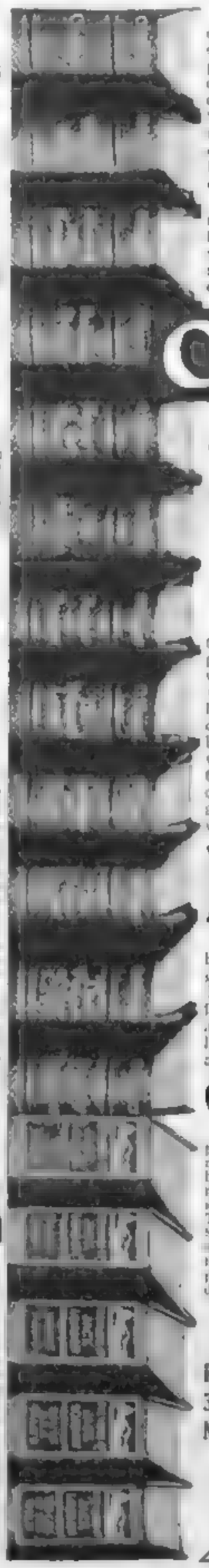


In one short, ugly sen-

son. Straight up the path to her home he went—and then the thing that happened was not at all what you expect. Let O. Henry tell you the story.



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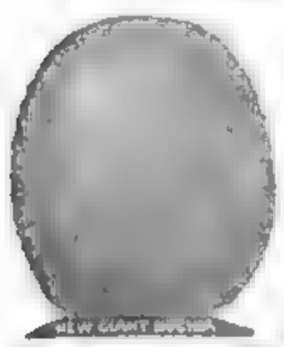

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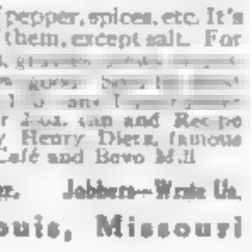

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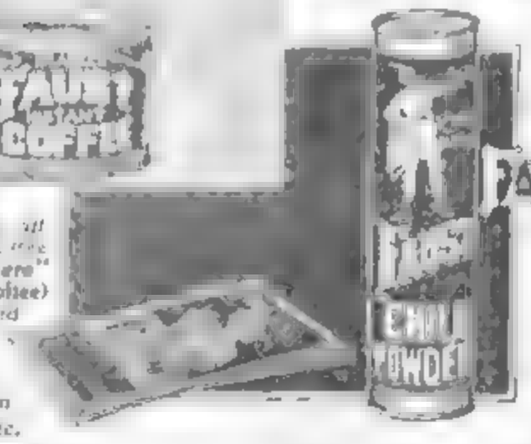

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bother with the stars? I got to be thirty years old before I could strictly say that I had looked upon Vega of the Lyre. I never got beyond "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I did not know that some stars were red and some were white. I did not know that they were suns. And when I woke to this abysmal ignorance and went round among my friends I did not find any who could pull me out of that hole I was in. I could believe the Astronomer-Royal of England, Sir F. W. Dyson, who recently observed, "I suspect there is a much better practical acquaintance with the constellations among the uncivilized tribes of Asia and Africa than among the peoples who are in 'the foremost files of time.'"

I had to go to the books, to the star charts; and I became a laughingstock in our town because I would stand in the middle of the street and look at stars, drink them in with the round eye of one newborn. I had never seen them before. Yet there they were, and had been all along, the shining figures which had given rise to those old Greek legends I had toiled over in my youth.

Castor and Pollux, Orion, Hercules were mere nothings to me at a time when a sight of the night sky might have lighted up a dead book with letters of fire.

And now they serve not merely the uses of poetry. You come to them as a practical man—as a seaman, sextant in hand. You are going to use them. They are part of the daily miracle of finding where the ship is in a round of waters which in itself gives no indication. Nothing on earth can help you, though you are tossed on its bosom; but a star like Sirius, fifty-four trillions of miles away, points out to you at once where you are.

But this need not throw a chill into the prospective watch officer. You must not think that a navigator is necessarily a profound mathematician. He can be as much or as little in that line as he likes. The fundamentals of "shooting the sun and stars" with the sextant and getting a daily fix, or ship's position, can be taught to high-school pupils in a few weeks. Seamanship is another matter.

When the ship is under pilot's orders the third mate is on the bridge, handling the engine room and docking telegraphs—the old system of bells to the engine room is now limited to inland-water craft, tugs and the like—looking to the proper hoisting of flag signals, and watching the work of the quartermaster at the wheel. In getting ready for sea he must see to it that the bridge is made ready, the steering engine clear and the various telegraphs and appliances in working order.

The Second Mate's Job

The second mate has the bridge from twelve to four in the afternoon and from twelve to four in the morning—the graveyard, sometimes more feelingly called the gravy-eyed, watch. Those who have experimented with keeping watch from twelve to four in the morning will understand the appropriateness of either expression. The second mate is usually called the ship's navigating officer. The navigating instruments are in his care. He must wind the chronometer. Woe be unto him if that runs down; for to set it to Greenwich time again is anything but a simple thing. It must become second nature to him, drunk or sober, to wind the chronometer. In docking and undocking, the second mate's station is aft, where he has charge of getting out and in the after lines.

The chief mate has the four to eight—that is, he takes the bridge from four to eight in the morning and four to eight at night. He therefore takes all the star sights, or nearly all; for star sights must be taken near dawn or twilight, when there is enough daylight to show a clear horizon. After breakfast he makes a round of the ship, and lays out the day's work to the boson, who is the immediate boss or foreman of the men. If he is a conscientious mate he works nearer twelve than eight hours; but he reflects that he can tough it out a voyage or two, get master's papers, and thereafter have it soft. On coming into port his place is forward by the windlass. He has to get the anchor up and down and handle the ship's lines forward in docking. He is, or should be, the great practical authority in the ship; the man who knows her measurements—all the mates should know those, for that matter—and generally, her worldly condition; how many shots of chain there are in her lockers, how many pots of paint, how many gallons of oil. He must know what gear is rotten or broken and what stores are used; and during the trip he must be writing out requisitions ready to hand in to the port authorities the moment she docks. He is a much pestered and sought-after man.

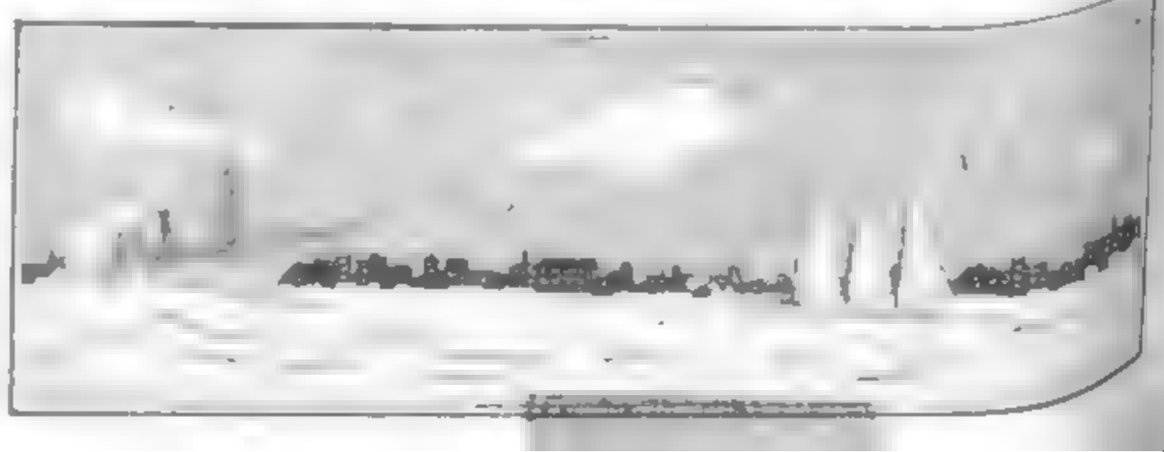
Well, a year of that will bring him master's papers; and the master is still, even as in the days of Dana, the "lord paramount." He stands no watch; his time is all his own; he comes and goes at his own sweet will. No more absolute autocrat exists in the world than the captain when the ship is at sea. He has a rare chance to study the ins and outs of his profession. He can spend the whole day on some fancy piece of navigation if he chooses. If he has a good mate it is the custom to let the mate run the crew as he thinks best. The lord paramount reserves himself more for the philosophy of sea-going.

More Masters Needed

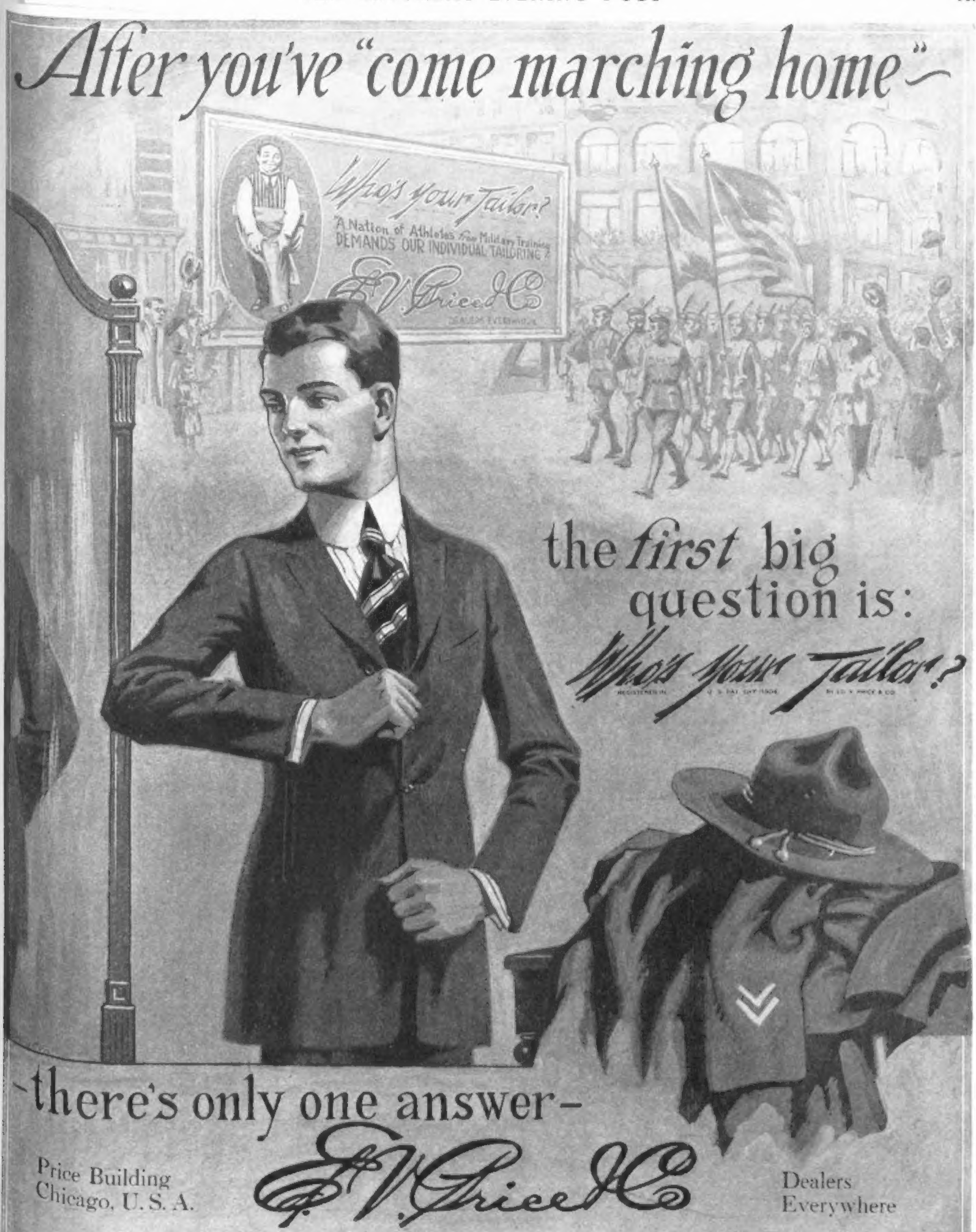
Under the present statute a man may run through all these stages and come to be lord paramount within a period of five years from the time of his first setting foot on a ship's deck. This is the theoretical minimum; in fact he is likely to be a trifle longer. In the old days, I hear, a man would think shame of himself if he was not a captain of a fine bark at twenty-one. I will not guarantee that he will be captain of a steamer at the age of twenty-one, let him start when he will. There are more conditions to be met. But I have known a good few men to have master's papers at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six; and in these days master's papers mean a ship. There are not too many captains; especially not too many native American captains. All too few of those, in short.

As to pay, it must be said that before the war it was scandalously low; so low that chief mates used to go to sea as a matter of course for one hundred and ten dollars a month, and even less. During the war, with the bonus added, able seamen were getting nearly this, and wages for the mates hovered round the two-hundred-dollar mark. The signing of peace will undoubtedly mean the end of the bonus, as such; indeed it may be cut off at any time; but it seems to me unquestionable that the base wage will then be advanced. The fate of our merchant fleet will depend on this. The sea cannot compete with all the seductions of the land, in the nature of things; but it can and I believe it will offer a fair wage for a job entailing so heavy a responsibility.

As for the engineers, I have said little of them because I know little of their specific problems; but the chances are as good there for good men as on the deck. I have in mind one case of the advance of a man twenty-two years old, through junior engineer, third and second assistant to first assistant engineer, in the course of three months. And the first assistant engineer's job corresponds to that of chief mate on deck. But it must be said of this rapid rise that the man was already a thorough mechanic on stationary jobs. An engine is an engine; and the differences between stationary and marine are not so great that a man cannot master them quickly. On the other hand, there is no way of becoming a seaman save to pack your bag and go to sea.



After you've "come marching home"—



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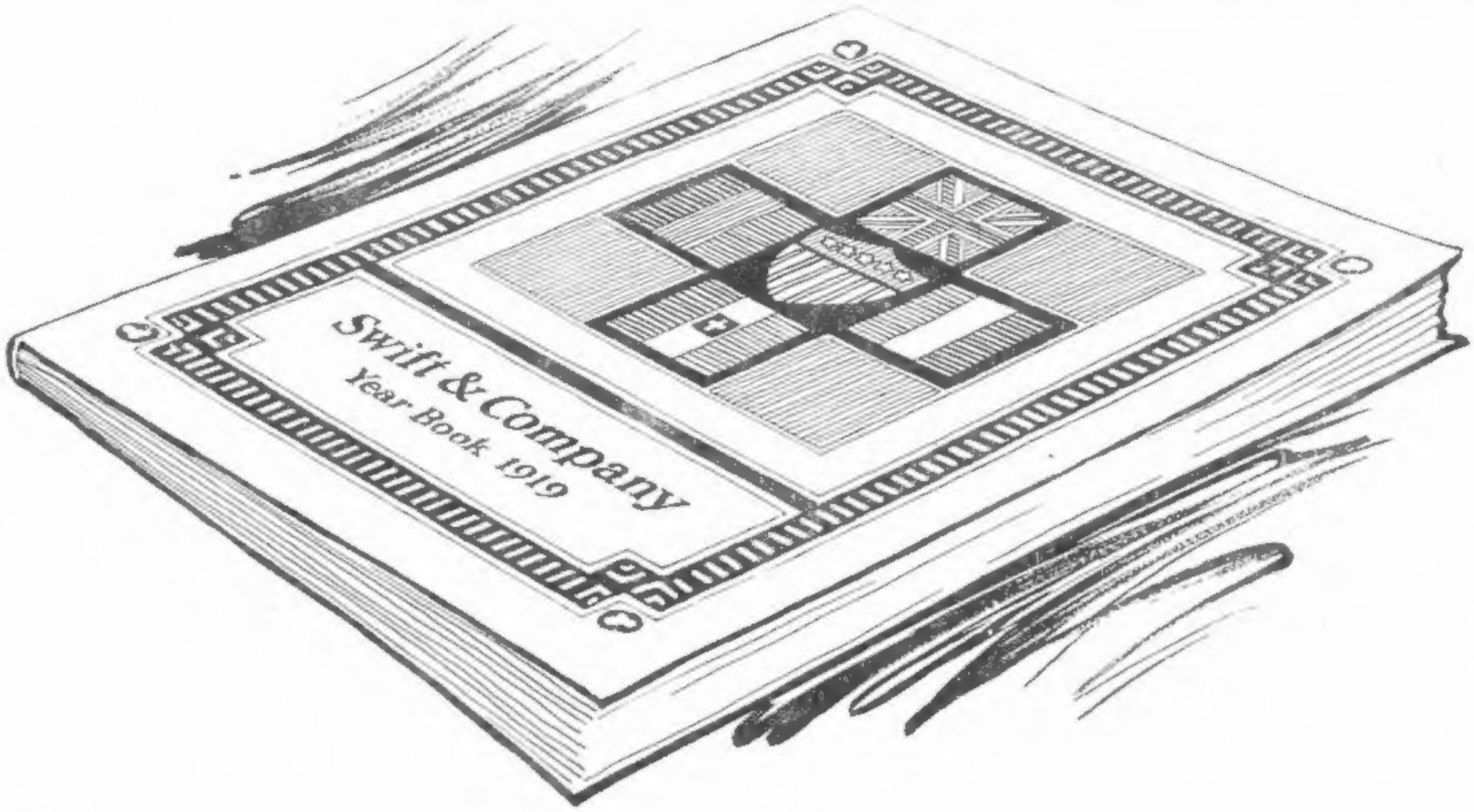

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